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FACE AND EAST SIDE.

THE

"TWENTIETH CONNECTICUT"

A REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

By

JOHN W. STORRS,

Of "Company Z."

ANSONIA, CONN.:
Press of the "Naugatuck Valley Sentinel."
1886.

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In glowing line, and words sublime—
To all the years of coming time,
How bravely and how well
For God and right they fought their fight,
Let this proud record tell.

TO THE
OFFICERS AND PRIVATE SOLDIERS
OF THE
TWENTIETH REGIMENT CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,
THIS VOLUME,
AS A RECORD OF LOYAL SERVICE TO THE NATION IN ITS DAY
OF SEVEREST TRIAL,
IS
BY THE AUTHOR
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

It was on that delightful day in July of the year 1885, and after the conclusion of the memorial tablet dedicatory exercises on Culp's Hill, that one of a party lingering near the tablet, a lady, turning to Colonel Wooster, said: "I suppose, Colonel, that a history of this interesting occasion will be printed, will it not?" To which it was replied: "I hope so, madam, but I have already given so much time to the procurement and to the placing of this stone, that I cannot afford to take the matter of its history in hand individually. If our friend here (referring to myself) can be prevailed upon to do the work of getting together the manuscript, I will see that it is printed. As only a small pamphlet was then contemplated, the task did not seem likely to be very burdensome, so after a moment's consideration it was cheerfully assumed.

On thinking and talking the matter over, the pamphlet began to enlarge in its proposed dimensions until it assumed the proportions of a regimental history. The idea, thus proceeded upon by the Colonel and myself, was to produce, if possible, a moderately extended history of the regiment in such handsome shape as to find a welcome not only to the fireside library of every one of the survivors of the gallant men whose deeds it might commemorate, but to others also of our loyal citizens interested in the life and services of the "Boys in Blue." That the work thus taken up was of considerable magnitude may be

easily imagined, the full extent of which, to properly appreciate, a personal experience should be had. Of this I have only, however, to say that if my humble efforts thus to serve those who themselves so well served our common country in its direst need, shall be by them approved, I shall be satisfied.

Thanks in behalf of all concerned is hereby extended to such as have given their kindly aid to the task of collecting data and statistics for this work. Particularly are such thanks due to Colonel Philo B. Buckingham, of New Haven, for free and generous access accorded to papers and writings of his own, having originally a similar historic object in view, the carrying out of which was suddenly interrupted, some four years since, by a paralytic shock by which, from a condition of robust health that gallant soldier was rendered a helpless invalid.

Upon these papers of Colonel B. I have mainly relied for facts relative to the campaigns. In many instances, also, has the language been literally, or in substance, adopted. This much in justice to one whose misfortunes call for our most unbounded sympathies. May he and we, soldier and civilian, at the front or in the rear, as we march onward and downward together, find real comfort in the thought that, at last, our life marchings "through Georgia" will surely end, even more gloriously than did those with Sherman of old, amid the broad and fruitful savannas that skirt the thither shores of the Everlasting Sea.

J. W. S.

BIRMINGHAM, CONN., July, 1886.

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ERRATA.

Page 171, for "Colonel" read Governor Buckingham as having given the speech of welcome.

Page 227, sixth line, for two months read two weeks.

To the list of Recruits on page 17 of the Appendix should be added: Horace G. H. Tarr. Promoted captain; wounded; mustered out June, '65,

INTRODUCTORY.

Who, then of age to comprehend
That season of distress,
When Southland stood elated with
Its outlook for success—
With all the North despondent as
It peered the future through,
Will e'er forget those darkened days
Of eighteen sixty-two?

The first wild thoughts of triumph by
Each warring section held,
As time wore on, with battles fought,
Were one by one dispelled;
The South, no longer in contempt
Of Northern prowess stood,
While Northland found, what to despise
It could not if it would—

A people firm for the defence
Of what they deemed their right;
Defeated oft, to bitter end,
Yet stripping for the fight;
The Northland rent in factions, from
The wolves in union fleece,
Went forth the sullen, snarling cry,
"At any price" for peace!

Indeed were found their betters, e'en,
The shameful truth to tell,

That, counting cost, in various ways,
By powder, shot and shell,
Went cowering to the coming blast,
Bent to the earth and low,
Imploring father Abraham
To let the "erring go."

As some strong rock uplifts its head,
In rough and rugged form,
Calm and serene, through battling waves,
To wrestle with the storm,
So did great Abraham uprise—
The union to restore,
And called for men to fight it out—
"Three hundred thousand more."

"We're coming, Father Abraham,"
Was heard from near and far;
While from our own great Buckingham—
A wheel horse of the war,
Was heard the word responsive, "lo!
My people shall be thine;"
And quick, from shop, and field, and farm,
Connecticut in line

Wheeled thousands of her loyal brave.
Touched by heroic fire,
The son of scarce a score of years—
The stern grey-headed sire,
But yester simple yeomanry,
To-day, like David, go
Forth to the field, with sling and stone,
To smite the giant foe.

The pruning hook becomes a sword;
The musket, stout and large,

Takes on the gleaming bayonet
And bristles for the charge;
While, through the land, with loving hand,
The matron and the maid,
At sock and shirt quick and alert,
Drive on a busy trade,

Until, upon appointed day,
Brave captains that are ten,
March into camping rendezvous,
Each with their hundred men;
And each, as well may be believed,
Filled with a holy flame
That counted life a cheap defense
Against eternal shame.

No doubt the regulars had smiled
At that strange looking crowd,
And at their grasp of sword and gun,
As into camp they strode!
And yet, ere long, there came a time
When did those rustics stand
Proud with the best, at tap of drum,
That left our yankee land.

What if, at first, were some who thought
To battle ironclad ?*
Their armored vests to cast aside
Soon were they but too glad,
Trusting to whom, in some good way,
Is ruler over all

*Referring to certain steel life-preserving plates intended to be worn in battle under the waistcoat and which were sold quite extensively to the outgoing regiments at $5 each. As might be guessed, never one of them got any nearer a battlefield than the first camping ground, after leaving the cars at Baltimore. They were not only useless, but very burdensome to the otherwise necessarily overburdened soldier, to whom, when he had learned more of war, they became a standing joke.

To blunt the blade, disarm the shell,
Or stop the minnie ball.

Those first two weeks of soldier life!
Say, veteran, can you tell,
Though hard the fare, in after years,
When did you fare as well?
Those bunks of straw, as substitutes
For feather bed and spring,
Through weary restless nights, no doubt,
Did seem not quite the thing?

And you complained, repented —e'en
Did pant you for return
To hills and home? Alas, for thee,
Was yet the truth to learn,
How selfhood, with the rustic garb
Had all been laid away,
Whilst thou, a simple war machine,
Was left but to obey.

* * *

When out of deadly bullet range,
To bravely talk of war;
To put the name to muster roll,
With danger yet afar,
Calls for but little courage such
As that September day,
Was needed by the thousand men
Who marched from homes away,

To face—they knew not what, or where—
Of fortunes bright or stern,
To wonder, as they wheeled away,
How many would return?
To hear the last farewell of love,
To feel the flooding tears
Upon the hand, that never dried
Through all the battle years!

No lack was there of bible gifts,
Or prayerful words to cheer;
Nor was there lack of promise e'en,
That, in some other year,
Should other men be wanted for
To stem the rebel tide,
Themselves, the comforters, would come
To battle by their side.

If, with still darker fortunes, these,
Struck by the chilling "draft,"
Did some paid bounty jumper send—
What wonder if he laughed,
That smoke-grimed soldier at the front,
With hollow laugh and grim,
To think about the promise made,
That marching day, to him?

Three years of camping in the field,
In swampy wood and fen;
To shiver in malarious blast,
Or starve in prison pen;
Two thousand miles of weary march,
With battles by the score,
All these were in the horoscope
(Thank God, unseen) before.

The gallant men, up-gathered from
The pulpit, shop and farm,
Who marched, that day, from Oyster Point,
And with the shouldered arm,
Down to the land of soldier graves,
Their feet the wine to press,
That other lips might be refreshed;
To win—forgetfulness?

Who sayeth that? Yonder, behold,
A soldier's nameless mound!

What matter, friend? Elsewhere might he
Have filled less hallowed ground;
Elsewhere, although with letters proud
Had lifted high the stone,
A few short years, and passers by
Had spoke the word "unknown."

Yet, down among the Southern hills,
Up-rounding to the sky,
Full many a storied scene can tell
Of deeds—that cannot die;
Of men who wrote among the stars,
Upon the flag a-field,
Great shining names that heav'n can read,
To earth though unrevealed.

* * *

Like the eternal hills that rise
From old New England's shore,
As changeless, in a world of change,
As in creative yore,
Calm-browed, unmoved, and silent, though
The circling tempests rave,
So may Columbia's temples stand,
Defended by her brave.

Not—save unhap'ly it must be,
By cannon or by sword,
But by that majesty within,
To peaceful methods stirred,
Which, in the freeman's ballot, speaks
From castled plain and hill,
As from the humblest toiler's cot,
A nation's royal will.

For this it was our heroes fought;
For this it was they fell;

And that 'twas so, for this it is,
Their story that we tell,
So that, from them, our children learn
To battle well the wrong—
Henceforth, for aye, whatever named—
However trenched and strong.

For, after all, by stalwart blows
Though heroes may be made,
Yet priceless victories are won
Without the battle blade—
The victories of peace. For these
We march abreast to-day,
Thank heav'n, at last, from North to South,
The blue beside the gray.

Soldiers, civilians, men of might!
God's bugle rends the sky!
To save what nobly hath been won,
He calleth from on high.
On the battlefields of freedom, let
Us still push on the fray,
Elbow touching comrade's elbow,
And the blue beside the gray.

So that when, with ended battles, and
The foemen all at rout,
Upon God's eternal camping ground,
Have all been mustered out;
With the "well done good and faithful," in
That broad eternal day,
We at bivouac may gather -and
The blue beside the gray.

J. W. S.

BIRMINGHAM, December, 1885.

THE TWENTIETH CONNECTICUT.

CHAPTER I.

In June, 1862, after the disastrous series of battles before Richmond, followed by General McClellan's famous "change of base" from the Pamunkey river to the James, with the shattered remnant of his late splendid army, the people of the states in rebellion, with a large levy of fresh troops in hand, became very exultant and confident, while on the other hand the people of the loyal states were correspondingly depressed and despondent. As yet, while slavery was admitted by President Lincoln to have been "the root of the rebellion, or, at least, its *sine qua non*," the government was not yet ready to strike at the life of the monster whose baleful influence had so long menanced, and was now engaged in destroying, the peace and prosperity of our common country.

Even so late as August 22d, just one month prior to the proclamation of emancipation, Mr. Lincoln declared his "paramount object" to have been "to save the Union, and not either to save or to destroy slavery." McClellan had advised the president under date of July 7th that "military

government should be confined to the preservation of public order and the protection of political rights. Furthermore, that it should not be allowed to interfere with the relations of servitude, either by supporting or imparing the authority of the master." "Unless," it was added, "the principles governing the future conduct of our struggle shall be made known and approved, the efforts to obtain requisite forces will be almost hopeless. A declaration of radical views, especially upon slavery, will rapidly disintegrate our present armies." But Gen. McClellan was mistaken. He had mistook the noise of the peace-at any-price party of croakers, represented by such men as Vallandigham of Ohio, and the Seymours of New York and Connecticut, as expressing the honest sentiments of the people of the loyal North. How much he was mistaken had been already seen in response to Mr. Lincoln's expressed doubts as to how far he would be sustained in the matter of recruits, when all the governors of the loyal states at once united in urging that a call be at once issued for such sufficient number of volunteers as might be necessary for the restoration "to the civilized world of our great and good government." "All believe," said they, "that the decisive moment is near at hand; and, to that end, the people of the United States are desirous to aid promptly in furnishing all reinforcements that may be deemed needful to sustain our government."

The president, thus reassured, at once issued his call for three hundred thousand three years volunteers, with which it was hoped to close out the rebellion. If he did not see

fit to make the "declaration of principles" in the shape desired by the "little Napoleon," nevertheless the recruiting all over the land went on with a rapidity that spoke volumes for the patriotic earnestness with which the people agreed to the sentiment that the "Union must and shall be preserved." As in all of our previous national history, Connecticut's place among the supporters of the government of our fathers, in this later struggle for its existence is most creditable. At once upon the promulgation of the government call for additional troops, Governor Buckingham issued a fervent appeal to the patriotism of his people, in which, among other things, he urged the citizens of the state to close up their manufactories and workshops, to turn aside from their business and pleasures, and to meet the enemies of liberty face to face, urging that prompt action was necessary, as by delay the safety of our armies, and even the existence of the nation itself might be endangered.

The appeal of the stout-hearted governor was not in vain. Six regiments had been named as the minimum number desired, but by the middle of September eight such had been organized, equipped and sent to the front. And this out of a state with a population of only 461,838 that had already 15,000 men in the field. Under the stimulants of town, state, and United States bounties, the Twentieth, one of the best of the regiments, both as regards the personale of the men and for effective service in the field, was rapidly recruited by those who were afterward—as it was expected

they would be—given position either as commissioned or non-commisioned officers.

On the 27th day of August, 1862, under orders from the governor, the different squads, companies, etc., came together at the rendezvous in New Haven—near Oyster point, in all a little over one thousand men, but which by the examining surgeons were reduced to nine hundred and eighty.

The men came from the fields, the workshops, the counting room, as well as from our universities. In fact, almost every occupation in life was represented. It was a regiment of which its officers might well be proud,for no better material could be found.

Upon coming together there was, of course, the usual rivalry between those who had recruited the regiment in the matter of command, all of which, however, being amicably settled, the organization was effected, under the provisions of the law.

With the subsidence of whatever of excitement may have been attendant upon organization, the men at once turned their attention to the business of becoming soldiers. Gradually, as time ran on, pretty much all the glamour of army life, as caught from the lips of the recruiting sergeant, or from the war meeting orator's tongue, faded out, leaving in its place, in the breast of many a tired and discouraged soldier, a feeling of disappointed homesickness. A feeling that, at times, no doubt, came near finding vigorous expression in regret that the "Orator" could not be compelled to take

a little turn at camp life himself, so to know better what he was talking about.

Gathered as the men were from the abodes of comfort, in many cases even of luxury, it, perhaps, should not be thought strange if some of the complaints that daily went up to headquarters, about personal discomforts and grievances, were entirely unreasonable. The faculty, however, of the average New Englander, accommodating himself to circumstances, to be as happy as he can, stood these brave fellows in so good stead, that in a short time all grumbling ceased; and girding themselves for the struggle ahead, all stood waiting for the inevitable. Camp life at Oyster point, with all of its grim suggestions of future realities, was not without its humorous side. At first, only a few old rusty muskets could be found with which to mount the camp guard. With these the country rustics made the first "guard mounting" as splendidly ridiculous as it would seem possible to make it. One case is remembered where the sentinel, in attempting to salute an officer in passing as he had been instructed, with his gun held perpendicularly in front with the breech as high as his breast, gradually turned his head around over his left shoulder and kept on until his toes tripped upon an obstructive cornhill and the salutant went sprawling to the ground. Another might have been seen halted against a fence, or, perhaps, under it, asleep, absolutely exhausted with his few hours vigil over the wakeful camp, regardless of the danger of becoming a target for a morning shooting party, therefor. One thrusts his

bayonet into the ground and leaves the musket by it, because he does not "see any use of carrying the thing; just as well to walk the beat without it, and a darned sight easier."

It is related that one sentinel, upon being remonstrated with by the officer of the guard for allowing a soldier to pass out of camp without a permit, replied: "How could I hilp it, sor? Didn't the spalpeen pass me right by, without regardin' me at all? An' I wid no powther in me gun!"

The rations furnished at New Haven, while grumbled at considerably by the men, would on many an occasion afterwards have been received with thankful hearts by every man in the regiment; and who would also have deemed himself especially fortunate in obtaining one of the New Haven hard board beds, even without the clean straw that was there so munificently furnished.

With the daily drill, the procuring of equipments, and the general perfecting of army details, the time ran more or less smoothly and satisfactorily on until the 8th of September. The regiment was then mustered into the service of the United States, by Lieut. Webb, of the 3d U. S. Artillery, who had relieved Capt. Ross, of the 14th U. S. Infantry, as mustering officer for Connecticut, and which latter named officer had immediately been appointed to the command of the 20th Conn. Vols.

On the 9th of September, the paymaster general of the state, and a paymaster of the United States, appeared in camp with the money due for bounties, and advance pay due

to the 8th of September. The bounties paid by the town were also paid over, which, altogether, put a good deal of money into the pockets of the men, a goodly portion of which, no doubt, eventually went where it was deserving to go, viz: to the sorrowing and desolate families at home, and the balance to the sutler.

The second battle of Bull Run had just been fought, adversely to the national arms, and the enemy was pushing on into "My Maryland," proud, insolent with triumph, and defiant. Baltimore and Washington were threatened, and it was necessary that all troops fairly in hand should be speedily utilized. Accordingly, and immediately following the visit of the paymaster, upon the same day came the following order:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF CONNECTICUT,
Special Order No. 785.

Col. Samuel Ross, 20th Regiment Conn. Vols., will proceed to Washington on Thursday next, the 11th inst., with his command, and report to the adjutant General of the army, for orders. Col. Ross will make requisition on Brig. General William A. Aiken, Quarter Master General, for transportation.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief
J. D. WILLIAMS, Adjt. General.

In accordance with the above order, on the morning of the 11th, preparations were made for departure. At an early hour the camp ground was thronged with mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, with a large number of other relatives and friends who had come to say farewell to the "boys in blue," and to wish them a God speeded success in their ar-

duous undertaking, with a safe and happy return to their families and to their homes. The itinerant pedler was also present with his patent combination knife, fork, and spoon pocket cutlery, his cure-all for all sorts of fleshly ills that the soldier might be supposed to be heir to, with many other traps, notions and nostrums, for which the suddenly enriched pockets of the soldier made liberal disbursements. One of the most ludicrous of the articles of merchandise dispensed to the departing soldier was something even less useful, if possible, for the protection of life than were the patent medicines, in the shape of a set of steel plates to be worn inside the waistcoat, and which was numerously purchased by "the boys" with the expectation of wearing them in battle, but which would have made a rebel minnie laugh at the idea of being stopped by so flimsy an obstacle. As far as Washington, these wonderful life-protectors were transported, as baggage, with the public or government property. Thenceforward, however, to become, upon the march, a part of the individual burthen, one or two pulls at which sufficed to leave the steel plates (designed to be worn under the vest) abandoned along the road, or at the first camping ground.

About 10 o'clock, the cars hauled down opposite our camp ground, when amid the cheers of a great crowd of people who had assembled to witness the departure, and amid the tearful farewells of the loved ones left behind, the 20th Regiment embarked, and was speedily whirled away, passing at first through great green fields of comparative peace

and plenty, soon to plunge deeper and deeper into the valley of darkness and the shadow of death. And from which finally, and safely, to emerge—how many, and whom, God knew, but man could not determine. From New York the regiment proceeded by steamer to Port Monmouth, N. J., and from thence by cars to Philadelphia ; reaching that city at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, where a good breakfast at the " Old Cooper's Shop" was furnished by the Union Volunteers Refreshment committee.

At noon, the Regiment took the cars for Baltimore, arriving at that place about 10 o'clock a. m., of the 13th. Here the men were lunched by the Union Relief committee, and treated in the streets and elsewhere with the utmost kindness. And this in a city that on the 19th of April, 1861, 16 months previous, had shed the first blood for the rebel cause, and which at that moment could almost hear the exultant and powerful army of Lee shouting, only fifty miles away, " My Maryland ! on to Maryland !" It is not to be supposed, however, that this change in the behavior of the people of that city, as the 20th Regiment, C. V., marched quietly through its streets at midnight unmolested (so strongly in contrast, as it was, with that of the former occasion) is to be attributed to any sudden or remarkable conversion of the Baltimoreans to loyalty. It seems more probable that a daily look into the ready shotted muzzles of Fort McHenry may have inspired a peace, or, at least, a let-them-alone policy, which, so far as the marching regiments

and their local friends of the relief committee were concerned, answered all purposes.

Leaving Baltimore, after obtaining a sandwich lunch at the hands of the relief committee, the Regiment took cars for Washington, where it arrived at 4 o'clock, p. m. Here was made its first, but unfortunately not the last, acquaintance with an army contractor, who furnished a supper of alleged pork, bread and coffee, but each of so vile a quality as to have been declared by all a libel upon its name. Although the camp was less than a mile away from the depot, by reason of the dilatory operations of the circumlocution office, the Regiment was not ordered to camp until 9 o'clock in the evening. For similar reasons, the tents and baggage did not reach the men until a much later hour, who, in the meantime, had laid themselves, tired and weary, upon the ground in the open air, and with no covering but the blue canopy above, to pass the night, thus getting a first introduction, also, to one of the most prominent characters connected with the army of the Potomac at that time, that was sometimes known as General McClellan and sometimes as General Delay. The new fledged soldiers of the Twentieth naturally thought the suffering and exposure caused them, for the want of proper attention on the part of somebody to the matter of transportation, was unnecessary and therefore inexcusable. But, "what did they know about war?" Three years later, some of them could have answered the question, with plenty of illustration. Some lazy official, drinking his toddy and smoking his cigar, in

comfortable quarters chatting with a friend, forgot that a thousand men were by his delay made uncomfortable over night; nay more, in the malarious atmosphere of a Potomac region, perhaps might be contracting disease, ultimately to result in death. But then it was only a soldier that was concerned; and what was he out there for anyhow but to die for his country?

Next morning, the Regiment opened its two thousand eyes to find itself occupying East Capitol hill. The baggage was brought up, a camp was laid out, and such as were not shaking with ague from the night's exposure—and there were many such—felt better natured. During the day, the Twentieth Conn., the One Hundred and Twenty-Third New York, and the Seventh Rhode Island were organized as a brigade, under command of Brigadier General Gabriel R. Paul.

On the 17th, under orders from the Brigade Commander, the Regiment removed from Capitol Hill to Arlington Heights where the tents were again set up and all was again comfortably fixed at what was called "Camp Chase." Soon after which, the One Hundred and Forty-Ninth New York was added to the Brigade, to be known as the Second Brigade of Casey's division. While the new recruits were here engaged in learning the science of war, by means of a four hour per day drill, came in quick succession news of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, in both of which the Union cause gained substantial advantages, and in consequence of which General Lee withdrew to the south side

of the Potomac, giving up, for the time, his projected visitation upon the farmers of "My Maryland," and the Northern states.

While these things were going on at the front, a large number of additional troops were daily gathered at Arlington Heights, until the whole country south of the Potomac in the vicinity of Washington was filled with tents. As there was thought to be danger that the forces of Lee might suddenly concentrate upon Washington, it was deemed advisable to keep a large force in a situation to cover the place; and as Rebel cavalry were prowling about in close proximity to the forts, there was cause for anxiety. One hundred rounds of ammunition per man was served. Large details were kept at work on rifle pits which, with the daily drill, kept the Regiment busy until the 29th, when orders were received to proceed by rail to Frederick, Maryland, and report to General McClellan.

For some unaccountable reason, the men were ordered to leave their knapsacks, containing their shelter tents, blankets and change of underclothing, in Washington under charge of the Post Quarter Master. On the way to Frederick, Timothy Devine, of Company K., fell from the cars, was run over and killed, thus furnishing the first name for the death roll of the Regiment. The destination was reached about 4 o'clock, p. m., on the 30th, when the Regiment bivouacked, without tents or blankets, about a mile east of the city.

October 2d, the Twentieth was again under marching or-

ders for Harper's Ferry, with direction to report to Brig. Gen. A. S. Williams, then organizing the 12th Corps. Arriving at destination about midnight, no one could be found able to give any information as to the location of the quarters of the officers to whom they were to report, and so the men again dropped down by the road-side to sleep, with no covering but the heavy clouds which seemed ready at any moment to add to their other discomforts that of a thorough drenching. Next morning, however, a camp was assigned and the Regiment proceeded to make itself as happy as it could, under the circumstances. A long experience, however, is necessary to enable any regiment of soldiers to learn how to bivouac comfortably for a night, or to be comfortable in camp.

By a re-organization of brigades, the Twentieth Conn., One Hundred and Twenty-Third, One Hundred and Fortieth and One Hundred and Forty-Fifth New York Vols. were constituted the Second Brigade and attached to the 1st Division, 12th Army Corps. General Thomas L. Kane was assigned to the command of the Brigade, Brig. Gen. Geo. H. Gordon to the command of the Division, and Gen. A. S. Williams to the command of the Corps. About this time, Lieut. A. E. Beardsley, of the Twentieth C.V., was detailed as Aid de camp to the Brigade Commander, and entered upon his duties.

Here was instituted a most thorough school of instruction in all that pertained to the duties of the soldier. The most rigid rules and regulations were enforced. How rigid they

were, let the following extracts from general orders No. 40 testify:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIVIS., 12TH CORPS.
MARYLAND HEIGHTS, Oct. 20th, 1862.

The evil, where it exists, of commissioned officers associating with enlisted men in any other relation than an official one, is, to both officer and men, most pernicious in its effects and must be discontinued. Hereafter no enlisted men can be permitted to visit the tent or quarters of a commissioned officer for the amusement of either party. Except for official purpose it is highly unmilitary for officer and private to associate together. * * * *
Field and regimental officers of the day will note all infractions of this order, and report the offender to his immediate commander for trial by court-martial. * * *
This order will be read at the head of every company in this division. By command of

BRIG. GEN'L GEO. H. GORDON,
H. B. SCOTT, CAPT. AND A. A. G.

Major General H. W. Slocum of New York was here assigned to the command of the Corps. The second Brigade, to which the Twentieth Conn. was attached, had been remodelled by the transfer of the One Hundred and Fortieth and One Hundred and Forty-Fifth New York to another command, while in their place was added the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth and One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Penn. Vols. Thus, after a variety of experiences, all of them, as it then seemed to the 'prentice soldier on the rougher side of army life—though in reality quite smooth and comfortable compared with what followed—the Twentieth Conn. Vols. cast its lot with the 12th Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac.

Six weeks before, the Regiment had left the hills of old

Connecticut, each man, more or less, indulging in romantic dreams of conquest and glory. As yet they had fought no battles, except with the sutler and the commissary, though they knew considerably more about preliminary war than they did. They had, at least, learned that, in times of war, human life is held very cheaply. They have learned that one life, or a dozen, sacrificed to disease that ordinary care on the part of those in charge (to say nothing of the humanities) might easily and should have preserved, is a matter scarce worth a moment's thought. He had seen conceit and pomposity in regimentals tyranizing over modest and true hearted worth in the ranks. In unexpected places the noblest of human characteristics had been developed, as had also, similarly, the meanest. He had been taught to handle the sword and the musket in regulation style, but, as yet, nobody had been harmed. For the men of the Twentieth the work of the green room is ended. The curtain rises, and the bloody play of "A Life for a Life," begins.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE FRONT.

It soon became evident that so fine a body of men as was those comprising the 12th Corps, were not to remain idle spectators in the great struggle about to be re-commenced by the Army of the Potomac. Brigades and regiments were thoroughly equipped, and ordered to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service. At length, on the morning of the 25th of October, came the order to move at 5 o'clock the following day, with five day's cooked rations in haversacks. The battles of South Mountain and of Antietam had sent secession whirling back to its lair, defeated and badly demoralized, and yet no pursuit was made by Gen. McClellan for a whole month, because, as he said, his army was disorganized, wanted shoes, etc. The which, if true as stated, would make the victors appear to have been about as badly defeated as were the vanquished. President Lincoln, tiring of McClellan's interminable excuses, peremptorily ordered an advance. Accordingly, on the 26th of October, that portion of the army north of the Potomac began to cross at Berlin, and at Harper's Ferry, slowly and apparently reluctantly, (on the part of the leader) so that it was not until the 30th that the 12th Corps crossed to and occupied

Loudon and Bolivar Heights. Gen. McClellan had been ordered to follow Lee, by a flank march, keeping close to the Blue Ridge and, if possible, force him back into Richmond.

On the 4th of November, the 12th Corps being left in its present position as a base of operations, the Twentieth Conn. was sent to Key's Gap with orders to hold that, and Key's Ford on the Shenandoah river; but, while on the way, an order was received to go farther down the valley to occupy another position; before reaching which, however, the Regiment was ordered back to Key's Gap, five companies being at the same time sent to Manning's Ford.

While at Key's Gap, a force of rebel cavalry, about one hundred strong, crossed the Shenandoah for the purpose of a reconnoissance. Coming in contact with the picket line of the Twentieth, a sharp skirmish ensued, by which the rebels were driven back across the river with the loss of one killed and three or four wounded, the Regiment thus scoring, not only its first battle, but its first victory, also.

On Nov. 9th, the 12th Corps crossed the mountain into the Loudon valley, and there joined the brigade which had preceeded it to the front, a few days previously. Here an order was issued to the troops directing that they build huts and go into winter quarters. Some of the old regiments were, in three or four days, provided with comfortable houses with floors, doors and windows.

The Twentieth, however, did not get along so well. They had not learned the trick of making "bricks" without

"straw." "Where did you get your windows and boards?" asked they of their more successful comrades. "Oh, we drew them," was the reply. After a time they also learned to "draw" things—sometimes from the side of a barn two miles from camp, and windows, and straw, even from a much greater distance; though not until they had lived for weeks in miserable shanties without doors or windows, and of course with but little shelter or protection from the wintry elements. Not being as yet inured to the hardships of a soldier's life, in camp or field, a considerable sickness prevailed, from which many died; so that when the order came to move,one hundred and twenty-five were left behind to be sent to the general hospital. Within four and a half months from the time the regiment left the state, twenty-eight enlisted men, and two commissioned officers had died, while thirty-six enlisted men had been discharged for disability. While the Regiment was here encamped, by order of the Brigade Commander, Major Buckingham, with a force of one hundred and twenty-five men, proceeded towards Hillsboro' in pursuit of a party of guerillas whose quarters were known to be in that neighborhood, and for the purpose of a reconnoissance. Starting about 9 o'clock in the evening, after a march of about ten miles in a cold and severe rain storm, the quarters of the rebels were reached, but the latter having been forewarned had fled. Advancing a little farther, the detachment was concealed in a thicket where it stood wet through to the skin in the drenching rain, and without fire during the rest of the night and until noon,

waiting for the enemy to return to their quarters. But no one appearing the men were at length permitted to build fires and cook breakfast, after which a thorough reconnoissance was made of the surrounding country,every house being searched for concealed arms and rebels, as ordered. The detachment returned with, for trophies, two men in rebel uniforms, but without arms, fifty muskets and a large number of entrenching tools.

On the 7th of November, the President, dissatisfied with Gen. McClellan's tardy compliance with his orders to advance, removed that officer from command and appointed in his stead Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, who, finding Lee avoiding an engagement, abandoned the pursuit and proceeded at once to concentrate his troops in the vicinity of Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg. Lee finding himself no longer pursued, eventually moved down on the south side of the river occupying Fredericksburg.

Gen. Burnside was engaged until the 11th in establishing a depot of supplies,thus allowing the enemy time to concentrate his forces, obtain reinforcements, etc. So that, when the attack was made, though our men fought like heroes that they were, the result was only a useless waste of life. In the meantime, and after Gen. Burnside assumed command of the army, and the attack upon Fredericksburg had been determined upon, the 12th Corps under Gen. Slocum received orders to proceed to Falmouth, and on the 10th, the day after, was on the road to rejoin the Army of the Potomac. Reaching Fairfax Station on Sunday, the 14th, five

day's rations were drawn, and on the following morning it was again on the march to its destination. During the night of the 15th, a heavy rain storm set in which made the roads almost impassable. But this storm so uncomfortable to the men under Slocum, was a godsend to Burnside, giving him, as it did, a chance under cover of the darkness and the howling tempests, to extricate his men from the trap in which they had been placed. The day was passed in pulling cannon wagons and mules out of the sticky mud, so that, with only five miles progress, the men went into camp quite exhausted with fatigue and exposure.

On the 17th, orders were received to be ready to march at 5 o'clock, a. m. But, instead of toward Falmouth as anticipated, the march was toward the North. The weather having cleared up, and a strong wind having dried the mud, Fairfax Station was reached in the evening, after a march of twenty-five miles during the day. Here the men of the 12th Corps were again ordered into camp, with directions to build huts, and with the expectation of their quartering there till spring. Requisitions were at once made for tents for the men, and, profiting by former experience, the Regiment had provided very comfortable winter quarters, having learned to "draw" from other sources than from the construction department for their material. While stationed at Fairfax, the troops, though with but thirty miles of railroad between them and Washington, actually suffered for food,—through somebody's neglect, of course. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction prevalent, also, among the men

at the non-appearance of the paymaster, who was due every two months. Half starved as they were, enfeebled by exposure to the wintry elements, and with no money in hand to send home to their families, it is not to be wondered at that the men of the Twentieth and their comrades could, from the bottom of their hearts, have declared, "Now is the winter of our discontent." But they had another lesson still to learn, viz: that patient endurance, starvation and wrong, is simply a part of a soldier's duty. He must suffer all things, and complain of nothing, except to the winds.

During the stay at Fairfax, some demonstrations thereabout of Stuart's cavalry, led Gen. Slocum to suspect that an attack in force might be meant as soon as the rebels appeared on his left. So, at once, he put in motion his whole force to meet the enemy, leaving only the invalids and a small force to guard the camp and the stores at the railroad depot. After marching eight or ten miles, it was found that a handful of union cavalry that had been stationed at Wolf Run Shoals, was being pursued by an advance of the rebel cavalry, which latter being met, a volly from a single regiment and a few artillery shot checked the pursuit. The rebel general, declining an encounter with the infantry force so suddenly confronting him, turning off to the right, struck a railroad at a point near our deserted camp, burned a bridge or two, and made a hurried escape from the union lines.

At this time the main portion of the Army of the Potomac lay at Falmouth, with the 11th Corps at Stafford Court

House, with the 12th Corps at Fairfax Station and Court House. From several reconnoissances it was believed that the enemy were alert and probably meditating an attack. In order to concentrate our forces, on the 17th of January, the 12th Corps was ordered to join the 11th at Stafford Court House. Everything was put in light marching order, leaving behind tents and surplus baggage; and what was equally regretful, the comfortable huts that had been nearly completed had to be abandoned.

With two day's rations in the haversack and three in the supply train the march began. Crossing the Occuaqua river, Dumfries was reached on the afternoon of the second day, where a stop was made over night, bivouacing on the hill just south of this dilapidated, old-hat-in-the-window, shiftless (apparently, before the war) negro-raising village.

At midnight a violent rain and wind storm arose which kept the men up all night, vainly trying to keep the fires agoing. The morning reveille found every one of them thoroughly drenched and shivering; as neither officer or men had that night anything but the skies for a covering.

At daylight the march was resumed through mud and water, and kept up until 4 o'clock p. m., making only four miles. "We had not then learned the knack of corduroying" (says Col. Buckingham) "the roads with that facility that was ours two years later, in Sherman's Carolina campaign. Then we could march twelve miles a day and corduroy every foot of the road." As the union army was trying to make war without hurting anybody or injuring their

property, it was ordered that the Virginia farmer's fences be preserved though the army should sink out of sight in the mud. Though once in a while, through pity, perhaps, for the poor shivering soldier, permission would be given to take a single top rail, which process often repeated soon left not even a bottom rail. After the usual variety of tough experiences, including the building of a bridge in place of one swept away by a freshet, the men standing waist deep all night long in the chilly stream to complete it, the tired, hungry and dispirited troops reached Stafford Court House at length, covered with mud, and but little glory, except that which attaches to every man in any position in life who, whatever the obstacles or discouragements, does the best he can and with all his might.

The men had nothing to eat the last day, the rations having given out, and it was midnight before provisions could be procured from Aquia Creek and issued to them. The men had been so hungry that passing, on the march, where rebel cavalry had fed their horses, they gathered up what stray kernels of corn could be found and ate them to stay their gnawing hunger. The morning after the arrival of the troops at Stafford Court House, the Twentieth Conn. Vols. were ordered out, with instructions to establish a line of pickets from Aquia Creek down to the road leading to Warrenton. It was a densely wooded country, full of swamps, thick underbrush and tangled vines, so that it was not until noon of the next day that the line was completed. Toward night the Regiment was relieved and returned to camp,

having been thirty-six hours without food, wondering the while if getting used to starvation was really one of the things required of a soldier. Orders had been issued forbidding foraging, an entirely needless order, however, so far as the present case was concerned, for there was little or nothing to forage upon. There was only here and there a log hut whose tenants, "poor white trash," had hard work to keep soul and body together at the best, even if let alone. One man, however, of the better class was found rich enough to be the owner of two fine shoats. Whether to obey strictly the military order or that of the stomach, was submitted to the arbitration of a game of "seven up" on the farmhouse steps. The owner of the pigs, discovering what was going on, compromised by giving their weight liberally estimated of pork from his barrel in the cellar, which furnished two of the companies meat enough for the time to stay their hunger.

A short time afterward, however, another party not so conscientious, or more hungry, came along and without any ceremony put the pigs in their haversacks.

Upon return to camp, neither "A" tents or shelter tents could be procured The men, therefore, had no covering but rubber blankets. Before huts could be constructed a violent snow storm arose, covering the ground to the depth of a foot or more, causing, as a matter of course, much suffering.

Col. Ross had entertained a decided prejudice against shelter tents, but the recent suffering of his men for the

want thereof had led him to so far give way to the wishes of his command as to draw for a supply of the same. Ever afterward and under all circumstances the men had a cover for the night, the rubber blankets being used to sleep on. Huts were soon constructed; streets were laid out, ornamented with evergreens, and presently the Twentieth Conn. had one of the handsomest camps in the army. Shortly after our arrival the following order was issued :

HEADQUARTERS 1ST DIV., 12TH A. C.,
NEAR STAFFORD COURT HOUSE, VA.,
January 25th, 1863.

General Orders. No. 3.

The Brig. Gen. commanding this Division desires to express to the troops of his command his high appreciation of their soldierly conduct in the recent arduous march from Fairfax station to this place. Under severe hardships and privations, which resulted from the storm commencing with and accompanying us during our march, and over roads seemingly impassable, their patient endurance and prompt performance of every duty merits the highest praise. Soldiers deprived by unexpected obstacles of proper subsistance and exposed to inclement weather, without shelter, and yet enduring all without a murmur, deserve the warmest thanks not only of their commander but of the nation they so faithfully serve. By command of

BRIG. GEN. A. S. WILLIAMS.

W. D. WILKINS, Capt. and Assist. Adjt. Gen'l.

On the 27th of January, Major Harper, Paymaster, appeared in camp with a supply of greenbacks, which, of course, gave great satisfaction, it being his first appearance to the Twentieth Conn. since they left Oyster Point.

The Major was voted to be, as one enthusiastically expressed it, "the greatest man on the Continent."

Jan. 28th the camp was thrown into great sorrow by the accidental killing, by the fall of a tree, of Capt. Henry C. Smith, of Co. C., formerly of Hartford. His comrades spoke of him as a true soldier, a genial companion and friend, and as one who was beloved and respected by all.

Though now comfortably settled down into regular camp life, it is not to be supposed that it was one of indolence and ease for the men of the Twentieth Conn. and their compatriots in arms. For, the daily routine of duties, from morning reveille to the beating of tattoo, was such as to give little time for play. Besides this, details were daily made for the building of corduroy roads in various directions, with all of which duties the winter of 1862–3 passed rapidly away, and with approaching spring evidence began to appear making it evident that the Army of the Potomac was to see active service.

On the 27th of January, 1863, General Hooker succeeded General Burnside in command of the army, and from that time forward all went well in the matter of supplies and in care for the comfort of the men; nor was any effort spared to thoroughly equip, drill and discipline them. To this end an Inspector's Department was organized. Major Philo B. Buckingham, of the Twentieth Conn. Vols., was detailed as Acting Assistant Inspector General at Division Head-quarters, and attached to the staff of Gen. A. S. Williams. Lieut. A. E. Beardsley, also of the Twentieth,

was detailed as Brigade Inspector. Lieut. C. A. Clark, who had been promoted from the non-comissioned staff to a lieutenantcy in Company H., was detailed in the Quarter Master's department and ordered to report at Corps Headquarters. Lieut. Thomas B. Kirby, of Co. F., was detailed as Adjutant of the Artillery Brigade, of the 1st Division, and ordered to report to Capt. Fitzhugh, Chief of Artillery.

By a new arrangement, the Brigade was now made to consist of the following regiments, viz : The Twentieth Conn. Vols., One Hundred and Twenty-third, One Hundred and Forty-fifth New York, and the Third Maryland Vols., with Brig Gen. N. J. Jackson in command, vice Brig. Gen. Kane, transfered to the Second Brigade, Second Division. Gen. Jackson was soon after incapacitated from duty by a fall from his horse, and Col. Samuel Ross, as senior officer, was assigned to the Brigade as its commandant, his regiment being, in consequence, placed under charge of Lieut Col. Wm. B. Wooster.

On the 10th of April, the 12th Corps was reviewed by President Lincoln, accompanied by Gen. Hooker, and by whom it, as well as the whole army, was pronounced in splendid condition for active service. Gen. Hooker said to the President, "I have under my command the finest army on this planet."

CHAPTER III.

THE CAMPAIGN OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The campaign of 1863 opened with the Union Army, numbering 124,000 men, on the north side of the Rappahannock, in fine condition physically, and thoroughly equipped.

Gen. Lee, with an army sixty-three thousand strong, was well intrenched on the south of the river, in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, and with a picket line extending along the south bank for a long distance to the right and left of the city. Redoubts and rifle pits had been built by the rebels, so as to command all the fords and crossing places for twenty miles or more; so that Gen. Lee felt secure in his almost impregnable position, and complacently waited for a second attempt of his enemy to cross in his front.

Gen. Hooker, however, succeeded in deceiving the rebel general by making a feint of crossing with a small portion of his force below the city; at the same time, by a detour through the woods around the left flank of the enemy, placing ninety thousand men in the rear.

The 12th Corps broke camp at daylight on the morning of the 27th, and took the road toward Kelly's Ford, about thirty miles above Fredericksburg, which place was reach-

ed on the evening of the 28th, having, in the meantime, been joined by the 11th Corps on the way. As soon as darkness came on, to cover the movement, with as little noise as possible both commands crossed over.

Gen. Slocum, who had been placed in charge of the 11th and 12th Corps, took the road toward the Germania Ford, on the Rapidan, while the 5th Corps, under Maj. General Meade, proceeded toward Ellis' Ford, nearer the mouth of the same river. Some little skirmishing took place on the route to the Rapidan, in which several prisoners were taken —among them a Lieut. Col. of rebel cavalry Early in the afternoon the Germania Ford was reached by Gen. Slocum, where was found a rebel force of about two hundred, guarding the place. Surprised by our cavalry, which was in the advance, the rebels threw themselves into a deep cut, made for a road along on a side hill, nearly parallel with the river, where they could command the ford. Here a sharp skirmish ensued between the enemy and the Union cavalry, the latter fighting dismounted. A regiment of infantry, however, coming up, this was sent to support the cavalry, as was also another to take an enfilading position on the right; the effect of which was to so badly use the rebels that, ere long, after losing many of their men, they raised the white flag, threw down their arms and surrendered.

The bridge at this place had been swept away by the freshets. There was no time to re-build,and yet,for the success of Gen Hooker's plans, the army must cross at once. So the troops were ordered immediately to ford the river,

which they did with the ice cold water up to their shoulders; and through a strong current that sometimes carried them from their feet—singing the while, "John Brown's body," or, "Who wouldn't be a soldier?"

During the night, Capt. Samuel Woodruff, of the 20th C. V., built a bridge from the timbers gathered for a similar purpose by the enemy, over which a few of the troops crossed with a cavalcade of pack mules laden with amunition. As the column proceeded toward Chancellorsville, rebel cavalry scouts, and, eventually, quite a strong force of the same, with a battery of artillery, appeared, apparently with the intention of attack. A few shots from the battery were fired, when a couple of regiments of infantry were sent to drive them off while the column halted; seeing which, the rebels fled and gave no further trouble.

Gen. Slocum, with his command, reached Chancellorsville about 3 o'clock, p. m., on the 30th. The 5th Corps, under Meade, arrived about the same time. Just below the junction of the Rapidan with the Rappahannock, at United States ford, the enemy had constructed strong works which were well garrisoned. The approach of Gen. Meade in their rear, however, compelled an evacuation of the place. Pontoon bridges were laid, upon which the train crossed, as did, a little later, the Second Army Corps, which joined the three already at Chancellorsville.

Up to this point the flank movement of Gen. Hooker had been such a perfect success, that "General Order number 47" was issued, congratulating the army under his com-

mand upon the fact that the operations of the last three days had "determined that our foes must ignominiously fly," etc., concluding the same by saying that "the operations of the 5th, 11th and 12th Corps have been a succession of splendid achievments." The army was correspondingly elated, looking upon a battle as but the prelude to certain victory. That their conclusions proved not well founded was not because of the lack of preponderating numbers, or the want of bravery on the part of the men, but because "somebody blundered."

So far, the reader has been asked to follow the movements and the fortunes of our Connecticut soldiery with considerable detail, not because it is the intention of the narrator to go into a closely-connected history of all their marches, battles and campaigns, for to do this would of necessity bring in so much of other history in order to make their own intelligible, as to far exceed the proposed limits of this memorial volume.

It is now only a little over seven months since the men of the Twentieth C. V., leaving behind them the green hills of their fathers, left with them, also, their mothers, their wives, their children, and sweethearts, with heroic bosoms swelling with patriotic devotion to the old flag, and a determination to do their best in its defence. But, alas! with a very inadequate idea as to what was to be the cost thereof.

We have in this short space of time seen these, (many of them) tenderly reared men, used only to the conveniences and luxuries of modern civilized life, sleeping, night after

night, upon damp ground, under malarious skies, and dying or languishing in uncomfortable hospitals from exposure. We have seen them marching and toiling for two days without food until, nearly famished, they were but too glad to pick up and greedily devour even the few scattered grains of corn left by the horses of the rebel cavalry. With them, in imagination, we have forded Virginian streams, with the ice cold waters full to the shoulders, and the haversack carried aloft on the bayonet. And all this, hard though it was to do, and to suffer, yet so well done and uncomplainingly as to win the proudest words of praise from commanding officers.

They are now on the eve of a great battle, in which, without doubt, many of their number will go down to a bloody death. That they will go otherwise than heroically need not be feared; for it has already been proved that they are emphatically

"Of such stuff as are heroes made."

On the evening of the 30th of April, the Union Army encamped in the immediate vicinity of the Chancellor House —one of the only two houses composing the "village"—and after encircling itself with a strong cordon of pickets, retired to rest to calmly await the issues of the fateful morrow.

On the morning of the 1st of May, a furious rebel attack was made on a cavalry vidette posted on the road to Fredericksburg, resulting in the defeat of the latter, with the loss of Col. McVicker, of the 6th N. Y. Cavalry, and forty

men. All the forenoon of Friday, and until late in the afternoon, was occupied by Gen. Hooker in perfecting his lines of battle for the coming conflict.

Night closed, however, upon the operations of the 1st of May with but little sanguinary strife, comparatively, but, so far as it went, resulting favorably to the union arms. During the night was heard the rumbling of the wheels of Stonewall Jackson's artillery and ammunition trains, moving off to the south—by Gen. Hooker thought to be indication of a rebel retreat. But it was quite the reverse, as the badly cut up and vanquished 11th Corps, under General Howard, composing the unsupported right wing of the army, afterward but too disastrously proved.

Acting, however, upon his exultant belief, the commanding general sent the 12th Corps, and a division of the 3d, in hot pursuit only, soon after, to recall them, with instructions to resume their places in the line, a thing easier said than done; as the enemy were already in possession of a portion of the abandoned earth works, backed by Stonewall Jackson with a force of 40,000 men. The enemy succeeded in turning the right wing of the Union line, but was prevented from obtaining a foothold in the rear by the obstinate valor of the 3d and 12th Corps, who thus were instrumental in saving the whole army from serious disaster.

The fight was kept up through a darkness so dense that locations could only be learned by the flash of musket, or cannon, finally ceasing about 11 o'clock. The hospitals were full and the surgeons were kept hard at work until

morning. The men sank down wearily to sleep upon the ground where they had fought, to dream, perhaps, of happier days lang syne; or, by their solemn fires, to brood the chances of the morrow's danger.

Since dark, the men of the 20th Conn. had not been engaged, but had stood silent listeners, with arms in hand, peering into the darkness all through the terrible hours of struggle, momentarily expecting the tide of battle to surge toward their position. But the contest ended where it began, on the extreme right, without troubling them. After the fighting ceased, each regiment was ordered to picket its front with one company, in obedience to which command, Company G., under Capt. Wm. W. Morse, was sent out, on picket duty, remaining till morning. During the night new dispositions of troops were made. Earth works were thrown up; artillery was planted in commanding positions, etc. Everything, in fact, that could be done in the darkness was done, in order to be ready for the impending battle.

Sunday morning, May 3d, was ushered in by the booming of a single piece of Union artillery, quickly followed by others along the line, a rebel battery of artillery, and a large body of infantry being the object of their attention. The enemy replied and an artillery duel of half an hour ensued.

The rebel general had organized, during the night, four assaulting columns which advanced in solid masses upon the fronts of the 3d and 12th Corps, with the desperate design of breaking, by the weight and force of numbers, our lines—regardless of any required sacrafice. Repeatedly re-

pulsed, the foe pressed forward only to be sent whirling back again with terrible slaughter. At length, the rebel leader, toward noon, began to marshal his troops for a general attack along a line reaching for nearly two miles.

Extending from the central point of attack, where had so many failures been made, toward the left, the action reached the 20th Conn. Vols. The commanding officer, Col. Wm. B. Wooster, watched the approach of the enemy, and as the line reached point blank range, gave the order, when the men rose and delivered a well-aimed volley, which covered the ground with the killed and wounded, following it up with such a terribly destructive fire that the rebel line broke and fled in the utmost confusion. Recovering themselves, and advancing more cautiously, with a second line as a support, some of the enemy reached the breast works and were killed or captured. A captain and some forty prisoners were taken by the Connecticut "Yanks," and the "Johnnies" were again repulsed.

During the first assault, after the action became general, the rebels succeeded in capturing a section of artillery on the right, which, turning an enfilading fire upon the position held by the 20th Conn , became exceedingly annoying. It was a trying time for the men of the regiment. It was their first battle, and the storm of grape shot and minnie balls, with a frequent bursting shell knocking down the breast works and killing or maiming the men, would have tested the bravery even of veterans. Finally, some of the best marksmen in the regiment raised the sights on their

guns and were enabled to pick off so many of the rebel gunners that they were forced to retire to a position where they could not sufficiently depress their guns, longer to annoy the regiment.

Again and again was the attempt made to carry that portion of the works held by the 20th. But, encouraged by its officers, it successfully resisted every charge, even to the last, when the rebels carried portions of the line both on the right and on the left. Indeed, it was not until the enemy had appeared on both flanks, that Lieut. Col. Wooster, to avoid being surrounded, reluctantly gave order to retreat. From this it will be seen that the regiment had obstinately refused to move until every other on the right and left had gone, and the rebels advancing from the east and south had nearly cut off the line of retreat.

Scarcely had the men faced to the rear, when the rebels held at bay in the front, dashed over the works in pursuit, assailing the men left, right and rear, until death or capture seemed inevitable. The prisoners taken by the regiment were released, and many of its men were killed or captured; while such as could pushed on, regardless of the cries of the rebels from every side "halt!" "halt!" and escaped.

The story of the next two days, including the apparently unnecessary retreat of a still splendid army, far outnumbering the enemy, and full of fighting pluck, is one that need not be entered upon here. To adopt the words of a homely, but expressive, old saying: "If our foresight were only equal to our hindsight," success in almost any undertaking

would be easy. General Hooker seems to have planned well, but could not foresee Gen. Howard's omissions of plain military duty in the matter of guarding against surprise and disaster, or the possible complications therefrom. His strategy, that at first seemed to him so successful, and over which he so foolishly "crowed," having finally and signally failed, "Fighting Joe Hooker" seemed at once to have lost much of his old fire and push; contenting himself with a defensive fight, and, to say the least, not glorious retreat to his old position on the north side of the Rappahannock, leaving behind his killed and wounded, numbering 12,197, with 5,000 men missing, and losing 20,000 stand of arms.

During the battle on Sunday morning, May 3, the Chancellor house, which had been taken for a hospital, was filled with the wounded, who were placed under charge of Assistant Surgeon D. S. Jewett, of the 20th C. V., and assistant Surgeon Hutchinson, of the 2d Division. During the retreat of the Union army, the rebels opened fire upon this house, literally riddling it, and finally setting it on fire. Assistant Surgeon Jewett had a man killed under his hands upon the operating table, and others were killed by the bursting of shells in the house. Through it all, these brave surgeons stood by their unfortunate comrades, and, finally, when the building took fire, rescued them from the flames by carrying them to places of safety—a piece of heroism worthy of a better fate than that which soon after befell them. An hundred thousand of their comrades, pursued by a victorious army of half their numbers, having left

them to be overtaken by death, or capture, the latter being what befell them.

Col. Ross of the 20th C. V., commanding the brigade, was slightly wounded, on Sunday morning, by a fragment of shell, and went to the hospital on the north side of the river, whence, two days after, he started for Washington. He did not return to duty until after the battle of Gettysburg.

Lieut. Col. Wm. B. Wooster, commanding the regiment, and four other commissioned officers, to wit.: Lieut. Alfred Upson, Captains Henry C. Pardee, W. W. Smith, and Lieut. A. E. Beardsley, were taken prisoners, together with one hundred and three enlisted men. Three commissioned officers and fifty-nine enlisted men were wounded. One commissioned officer and twenty-six enlisted men were killed. Lieut. David N. Griffiths, the officer killed, was a soldier of much promise, whose loss was deeply felt by all. While standing by the line of entrenchments encouraging his men, he was instantly killed by a minnie ball striking him in the forehead. Subsequent to the close of the war, attemps were made to recover his remains, but without success, all trace of his burial place having been lost. Sergeant Major John S. Root exhibited almost reckless bravery and was killed by a grape shot.

Lieut. Col. Wooster being a prisoner, the command of the regiment now devolved upon Capt. Sanford E. Chaffee, of Company B., as the senior officer present, until Tuesday morning, May 5th, when Major P. B. Buckingham was tem-

porarily relieved from duty as Division Inspector, and took command of the regiment, which, with the 12th Corps, on the 6th, marched back, through mud and rain, to Stafford Court House, where it arrived about sunset, disheartened, chagrined and fatigued, with a loss of about one-third of its numbers. Many a hut formerly occupied by the brave and hopeful soldier was now vacant; and many a mess was in mourning for some cherished comrade. One company that left the place ten days before with sixty seven men, returned with but seventeen! Eighty-five men of the regiment had been killed or maimed! And to what end? "Oh," say the bulletins, "the rebel army has suffered badly. Its losses are fully equal to ours." It is at least a matter of congratulation that the 62,000 rebels, by reason of a judicious retreat, were not able to "gobble up" and annihilate the 124,000 of loyalists!

That men who had, individually, and as organizations, battled most heroically for a victory which, by every process of reasoning, they seemed well entitled to, should be compelled to sit about their, but lately, deserted camp fires, with only a negative comfort like this, was indeed sorrowful. But such are too often the fortunes of war—at the best, but a sorrowful business.

What the army really thought of their leader may be inferred from the fact that when the campaign commenced, in passing, Gen. Hooker was cheered to the echo. While on the return, he rode by his troops in silence.

At the review of the 1st Division, soon after the return

to camp, Maj. Gen. Slocum, commanding the corps, commended the officers and soldiers comprising it for their patient endurance of hardships, and for their unflinching courage and fidelity. He manifested much feeling at the loss of so many brave officers and soldiers, and said he considered it glory enough for him that his name had been associated with the 12th Corps.

To show what kind of service this volunteer soldiery was rendering their country, the following from the letter of an army officer, written immediately after the retreat, may serve to show:

"I am so cut," he says, "and bruised, that I can hardly hold a pen in my hand. My limbs are covered with swellings from the bites of insects, and torn from forcing my way through briars and thorny bushes. My eyes close involuntarily from lack of sleep and excessive fatigue. My legs are cramped from so much riding, and I have not yet succeeded in getting rid of the chill caused by sleeping on the wet ground in the cold rain. My clothes, up to last night, had not been taken off for a week. As I lay down every night with my boots and spurs on, my feet are very much swollen. I ought to be in bed at this moment instead of attempting to write."

And this was no isolated case of hardships endured. Thousands could tell of similar sufferings—some even much worse, from more serious illness. It has often been said that in the battlefield those who went in confessing themselves as but trembling cowards, have proved frequently the

greatest heroes. Illustrative of this, Capt. S. E. Chaffee, of Co. B., relates as follows:

"Company B. had quite a number of dry wits whose funny sayings would fill a book, a great many of which were said under the most discouraging circumstances and at the most serious times. One of my men, Ed. Alling, had always said to me, you can never get me into a fight for I am too big a coward, and he said it so often that I had come to believe it. At our first engagement at Chancellorsville I happened to think of Ed. Leaving my position and going to the left of my company, I found him down upon one knee loading and firing as fast as he could. As he saw me coming he looked up into my face with a comical smile and said: "Hello, Cap'n, I believe the powder goes in fust, don't it?" "Correct Ed.," I replied, and left him to his deadly work, quite assured that I need not look after him any more.

After our retreat we went back to our old camp at Stafford Court House. Once more in camp and feeling sad over our terrible loss in dead, wounded and prisoners, I left my hut, and, walking up and down the company street, I heard loud talking going on in the "Oxford Hotel" where I found three men discussing the late battle. One of them says: "Well, we got nicely licked, didn't we?" To which a comrade replied: "No, sir! *we* did not get licked; it was only the officers that got licked; we wasn't." Another that I recognized to be Tom. Worthington said, with a sort of a growl, "Didn't we do splendidly? We went over there with bands playing and flags flying to wake up those infernal rebs. Waking up one too many, we pulled off our boots and crept back in our stocking feet, for fear we should wake up another one." In spite of my sadness I smiled as I thought how nearly they had come to the truth of it.

On the other hand, those who beforehand had the largest string of rebel scalp locks hanging, prospectively, at their belts, at the first smell of powder proved the most arrant

cowards. A notable example of this was a certain captain of the 20th, to whom, at the outset, the country seemed liable to be placed under a tremendous debt of gratitude for valorous deeds yet to be achieved; but who was noted in the regiment for his overweening anxiety to get out of bullet range. After the retreat was ordered, instead of taking to his heels, and making his way out of the trouble as best he could, this redoubtable captain hid himself away in some adjacent bushes, where he lay for some time, as he thought, in comparative safety. At length, a confederate soldier, coming that way, was heard shouting to a fugitive discovered, in another bush, "come out of there, you d—d Yankee son of a —— or I'll shoot you." "I thought he meant me," said our hero, "so I came out." His hiding place had not been discovered, and, perhaps, might not have been, as two or three others, it is said, did, in fact, so escape, afterwards to rejoin their regiment.

As we have progressed with our narrative much has been said of the discomforts and fatigues of army life that came into the experience of the subjects of our history, but nothing has as yet come to our notice that, for actual anguished and long continued suffering, begins to compare with that of Sergeant James McWhinnie, of Company H., and his companions, as graphically related by himself, and which is given herewith in his own modest words, as follows:

AFTER THE BATTLE.

It was Sunday morning at Chancellorsville. The roar and

crash of battle near us had ceased, to begin again in Sedgwick's front a few hours later. Overhead the frightened birds were once more beginning to twitter. The sulphurous smoke had cleared away and the peace of the Sabbath, so rudely broken, seemed about to resume its sway. But how strange the scenes about us! The valley and hillsides are strewn with corpses of men where they fell. Within the breastworks the dead and dying are lying close together..

Where an hour ago all was excitement—the excitement of our first battle—now an oppressive silence prevails. There is no shouting or crying of the wounded. In quiet tones they speak to each other. The question passes back and forth, "Where are you wounded?" "Through the body." "And you?" "An arm broken." "My knee smashed." "My lungs!" So the low replies pass around. Words of cheer are spoken. Prayers are offered, while over the faces of some the strange gray look is coming that betokens the approach of death. One lies near who had raised many a laugh in the ranks, but now jesting is forgotten. An awe struck face reveals his consciousness of the coming change. A few feet away lies a lieutenant, lately promoted, the smile still on his face, so suddenly the bullet had cut the thread of life. Here and there the confederates are hurrying after their regiments, that are following our retreating army. We are in their hands prisoners on the field. One of them, a huge North Carolinian stops near me and seeing my efforts to get out of bullet range puts his hands under my arms and gently lifts me over the little brook and behind a log breastwork in safety. In reply to my question whether he had had any coffee lately, he replies, "Not for three months," and glad to accept the bag of coffee and sugar I offered him. He turns to wave it in a parting salute as he disappears in the woods.

The long day draws to a close. Four of us thrust our guns by the bayonets into the ground and fastening the corners of a blanket in the gunlocks, under this shelter pass the night. In the early dawn, as we begin to distinguish our comrades here and there, we speak to them. Some of them answer us

with feebler voices than yesterday; and some are silent forever, having entered their last sleep in the night. The sun rises and another day wears on—the living among the dead, wounds are growing sore and painful. Cries begin to be heard, especially from those whose wounds are in the body and very serious. The rebels come among us in squads and talk freely with us. Four young Mississippians, addressing each other as "Gentlemen," make us coffee from our provisions and at our invitation sit down to drink it with us. Not an unkind word is spoken. Another confederate asks if he can do anything for us, saying, "I would like to do something in return for the kindness I received when a prisoner in the North." Soon a familiar face appears among us. It is our Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. B. Wooster, a prisoner; he has unselfishly solicited the favor of returning to the breastworks to get the names of the killed and wounded for their friends at home. We are right glad to see him and sorry to have him leave us for his journey to Richmond.

Another night passes and the morning finds us with fewer alive than yesterday. Fearful rumors come to us that our whole army has been captured, and with the most fearful slaughter. At last the news comes that the woods are on fire behind us and that rebel and union wounded alike are being consumed in the flames, from which they cannot escape. Our wounded make desperate efforts to get away. All get off but two, myself and Johnny—a fat little Irishman, of our company, wounded by a grape shot through the ankle. He begs hard not to be left, but I promise to send help for him, and getting onto my feet, by aid of a couple of reversed muskets for crutches, slowly make my way out among the unburied dead. I look into their faces as I hop over them and scarcely realize that they cannot answer when I speak to them. As I approach a pair of bars which I must pass, a company of rebel cavalry come up on the other side. The captain halts there and speaks to me, "Come on, sergeant, we'll wait for you." One of his men dismounts and comes forward to aid me. Going to a pile of muskets he brings me two of a better size, and

with a good natured "You's all right now," mounts and moves off with his company.

But what a long pull it was to climb the hill! I had heard there was a field hospital under the trees on the top of the hill where we had been so terribly shelled. This I wanted to reach, but I must cross a run and climb the long hill a quarter of a mile to get to it. I crossed the run on a log and inch by inch made my way up the hill. Half way up I met a couple of rebels with a stretcher. They were burying their dead. I asked them to go after Johnny and bring him to the top of the hill. They refused at first on account of their orders, but I offered them my last greenback at sight of which they relented, and long before I reached the top of the hill Johnny was borne past me in triumph. A year afterwards I met him minus a foot in New York city. With tearful gratitude he drew me aside and pulling a bottle of whiskey from his pocket besought me to "Take a drink for the sake of ould times!"

On reaching the hilltop, I was rejoiced to find a large company of our wounded lying under the apple trees. Many of these were of our regiment, and I was welcomed among them. One of our company had exchanged his blanket with a rebel for a thick cotton quilt, and this he offered to share with me. We thought we had a prize, it was so soft, but we found we had anything but a "soft thing" before morning. In the afternoon a thunderstorm burst upon us which turned into a cold and steady rain which lasted for three days. The water filled all the plateau on which we were lying, and long before morning our quilt had swollen to twice its thickness. There was no heat for us. My friend had received a bullet through his chest, which pierced his lungs, coming out between the shoulder blades, and my broken knee had become so painful from the labor of climbing the hill that I could scarcely move. Yet we tried to snatch a little sleep, but our arms folded over our breasts would slip off into the cold water with a splash which put an end to sleep. It was a long night. But wretched as we were the cold kept down inflammation

and fever, which otherwise would have ensued at once. Indeed it is to the cold weather of these three terrible days that many of us owe our lives.

The battle began on the 2d of May. It was not till the 15th that the wounded in our part of the field were gathered up by the ambulance. During all this time we were within the rebel lines, the confederates having followed up our retreating army to the Rappahannock. Hundreds died that might have been saved had they been cared for. No word reached us of the fate of our army. We were told it had been captured and destroyed. No flag of truce came to us. A few surgeons, prisoners, were near us, but they told us they could do nothing as their implements had been confiscated. The rebel officers had detailed a few privates, from the prisoners, to bring us water. But all the rest who could march were sent to Richmond. Soon our food gave out. Then those who could walk would go where the battery horses had been fed and pick up the scattered kernels of corn from the soaked ground. These they brought to where we were lying and parched on our "stove," (a flattened stove pipe resting on a couple of bricks) in the fire. Then taking the parched corn we boiled it, making coffee, which we drank, and then ate the corn. In this way we lived a week. By this time the confederates gave us more attention, and distributed among us rations of flour, which we made into starch and found very good. Our food was prepared by the wounded who could get about. I saw one man picking up chips whose arm had been taken off above the elbow the night before. Kilmartin, well known throughout the regiment, was one of the most generous and self-sacrificing of the company. His arm had been shattered above the elbow, but with the helpless limb he moved about the field bringing corn and sticks for the fire and keeping us lively with his overflowing good nature. After about ten days, supplies reached our surgeons; stimulants and surgical implements were at once brought into service. The old log barn was used for amputations. While some were saved many a poor fellow was carried out to his shallow grave.

About nightfall the surgeons would make up a pail of milk punch and send it around to those who were considered the worst off. As it was distasteful to me I was glad to turn mine over to Kilmartin, who was not down on the punch list. But "Kil" was not going to be put off with one cup full. As the darkness came on he would slip off and lying down beside a group of wounded men begin to groan, and when the punch squad came near would beg them for a good horn as "he didn't think he could live till morning." Having done this several times with some variations of voice and language, he would return to our company in a good frame of mind for the rest of the night.

But how slowly the days dragged on! What rumors of coming relief would lift us up, again to cast us down in disappointment One day the word passed around that the ambulances were surely coming. Somebody from Lee's headquarters had told somebody else and there was no doubt about it. Sure enough! As all eyes were turned to the opening in the woods next day, the long line of white wagons came into view. How the shouts went up! "The ambulances! The ambulances!" We could have danced for joy, if we had had legs to dance with. It seemed too good to be true, that after lying ten days on that hateful death smitten field, we were to be brought into "God's country" once more. But when the long train came near us the officer in the first wagon shouted, "What corps do you belong to?" "The Twelfth," was the answer, when, to our amazement, the reply came back, "That's not the corps we're after!" and the ambulance turned around and disappeared in the woods.

Imagine the despair that fell upon the hundreds of wounded scattered over that hilltop. In many of them it was their last hope, and its disappointment meant death. Deep curses took the place of rejoicing. For senseless red tape the lives of so many must be sacrificed. The light faded out of many a poor fellow's face and heart forever in that bitter disappointment.

Three days more must pass by before the relief came, and

the ambulance once more appeared, this time to bring us to our lines. Sore and sick, many of them minus a leg or an arm, the wounded were quickly placed in the ambulances and then a new suffering began—the jolting of the wagons over the rough roads, in many places corduroyed through the deep mud. It was a long line of suffering humanity that wended its way over the battlefield by the ruins of the Chancellorsville House and down to the river's side. Here we were paroled and heard for the first time of Stonewall Jackson's death, and the safe retreat of our army. How good it seemed to rest once more under the old flag, and to learn that we had not been forgotten nor forsaken ; that we had been the last to be gathered up from the battlefield, and this explained in part the long delay in reaching us.

Sixteen years later, drawn by the fascination of that field at Chancellorsville, I visited it The dead had all been gathered into the national cemetery at Fredericksburg. But their shallow graves were still visible around the old log barn. With a rebel soldier I sat under the apple trees once more, and with wife and boy, we drank from the memorial spring to the memory of the blue and gray.

In closing here this chapter of the 20th's first campaign, the author may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying that if, after experiencing all these terrible thirteen days and nights of horror, at the hands of those who were seeking the nation's life, this noble-hearted soldier, climbing that terrible hill upon a wooden leg, a few years later, could afford to sit down by the clear spring waters of peace with one of his old antagonists and drink to the " Memory of the blue and the gray," surely those who had remained safely at home, under cover of his and his comrade's guns, with like charity ought also to be able to forget and forgive:

Forget the wrong—forget the ill—
Forget the bitter past, and still
On each memorial day,
While rolling years shall circle 'round,
Bedeck with flowers the tenting ground,
Alike of blue and gray.
For, gray or blue, one blood they were,
Yet were they men, and men may err;
While only He that ruleth all—
That noteth e'en a sparrow's fall—
Can rightly judge the blue or gray.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTYSBURG.

As already mentioned, Chancellorsville was the first battle of the 20th Conn. Vols. As an introduction to the dangers and vicissitudes of war, it will be conceded to have been a pretty severe one. The total loss in killed, wounded and missing was 17,197, while in the battle of Gettysburg, following two months later, with very many more men actually engaged, the loss was only 23,186—a difference of but 6,000, nearly one-third of which was in the item of "missing." But this was not all. They were not yet to retire upon their laurels, however many and bravely won. Gettysburg, and the March to the Sea, were yet to be added, with a long list of minor engagements, sufficiently sanguinary to satisfy the most bloodthirsty of these defending knights of Liberty and Union.

"The rebels had gained a triumph," says Gen. Doubleday,* "but they had not gained a victory." While all Southland was exulting over the temporary and almost unlooked-for success, their great commander, General Lee, was profoundly depressed. The resources of the Davis' government in men and means were becoming very limited. Two

* Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, by Maj. Gen. A. Doubleday.

plans of future action were presented, one of which must be chosen: The army must either fall back on its centre of supplies at Richmond and stand a siege, or invade the North. The fall of Vicksburg was imminent. This, coupled with a retreat of the army of Virginia on Richmond, would dishearten the South and stimulate the North to renewed efforts. This, with other weighty considerations, doubtless influenced the adoption of the bolder policy of invasion. It was believed that if General Lee could establish his army firmly on northern soil, England would at once come to the rescue of the now much troubled confederacy.

It was the desperate throw of a die, as to the choice of plans of campaign, with tremendous risks and chances of failure militating against both. But the popular cry of "on to Washington, and to northern conquest," in which, replying to Lee's requisition for supplies, the Confederate government itself joined, prevailed; and the rebel army, 80,000 strong, was headed northward for the avowed purpose of striking a blow that should, with foreign support, stiffen the "copperhead" backbone, and thereby terrify the unionists into a submission to southern rule, or a recognition of their confederacy. The plan looked like a good one, as it certainly was brave. But it did not work. Later on, Sherman tried the same thing, or similar, and was successful. Nearly one hundred thousand men, wild with enthusiasm over their late success, marched into Pennsylvania and—— marched back again, their "foothold on northern soil" per-

manently gained, being only the ground occupied by the festering remains of their dead.

Since the battle of Chancellorsville, Gen. Lee had been engaged vigorously in concentrating, refitting and increasing his forces. While the union army, though not enthusiastically hopeful, for obvious reasons, was yet in fairly good condition for another trial of strength and endurance with the "Johnnies."

During the period of rest, changes had been made by which the 20th Conn. had been brigaded with the 5th Conn. Vols., and the brigade, now called the 1st, was placed under the command of Col. A. L. McDougal, of the 123d N. Y. In the 20th Conn., Chaplain D. P. Sanford had resigned, as had also Surgeon Wm. B. Casey. Captains Parker and Adams, Lieutenants Williams, Cadwell, Campbell, Birdsall, Barnes and Newton, had either resigned or were discharged for disability. Lieut. Col. Wm. B. Wooster was, on the 9th of June, exchanged, as were also Captains Smith and Pardee, together with Lieutenants Beardsley and Upson, all of whom rejoined the regiment after a brief taste of Libby prison hospitalities.

On the 13th of June, Lieut. Col. Wooster assumed command of the regiment; Major Buckingham being relieved and ordered to resume the duties of acting Assistant Inspector General, at Division Headquarters. Captain Dickerman recovered from his wound and rejoined the regiment

just before the battle of Gettysburg. The enlisted men captured were paroled, but not yet exchanged.

General Hooker at first was doubtful if his adversary was not intending to try the issue of another battle before beginning his march into Pennsylvania. With this view, cavalry were sent to the right; the 6th Corps were ordered to cross the river below Fredericksburg and make a reconnoissance, to see if the whole rebel force had left that vicinity, or was anywhere concentrated and prepared for battle.

The 12th Corps was moved from Stafford Court House to the south of Brook's Station, on the Aquia Creek road, and ordered to intrench. But before night it was discovered that the whole rebel force was heading toward the Shenandoah Valley, with the exception of a part of Hill's Corps, which still remained at Fredericksburg.

At 4 o'clock p. m., the 12th Corps received orders to march, and within a half hour it was on the road back to Stafford Court House. The march was continued all night. At 7 o'clock a. m., on the 14th, we reached Dumfries, halted and remained during the day and the following night. It was General Hooker's design to so manoeuver his forces as to cover Washington, and at the same time harrass the rear of the enemy, or give battle as he might choose—a difficult thing to do, as there was danger of getting so extended as to be exposed to attack and defeat in detail.

By the 15th, all the different army corps, comprising the Army of the Potomac, were on the trail of the rebels, and

proceeding with the utmost rapidity, with a design to reach some given point before the enemy should reach it, and then stopping, perhaps, to await developments.

The 12th Corps was in the advance, and on the morning of the 15th was again on the march northward; after a tramp of thirty-three miles reaching Fairfax Court House at 9 o'clock p. m. The day was oppressively hot and the roads were so dry and dusty that the surface rose in clouds impenetrable to the eye. Many of the men fell from exhaustion by the wayside, or from sunstroke lay down and died. At tattoo and roll call that night it was found that large numbers were missing. As almost every man had blistered his feet, besides was suffering from the chafing of his knapsack and haversack during the severe ordeal of the day previous, the day's rest that was ordered was gratefully received.

At 3 o'clock a. m., on the 17th, the 12th Corps was again on the march. Twelve miles were made, when at 2 p. m. a halt was ordered near Drainsville, a small place between Alexandria and Leesburg. At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the march was resumed, with another excessively hot day, reaching Leesburg at 6 o'clock, p. m., where the men went into camp for the night. During the day, in addition to the intense heat, the men of the 12th had encountered a tremendous hail storm and had waded Goose Creek with the water to their waists. While the Corps lay at Leesburg, two men belonging to the 46th Penn. Vols., and

one of the 13th New Jersey Vols., were shot to death as deserters. It was a hard fate, but as even the kind-hearted Lincoln, on appeal, refused to pardon, it must have been necessary. There were the usual terrible formalities. The ready excavated graves, the coffins at their brink, with the wretched prisoners and condemned seated thereon. There was the last convulsive grasp of the chaplain's hand; the long, last look at the sun; the bandaging of the eyes,—and the word "fire!" from the lips of the commanding officer and, perforated each with eight bullets, somebody's son, or brother, or father, tumbles over into his box, and the tragedy is ended. Yes, they were deserters, that is true. And for aught we know, good reader, "bounty jumpers." If so, they were, perhaps, rightly served. But suppose that these unfortunates were only a trio of country lads that had been cajoled into enlistment by the recruiting sergeant who gave, as they generally did, the most glowing and picturesque accounts of army life; and suppose that, afterward, experiencing the reality as we have thus far seen the men of the 20th experiencing, a vision of the dear old home fireside on the far away northern hills had flashed upon their vision, and then in a moment of heart-sick despondency and weakness they had decided to make a break for home and liberty,—stop fighting and suffering for others' happiness and look a little to their own? In this land of the free ought they to have been shot to death for the act? Military law answers "yes," and in war time that is the statute of all others that must

be paramount, must be obeyed, because in no other way could armies be kept in the field. Without the occasional enforcement of the death penalty for offences of this kind (and the number of cases were proportionately small) the men that after tattoo might decide not to appear at reveille, would, perhaps, leave the faithful sometimes in a sad minority.

The whole corps had now been at Leesburg for a week waiting for the development of the plans of Gen. Lee. Various rumors were afloat as to his doings and goings, but nothing could be ascertained authentically. So far as could be learned, no hurry was manifested about crossing the Potomac into Maryland. Hooker was much perplexed. On the 25th, however, information came that Lee had actually crossed the Potomac near Williamsport with his whole army, and had promulgated his call to the "sturdy yeomanry" of Maryland, who were invited to rise against the tyranny that oppressed them and join the southern army. The much desired rising, however, never took place.

On the 26th, the 12th Corps crossed the Potomac on pontoon bridges at Edward's Ferry, and moved on to Monocacy river, 11 miles distant, where encampment was ordered for the night. Before crossing the Potomac, and while awaiting the transporting of the trains, some of the officers visited Ball's Bluff, a little off to the left, where was found grinning human skulls and other bones in horrible profusion, thus testifying to the inhumanity of the rebels in not giving their fallen foes decent burial.

Crossing the Monocacy on the morning of the 27th, the corps took up its march towards Harper's Ferry, encamping, after a march of 17 miles, at Knoxville.

On the 28th,the Army of the Potomac, while concentrated near Frederick city, once more changed its leader by order of President Lincoln, General George G. Meade, lately commanding the 5th Corps,being assigned to its command. To use President Lincoln's homely phrase, this "swap of horses in crossing the stream" was looked upon by the "thinking bayonets" as risky in the extreme. The army had by no means lost entire confidence in Gen. Hooker, though that confidence was somewhat impaired. The new commandant was an officer well known and much respected for his courage and skill in handling a single corps. But on a larger scale he was, as yet, untried—an objection that could not truthfully have been made a week later. At best it was a tremendous venture. For what meant failure? We now know that it could have been nothing less than the rebel occupation of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Harrisburg, and the recognition of the confederacy by the leading powers of Europe.

Upon assuming command, Gen. Meade found that his predecessor had apparently a very inadequate idea of the extent of the enemy's advance upon free soil. There was, as that officer is reported to have said, "not even a safe place in all the region round about whereat to establish his headquarters;" to which Hooker is also said to have replied rather pettishly, "Well, fight for it then." The rebel

general was having pretty much his own way and was evidently enjoying it. The government and the people were at length thoroughly alarmed. The governor of the state at once issued a proclamation calling upon the people to rally in defence of their homes and firesides. The approaches to the city of Harrisburg were fortified and garrisoned, and altogether such a show of force was made that the invaders were turned away, the capitol city thus being saved from destruction.

Notwithstanding what to the new commander was great existing discouragement, with regard to the situation, he went vigorously to work to strengthen his position for what he decided should be a defensive battle. To this end, on the 29th of June, he put the army in motion, sending out his cavalry in different directions to obtain possession of the railroads leading to Baltimore, and for reconnoissance.

It was soon found that the main body of the rebel army was north of Gettysburg and moving towards Harrisburg, though very slow and cautiously, while numerous cavalry and infantry detachments were roving the country in search of supplies, and levying upon the farms and villages for contributions.

Gen. Meade, as is well known, did not, at first, in directing his troops so as to concentrate at Gettysburg, intend to fight the great battle there,having in his mind instead a portion of the country in the vicinity of York. But inasmuch as his recent movements had compelled the rebel commander to turn back to protect his line of retreat, by which

was met the advance of the union army at Gettysburg, a preliminary engagement was fought with such results as to convince both generals that at this place must be had the impending general engagement, and each proceeded at once to concentrate his whole force there.

On the 29th, the 12th Corps, under command of General Slocum, left Frederick city and took the road to Littlestown, while the 1st and 11th Corps took the Emmettsburg road, as nearest and most direct to Gettysburg. As they were moving out of the city, the camp of the gallant 7th Regiment of New York city was passed, whose nice new uniforms, white gloves and burnished muskets, contrasted strangely enough with the rough suits and equipments of the veterans of the Army of the Potomac, who, as they passed, splattering and floundering through the mud and the heavy rain that was falling, would exclaim to the poor, discouraged, half-drowned sentinels by the side of the road: "Hello, there, fellers! Better go in out'n the mud. Git the shine all off yer butes, yer know." To a group standing outside of their tents to see the vets go by, some one would exclaim, "Say, Yorker, hadn't you better go in. Spile them new clothes ef yer don't." "Don't you want to join the vets?" says another. "Good time now to break you in." Or, "where's your umberill? Too bad for you fellers to stand out and get all wet. We allers goes in when it rains. Ten times as easy to be a vet, as 'tis to be a militiaman." All of which raillery was received in the most perfect good humor by the soldierly 7th, as the vets waded on, putting

their weary feet steadily down, down into the sticky clay mud, and pulling them out again, often by main strength, as best they could, in the pursuit of the enemy, as a matter of necessity, not of choice.

Passing through Walkersville, Woodsboro, Bruceville and Tarrytown, the 12th Corps reached Littlesboro about noon. There had been a small cavalry skirmish here in the morning, and the people of the town were rushing for the woods with their live stock and such household treasures as they could get hold of, the men, sometimes, even in such consternation as to leave their wives and children behind them, thinking, doubtless, that the latter would be likely to fare much better at the hands of the rebs than would their horses and cattle. One man was seen speeding on his horse to the rear, without saddle or even a bridle other than a rope around the neck of his Pegasus. He could not stop to talk farther than to say, as he galloped past, that "a man had been killed right by his door!" Another citizen was very sorry for the "vets." They had "come into a bad, bad fix; General Lee had got five hundred thousand men, and one thousand cannon, near by, and they would all be killed or captured, sure." The people who had remained in town were full of gratitude for their delivery from the hands of the rebels. The land actually flowed with free milk, and the proffer of pies and cakes and bread was unbounded. But, says our authority, "circumstances alter cases. When the army returned that way, after the great battle, and the reb-

els had fled the state, milk was fifty cents a quart and bread one dollar a loaf."

After taking measures for protecting the village by driving off the enemy, Gen. Slocum ordered the troops into camp for the night, near the junction of the roads leading to Gettysburg, Heidelsburg, Westminster and Tarrytown. Evidences of the near proximity of the main rebel army were plentiful. Ignorant, however, of its exact location, on the morning of the 1st of July, General Meade, then at Tarrytown, ordered the 1st and 11th Corps from their encampment on the Emmetsburg road to push on to the latter place. The 12th Corps was at the same time ordered to move on towards Gettysburg, so as to be within supporting distance.

Gen Reynolds, in command of the 1st Corps, pressed forward, and finding Buford's cavalry engaged a little to the north of the town eagerly pushed on through the village, and drawing up his troops in battle line, engaged the enemy whose troops were found to greatly outnumber his own. But such was the steadiness and bravery of his men that the rebel forces were driven back a considerable distance, eventually, however, being himself obliged to retire, leaving the enemy masters of the field and in possession of the town—a sort of an old-fashioned semi-Dutch country village of only about 3,000 inhabitants, yet enjoying the proud distinction of being the county seat. A division of the 1st Corps was posted on Cemetery Hill to cover the retreat, which, with the timely arrival of the 12th Corps, saved the union troops engaged from a complete rout.

Gen. Slocum halted his command on the Baltimore pike, some two miles out of town, and rode forward to learn the situation, which he found to be so indicative of an impending general fight that he at once ordered his corps forward, and passing on to the east of Wolf hill, occupied a wooded elevation a little farther north. His troops were deployed in line of battle, facing the west, and on the flank of the enemy, which was driving Howard and Doubleday toward the town. The artillery of the corps was put in position, a few shots from which brought a reply from a rebel battery, whose shot came crashing through the woods where the corps was stationed. "Forward!" came the order, and over the fence on the edge of the woods went the skirmishers into a ravine and up a hill, driving the rebel skirmishers before them. The line of battle following up the skirmishers was just emerging from the woods when the order came to halt, the rebel pursuit of the 1st and 11th having been checked by its advance and the fire from Cemetery hill.

As it now seemed evident that the great battle was to be fought here it was not deemed advisable to act otherwise than defensively until the commanding general should arrive upon the scene in person. The rebel pickets now occupied the northern portion of the town, and those of the union forces the southern. Gen. Reynolds and other officers of distinction had been killed, which, with heavy losses from the ranks, altogether made the outlook not as promising as could have been wished.

The unionists had been fortunate enough to seize upon and eventually to hold Cemetery hill, a commanding eminence south-east from the town, and which was the key to the whole position, the determined efforts to retain and to capture which mark one of the most bloody and heroic struggles of the war. It was the point where our scattered troops were rallied toward evening, and Gen. Slocum, as the senior officer present, seeing the importance of the position, directed that it should be held by the two corps which had been engaged during the day. The 2d Division of the 12th Corps was formed on the left, the 1st Division taking position near Wolf's hill on the right. During the night General Meade arrived upon the field, and immediately proceeded to inspect the ground, and before morning the forces—to which had been added the 2d, 3d, 5th and 6th Corps—were moved to designated positions.

In all that may follow of our narrative, in speaking of the operations of the 12th Corps, we must be considered as speaking also of the 20th Conn., for they are one, and, until all were disbanded, inseparable. The battlefield of Gettysburg covered an area of about 25 square miles of the most beautiful farming land and mountain scenery that could well be imagined. The three days battle fought thereon was one of the greatest in all modern history, not only for the number of men engaged, but for its results, since it decided, practically, the question of nationality for, looking out into futurity, perhaps hundreds of millions of people.

That the sons and the daughters of the heroes who drenched those fair outlying hills with martyr blood may be able the more clearly to trace the footsteps of father, or brother, or friend, we have given in full Col. Buckingham's exceedingly graphic and picturesque description thereof, as well as of the battle itself, and which, if carefully studied in connection with the accompanying map, (recently issued by the Gettysburg National Cemetery association) cannot fail to assist the intelligent reader to an imaginary position on the field from whence to trace the various antagonistic movements, for life or death, of the blue and the gray.

Says Col. B., "The Baltimore pike enters the village of Gettysburg from the south-east; the Tarrytown road from the south; the Hagerstown from the south-west; the Chambersburg from the north-west; the Heidelsburg from the north, and the York road from the north-east. As you approach the town from the south-east over the Baltimore pike, perhaps a mile and a half distant, you leave an open elevation and descend into a ravine through which runs Rock creek, having a course from the north-west towards the south-east, and (after it crosses the road) toward the south. Crossing the creek you gradually ascend till you reach the crest of a high ridge of land running nearly north and south, and from which you overlook the country towards the west for a mile and to the north and north-west for two miles.

"Looking to the north-west, at the foot of a short descent a quarter of a mile away, you see before you the now

and forevermore historically famous shire town of Adams county, Gettysburg. A mile across the valley, beyond the town, is Seminary ridge, extending off towards the south and curving gently round to the north, on which stands a college or seminary that was occupied by General Lee as his headquarters during the eventful days that followed. Turning towards the right, Cemetery hill terminates rather abruptly on the north, just beyond the village; and still more to the right Culp's hill, covered with wood, descends to the north-east and east to Rock creek, across which rises abruptly a rocky ledge called Wolf's hill, and which loses itself in the rising ground on the Baltimore pike, a mile to the south-east. Facing to the south-east you see on the right of the pike McAllister's hill; and still more to the south, Powers' hill. Turning to the south, you look along Cemetery hill which, two miles or more away, gradually loses itself in the level country on either side and then rises again, forming Little Round Top hill, and further on a higher rocky ridge, called Round Top. Near where you stand and just on the south side of the Baltimore pike is the village cemetery from which the hill takes its name.

"With a keen discernment of the strength of the position, Gen. Meade posted his troops in line of battle on the morning of the 2d of July, along the ridge of Cemetery hill from Round Top to Culp's hill, resting the right on Rock creek and Wolf's hill. The left of the line was slightly curved until it came to the northern extremity of Cemetery hill, where it turned sharply back and ran nearly parallel with

the Baltimore pike. From Round Top to a point about opposite Gettysburg our troops faced the west, and from thence to the extreme right faced the north-west and north.

"All along the ridge from Round Top to Culp's hill was posted in thick clusters our batteries of artillery,so arranged, except along the left centre, as to fire over the heads of the men in the infantry line.

"The 12th Corps was placed in line on the extreme right; next came a division of the 1st Corps, then the 11th Corps and the remainder of the 1st Corps, then followed the 2d with the 3d on its left and the 5th on the extreme left. The 6th was held in reserve to act as emergencies might require. The cavalry was divided and a portion placed on each flank. In the 12th Corps the 1st Division was on the right and the 2d on the left adjoining Wadsworth's Division of the 1st Corps. In the 1st Division the 3d Brigade was on the right and the 1st Brigade on the left next the 2d Division. The 20th Conn. was in the front line on the left of the 1st Brigade.

"Gen. Slocum was assigned to the command of the right wing of the army, and this placed Gen. A. S. Williams in command of the 12th Corps by virtue of seniority, and Gen. W. F. Ruger, of the 3d Brigade, in command of the 1st Division, while Gen. John W. Geary was in command of the 2d Division of this Corps. The portion of the line held by the 12th Corps ran through a thick wood, which extended some distance in front, and, towards the rear, reached back to within forty rods of the Baltimore pike. Here, this

corps spent the forenoon of the second, entrenching, and by noon quite a formidable line of breastworks, made of timber and earth, was completed.

"The rebel force took position on Seminary hill, and conformed its line to the general shape of the union line. The distance between the two lines was from a mile to a mile and a half. All the forenoon the enemy could be seen moving bodies of troops into position and placing his batteries of artillery. General Meade had succeeded in concentrating all his available force before the rebel chief was prepared to deliver a general battle.

"During the forenoon the fitful fire of the skirmishers, as it pattered along the left and centre of the line, told us that the foe was vigilant, and that the storm of battle might burst upon us at any moment. Towards noon the firing almost entirely ceased and an almost oppressive silence prevailed. The men in our lines lounged about near their places, the artillery men leaned against their pieces, and the officers scanned with their field glasses the wooded ridge upon which the rebel forces were drawn up, catching occasional glimpses of shining muskets as regiments moved into position.

"The weary hours pass on and the afternoon wanes. What is the enemy about? will he attack us to-day, or at all? is the anxious inquiry of many. Gen. Meade even is anxious, and sends detachments of cavalry beyond the right and left to ascertain if the enemy, under cover of this quiet, may not be making a movement to turn either the one flank

or the other. It was ascertained that this was not the case; and, as the army still lay in almost breathless silence, the wonder increased as to when would the great battle, by all known to be inevitable, begin.

"Four o'clock came. The discharge of a single piece of artillery was heard on the centre of the rebel line, and immediately, all along the left and centre of the line, the air is filled with flying missiles belched from the muzzles of hundreds of cannons. Presently away towards the left, the long grey lines of infantry, comprising the corps of Longstreet, were seen advancing over the intervening space between the lines. The cannonade from the rebel line slackened, and our artillery turned its fire upon the advancing infantry line with deadly effect; bursting their shells in the midst of the advancing masses, and, as they approached within proper range, serving them with cannister and then with grape. The fire of the opposing skirmish lines, at first fitful and feverish, steadily increased in volume, till it rolled like the fire of a line of battle. Onward the rebels came driving our line of skirmishers quickly back until they took refuge within our main line.

"Closely following the skirmish line, came the main line of the enemy, never faltering or flinching under the incessant fire of our batteries, nor till it was within musket range, when a volley from our line greeted it, followed by another and another. These shots were quickly returned by the enemy, and the rattle of musketry became blended with the roar of artillery, till it seemed as one continuous sound.

Under the murderous fire with which they were received, the rebels at first faltered, then staggered back, their officers in vain attempting to force them forward, and finally turned and fled out of range of our musketry fire. The brunt of this onset was borne by the 3d Corps.

"Gen. Sickles, who was in command of the Corps, had, by some misconception of orders, advanced his force too far to the front, exposing thereby the flanks, so that the enemy expected to make short work with it, and break through our line at this point.

"The rebel general had discovered by his first attack the weak points of this portion of the line, and now, after rallying his men, moved forward to a second attack, directing his forces upon the front and flank of Sickles' force, attempting also to force a column through between it and Round Top. The onset made was terriffic. The 3d Corps began to give way, and a portion of the 2d and 5th Corps became engaged. Reinforcements were quickly brought up and sent in to support our wavering lines, until all our reserves were in action.

"Still the battle raged. First, the rebels forced our line back, but as fresh troops were brought up, they were in turn repulsed. Thus the surging masses swayed backward and forward till towards sunset, when the rebels made a most determined charge, carrying a portion of our line and capturing several pieces of artillery, which they attempted to drag off through the woods. Half an hour before sunset, Gen. Meade seeing how sorely the left of his line was press-

ed, and having brought up all of his reserves, still fearful of the result, ordered the 12th Corps out of the works on the extreme right and directed it to move over to the support of the left. Up to this time the centre and right of the line had not been engaged. The skirmish line in front of this corps was ordered to remain in position and a single brigade was left to occupy the entire line held by it. With the remainder of his command Gen. Williams moved off to the support of the weakened forces on the left.

"Arriving at the designated point, after a march of some three miles, about sunset he deployed his troops and moved into the woods just after the rebels had broken our line. As the line advanced cheering loudly and became engaged, the rebels gave way and fell back, apparently unwilling to prolong the contest with fresh troops. During the advance we passed over several pieces of artillery that had been in possession of the enemy, and a brigade of our first division charged, and succeeded in recapturing a battery of twelve pounders and restored them to the proper owners. Soon after dark the rebels retired from this portion of our front and the contest ceased. They had, during the four hours battle, lost immensely and had not gained a single point of advantage. Towards sunset the tide of battle extended along the centre, up to a point opposite the village; but here, as well as on the left, the foe had left the field strewn with killed and wounded, and without any success as a compensation for the losses incurred.

"Just after dark, while the 12th Corps was over at the

left, Ewell's Corps dashed against the right of the line, and obtained possession of a portion of the works vacated by the 12th Corps. Gen. Greene, who was in command of the Brigade left to hold these works, used every exertion to retain the whole line under his charge; but it was too weak; two thousand men could not successfully resist twenty thousand. He was therefore compelled to relinquish all the extreme right, and moving troops towards the left held that portion of his line adjoining the 1st Corps. The troops of Ewell poured into our works thus vacated by the thousand, the woods being speedily filled with solid masses of infantry. Fearing they might fall into some trap in the darkness, and confident that the morrow would enable them to follow up this advantage gained, they rested.

"It was well for the union army that the darkness put a stop to the advance of the enemy in this direction, for another hour of daylight at that time would have enabled him to push his column through on to the Baltimore pike in rear of our position on Cemetery hill, when all would have been lost; nothing could have saved the union army from utter rout. As soon as the fighting ceased on the left, and the scattered troops could be brought up to take possession of the line there, the 12th Corps was ordered back to its original position on the right.

"Wending our way back, amid the darkness, we reached the vicinity of our first position about 10 o'clock p. m., and then learned that the enemy were in possession of our rifle pits. Gen. Williams halted near the Baltimore pike, deploy-

ed into line and sent forward skirmishers, expecting to find but a small force of the enemy. But the heavy musketry fire that greeted our men told plainly that the rebels were there in force and that only a battle would give us possession of the works again.

"On the extreme right near Rock Creek for about the length of a brigade, our rifle pits were built perhaps thirty rods to the rear of the general line, on account of an open swampy space intervening between the woods and the creek. When our skirmishers advanced to this part of the line the rebels had not occupied it in force, but a few of their skirmishers reached the works simultaneously with ours, and in the darkness each thought the other to be friends. The men mingled and talked with each other, they went to the spring near by together to fill their canteens with water, our men showing the Johnnies where to find it, and as they drank and filled their canteens a union brigade moved up and occupied the works. Finally one of the rebels hearing a remark made, to the effect that the rebels had caught 'hail columbia' over on the left, had his suspicions suddenly aroused that all was not right and cried out to his companions, 'h—ll these are Yanks.' A great commotion at once ensued; bullets flew thick in every direction, muskets were clubbed and used freely and for a short time a general meelee took place; the result was, the rebels to the number of about sixty found themselves prisoners.

"This, then, was the situation of matters along the line formerly held by the 12th Corps, at eleven o'clock on the

night of July 2d. On the extreme right, the 3d Brigade of the 1st Division occupied its first position, then the rebels held a portion of the works equal to the front of three brigades. Next beyond, towards the left, a brigade of the 2d Division under Gen. Greene held its original place in the line of works adjoining the 1st Corps, and in front of the rebels, between their line and the Baltimore pike, lay the remainder of the 1st and 2d Divisions of the 12th Corps.

"During the night the Maryland Home Brigade, commanded by Brig. General Lockwood, arrived on the field, having marched from Westminster, and was assigned by order of Major General Meade to the 1st Division, 12th Corps, and bivouacked in rear of this division. The picket line of the 12th Corps was pushed forward into the edge of the woods as close as possible to that of the enemy, and the sentinels took their stations behind trees or such other cover as they could obtain, and stood peering into the darkness, trying to discover the location of opposing sentinels, whose position, in many instances,were scarcely twenty feet away.

"The day's battle is over and the sentinels now keep watch and ward, but the rumbling cannon wheels and the cautious tread of bodies of men moving into place, give note of the preparation for its renewal on the morrow.

"It was an anxious night to Gen. Meade. The enemy was repulsed on the left, but on the right had gained, by stealth, an advantage that on the morning might bring defeat to the patriot army. It was a serious question in the

mind of our chief, whether or not it was best to withdraw his forces and take position some distance to the rear; or stay and accept the consequences of to-morrow's battle, sure to follow. A council of war was held at which all the corps commanders were present, and after a full discussion of all matters pertaining to the situation, it was decided to stay and continue the battle until the rebels were defeated or our forces were driven from the field.

"The enemy, too, was in doubt, and as was afterwards known, seriously contemplated abandoning the field; his losses had been most severe, much more than would compensate for the little advantage already gained. The foothold he had gained on our right promised victory; if Ewell's column could be forced through on to the Baltimore pike our right flank would be turned, and our whole position would become untenable. Having gained a portion of our works, it seemed to be almost certain of accomplishment; so the rebel general decided to stay and push, with all the energy possible, a force through the gap in our line. Preparation was not wanting on our part to resist the movement all knew would be attempted when morning came.

"Troops were moved into place and entrenched, a battery was posted on McAllister's hill, a little to the rear of our extreme right, another was placed on an elevation in rear of the Baltimore pike, to the left of the space in our works held by the rebels; while two others were placed on Powers' hill directly in front, so that the muzzles of twenty-four pieces of artillery pointed at the opening through which

the attack was to be expected. Such of the men as could threw themselves on to the ground and attempted to get a little rest, but every now and then some watchful sentry would fire his musket at an enemy whose tread he heard in the thick darkness of the woods; the flash revealing his locality would be followed by two or three shots from the opposing pickets; then a half dozen more, until the firing extended all along the right of the line, each opposing picket firing at the flashes from the musket of the other, until, presently, would burst forth a volley.

"Roused by the tumult, our men in the line of battle would seize their muskets and spring into their places, thinking the expected attack had begun, but directly the firing would grow less, and the pattering fire along the picket line gradually slackening would finally die out altogether, and all, except the pickets and the detail at work entrenching, would again stretch themselves out to rest, only to be roused again shortly by a similar alarm.

"Thus the night passed away and as the first faint streaks of light became visible in the eastern horizon, the men in the union ranks were roused and ordered to stand to their arms; and the artillery of the 12th Corps began its thunders, sending solid shot, shell and cannister over the heads of the men in our infantry line, into the woods among the rebel masses. This fire was continued for about an hour when the two divisions of infantry belonging to the 12th Corps were ordered to advance and retake the line of works

held by the enemy. Then began a contest as fierce and bloody as any that occurred during the three days battle.

"The 20th Conn. Vols. occupied the same position in line as when first formed on the previous day; that is, on the left of the 1st Brigade which adjoined the 2d Division. The regiment had been on duty at the front for the preceding twenty-four hours, and Col. McDougal, who was in command of the Brigade, had, when the disposition of troops was made early in the morning, placed the 20th in the second line in reserve; but General Ruger, commanding the division, knowing the desperate character of the contest about to take place, specially directed that a regiment that had been placed in the front line should be relieved, and that the 20th should take the post of honor on the left of his front division line, thus showing his appreciation of the regiment.

"At 5 o'clock a. m., the regiment, under Lieut. Colonel Wooster, moved forward to the attack, and with the other troops of the corps for six long hours stood up firmly breasting the desperate charges of the enemy under the varying fortunes of the day, till about 11 a. m., when the rebels were driven from the position they had taken the night before, and our troops reoccupied the rifle pits and their original position in line.

"There was a stone wall half a dozen rods in rear of the line of works on that portion of the line where the 20th Conn. was stationed, which was taken possession of by the regiment in the early part of the action and afforded con-

siderable protection from time to time; now a change would be made and the line of works reached, then an overwhelming force of rebels advancing would drive our men out and they would take refuge behind the stone wall. Now as the rebels fell back, pressed hotly by our infantry, our artillery would cease firing, and then again as our line was forced back the artillery opened, the shell passing just over the heads of our men and exploding in the rebel ranks. The sharp and almost continuous reports of the twelve pounders, the screaming, shrieking shell that went crashing through the tree tops; the deadened thud of the exploding shell; the whizzing sound of the pieces as they flew in different directions; the yells of the rebels when they gained a momentary advantage; the cheers of our men when the surging tide of battle turned in our favor; the groans of the wounded, and the ghastly, disfigured forms and blackened faces of the dead, rendered the scene one that will never be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it.

"When the rebels turned and fled, such a genuine hearty Yankee cheer went up as was seldom heard before. While the action was progressing, the sharpshooters of the enemy, placed on the eastern side of Rock Creek among the trees, rocks and ledges on Wolf's hill, seriously annoyed the right of our line, making a target of the officers, several of whom were killed or wounded. The Maryland Home Brigade was placed along the creek and its skirmishers and those of the 3d Brigade soon dislodged the rebels.

"A stone house some distance in front of the 3d Brigade

was also filled with rebel sharpshooters, who, firing from the doors and windows and from behind the house, had perfect protection from the bullets of our riflemen, while they caused many a poor fellow on the union side to bite the dust.

"The attention of our artillerymen on McAllister's hill was directed to the house, and a half dozen shells exploded in it nearly demolished it and the frightened rebels left on the double quick.

"The 2d Massachusetts and the 27th Indiana Vols., belonging to the 3d Brigade holding the position near Rock Creek, were ordered to charge across the open swamp-field in their front, expecting to take the enemy in flank, but found the rebels deposed behind entrenchments ready to receive them and were bloodily repulsed. The 2d Mass. in ten minutes lost one hundred and two men, and more than half its officers. The 27th Indiana also lost heavily. Officers and men congratulated each other on the glorious termination of the morning's conflict and all felt that a most signal advantage had been gained. Our line was now intact, and as this was a defensive battle on our part, Gen. Meade was again waiting developments. During this engagement on the right hardly a shot was fired on the left.

"Gen. Lee had instructed Gen. Ewell to go through on to the Baltimore pike, if it cost him every man in his command. The rebel chief expected Ewell would succeed and stood ready to hurl his legions upon the remaining portion of the line, when success on the right should indi-

cate that the proper time had arrived. But he waited in vain; the opportune moment did not arrive.

"From 11 a. m. to 1:30 p. m., scarcely a shot was fired, all was still as the grave; only the stretcher bearers, the ambulances and the surgeons with their attendants were busy. Suddenly the booming sound of a piece of artillery breaks upon the stillness of the noontide hour, the shell comes screaming over into our lines and before the echoes of its explosion dies away two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon belch forth in one tremendous roar, sending the missiles with which they were charged screaming through the air into the union lines.

"From almost every point in the concave arch of the rebel line came solid shot and shell, aimed at and intended to silence our batteries on Cemetery hill, so that when the infantry advanced it need not be subjected to the annihilating fire of our artillery.

"Scarcely had the reverberation from the discharge of the rebel guns died away, before two hundred pieces thundered forth a defiant reply from along Cemetery hill, and for more than an hour it was like the crash of incessant and loudest thunder. The earth trembled beneath our feet, and look which way you would, you could see the smoke of bursting shell; while on this side and then on that, above you, at your feet, everywhere came some sort of missile charged with an errand of death.

"When the rebel fire first opened, the whole "debris," the loose material of the army, which during the forenoon

had gathered up towards the left to get out of range while the battle raged on the right, could be seen rushing to the rear with accelerated speed. Officers, servants, orderlies, clerks, musicians, ambulance drivers, etc., came down the hill at more than double quick. It seemed as if half the army was running away, but it was only the non-combatants; amid the storm of missiles, the union line remained firm and unbroken.

"The headquarters of Gen. Meade, which were at a small farm house near the left centre, became untenable. The shot ploughed up the steps and floor and pierced the house in every direction. Shells exploded in it, and around on all sides; several of the staff officers were wounded; a number of horses were killed; and, finally, at the solicitation of his staff, and also of some general officers, who knew how valuable was the life of their chief in this crisis, Gen. Meade moved his quarters to Powers' hill, where had been the headquarters of Gen. Slocum, commanding the right wing.

"For more than an hour the cannonade continued, but during the latter part of the time the union artillerymen slackened their fire and finally ceased, reserving their ammunition for the crisis which was to follow. Emboldened by apparent success in silencing our artillery, the thunder of the rebel guns ceased, and at 2:30 p. m., the infantry line advanced from its cover and began its march over that field of death; appearing first nearly opposite our left centre. The rebels moved forward in quick time, over the in-

tervening space, in echelon by brigades, and first came within musket range in front of the 2d Corps (Hancock's). It was a grand sight to behold the long advancing line of our enemy, as it left Seminary ridge and swept down into the open plain. The dauntless tread of those marshalled hosts betokened that serious work was again at hand. Scarcely had they passed over a quarter of the distance between the opposing lines, before our artillery began to pour a destructive fire into their ranks. Here you can see a shell explode among the men in the front line, killing and maiming a dozen or perhaps twenty, and there another and another in quick succession. Our gunners have got the range and they pour a pitiless storm of iron hail upon the advancing lines, making great gaps and throwing them into confusion. With the aid of a glass, you can clearly see the officers frantically waving their swords and endeavoring to restore order. They succeed; the ranks are closed up, and onward they come in the face of such a fire of shell as was perhaps never before seen.

"Our reserve artillery is now brought up, and as the rebels approach our line, cannister is served upon them from two hundred pieces of artillery; yet on they come, daring death with a bravery almost unequalled, until they reached musket range, when they delivered a volley and rushed forward with loud yells, confident of victory. But they were met by such a storm of grape from our artillery, and such close and well-directed volleys from our infantry, that they were brok-

en, could not be rallied, and finally turned and fled in the utmost confusion.

"To cover the retreat the rebel artillery again opened, firing at our batteries, but our artillerymen knowing the best use to be made of their guns, plied them with redoubled energy at the flying masses of infantry, not deigning to notice the rebel batteries. Three times their lines were reformed and forced up into this storm of death. As they gave way and fell back the officers could be seen endeavoring to rally the men, striking them with the flat of their swords, and urging them to face about and go forward. But nothing could withstand the hail storm of lead and iron rained upon them.

"Now the surging, broken lines would almost reach our works and hundreds throw down their arms and rush into our lines rather than attempt to fly to the rear, and thank heaven that they have found a place of shelter from the merciless storm of bullets to which they had been subjected. Others not finding a safe place in our slight works, or fearing re-capture, push on over the hill to the rear, and hundreds who had surrendered could be seen wandering about the fields unattended by anyone, until some provost guard took them into custody. Our men at the front knew that every man was wanted in his place in the line, and they kept their places, disarmed the prisoners and told them to pass on to the rear.

"A whole brigade had been forced up almost to our lines near the centre; the men came within a few yards of our

infantry line and were being literally annihilated, when seeing no hope of reaching our works, much less of forcing the union troops out, and how desperate was the chance of a retreat, threw down their arms, held up their hands, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of surrender, begging of our men for "God's sake" to cease firing before they were all killed.

"About twelve hundred men surrendered in a body, and under escort of perhaps twenty men were sent to the rear and delivered to the provost guard. Thus ended the famous Pickett's charge; one of the grandest in all history, dwindling into insignificance even the famous charge of the six hundred at Balaklava, which, it is said, was not after all quite so perilous in reality as it was in Tennyson's verse. The battle extended along to the extreme left and a desperate conflict ensued there for the possession of Round Top, but the 5th Corps finally repulsed the attack, drove the rebels back, following them for half a mile and capturing a battery, and nearly three thousand prisoners.

"Between four and five o'clock p. m., the 20th Conn., with the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division, 12th Corps, was ordered from the right where it had been lying under the fire of shell from the enemy, up to the centre as a support there. Moving up the Baltimore pike, through a perfect storm of shell fired from the batteries of the enemy as a cover for his retreating and decimated forces, a staff officer was met just before the brigade arrived at the designated point, who conveyed an order from Gen. Meade for it to return to its for-

mer position, as the enemy had been repulsed at all points and was flying from the field. Presently a cheer was heard as the firing slackened away on the left, it was taken up by the centre and rolled along the line till it reached the right, bearing tidings of the final repulse of the enemy upon the battlefield of Gettysburg. Cheer followed cheer from left to right, and from right to left, and from fifty thousand patriot voices rang the cry of victory! victory! Men shook hands with each other as if they had not met for an age. Tears stood in their eyes while they congratulated each other on the great victory, and on their escape amid the carnage of death during the last three days.

"The greatest battle of modern times had been fought and the union arms were victorious. A proud and boastful foe had been humbled and the surging tide of rebellion stayed. Here living and dead had been re-consecrated to the cause of freedom. Here a just government, the best government on earth, was triumphant over its foes, and treason and anarchy were defeated."

The union army with unbroken lines bivouacked in its position for the night, ready for any emergency that might occur. A severe storm set in, which so drenched the earth that it was impossible to lie down, compelling the soldiers, tired and nearly worn out with their three or four days and nights of watchfulness and labors on the battlefield, to seek such repose as they could get while seated upon stumps and stones or fences by the wayside.

In the morning, scouting expeditions of cavalry were

sent out, from whom it was soon learned that the rebel general had given up the contest and was making his way back as fast as he could to Virginia. General Meade then issued a modest and soldierly congratulatory order to his army, in which he called upon his men to give thanks to the Almighty God for that He had "seen fit to give victory to the just," whereby an enemy, superior in numbers and flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, had by the union army been utterly routed and overthrown.

And now came the after battle duties, scarcely less heart-rending and horrible than the battle itself—the burial of the dead, and the hospital agonies. Every dwelling house and barn within reasonable distance (besides numerous hospital tents erected in all directions) were devoted to the bloody, yet merciful, surgical work, outside of which were to be seen heaps of amputated limbs, while within, in long rows, were the wounded on stretchers and on the ground in almost every conceivable form of mortal agony. And then the burial of the dead! How swiftly, and yet how carefully, were the stiffened and ghastly corpses taken from the heaps where they had fallen behind some stone wall or earthen breastwork, "picked off" by some rebel or union sharpshooter! How tearfully and tenderly were the clods heaped upon the shallow grave of some fair-haired northern boy—

> For whom—perchance, the proudest of her flock,
> Some hapless mother lengthens out the sock;
> Hopeful, yet fearing, lest returning track
> Shall fail to bring her youthful soldier back.

With steady click the flying needles go
Around the heel and onward to the toe;
Till all is finished, and the sock's complete.
But where, poor mother, are their waiting feet?

With marches ended, and beneath the sod,
So drenched with gore, and lately that he trod,
Thy soldier sleeps. Upon thy country's shrine
A gift of love; what prouder could be thine?

As an evidence of what was required in the matter of pluck to stand upon that field of battle, it is stated that one single tree was found to have been struck with more than one hundred and fifty bullets; while in another part of the field a plank 16 feet long, 14 inches wide and 1½ inches thick was found to have been pierced by 836 of the same murderous missiles.

The dead lay all about, some with a smile upon their faces, and others horribly contorted as if the death agony had there been photographed or modeled in clay. As the burying party was going over the rebel field, suddenly some one shouted to a comrade, "Look out! There's a Johnny aiming at you!" And, sure enough, there he was, with his musket in position across a large stone and his face down on the breech. He had been struck in the forehead in the act of firing, and was instantly killed. There was not the slightest thing in appearance to indicate that the soldier's alarm was not well founded.

Another was seen with his back against a tree, with arms folded calmly across his breast, and but for the swollen appearance of his face might readily have been taken for one

asleep. He had been mortally wounded. Placing his musket against a tree he calmly, as it seemed, and resignedly, sat down to die. In another place, a soldier had been engaged in bandaging the limb of a wounded comrade and was himself instantly shot dead, his body falling upon his friend and both dying together.

Perhaps one of the most realistic pieces of battlefield statuary—a companion piece for the first one named, was that of a confederate soldier who was sitting with his arms folded about his musket, and with his head drooped down as if a sentinel who had sat down to rest and had fallen asleep. It was, in fact, hard to realize that it was not so, until laying the hand upon the body it was found to be cold in death. Everywhere along the lines held by the two contending armies, as well as upon the battle plains between, were found the same ghastly scenes—dead horses and dead men, the latter with ghastly and staring eyes, and over whose bodies the unclean birds of the air were already hovering—exploded caissons, trees severed in twain, and so on, altogether, says an eye witness, "comprising such a scene of devastation and horror as once experienced could never be forgotten."

In the village cemetery were to be seen evidences of the fight in the numerous broken tombstones and the dismounted cannon; while in the village below the houses were perforated with shot or torn by shell. At the beginning of the action many of the citizens fled. Of those that remained by their hearthstones by far the greater number, it is said,

were women, who, after the battle, were first to proffer and to give valuable assistance in caring for the wounded.

But by far the most horrible of all was the scene of that terrific slaughter of Pickett's brave Virginians, where acres upon acres of the beautiful sloping fields leading up from the Emmetsburg road to that terrible line of Union batteries were covered so thickly with the dead, wounded and dying, that one could have stepped from one body to another anywhere, while in some places they lay crossed one upon another as they fell.

After satisfying themselves that there was really no further danger to be apprehended from the Rebels, the fugitives of the people of Gettysburg came sneaking back and expressed their gratitude for the saving of their homes from destruction by charging wounded officers five dollars each for carrying them back two miles to the officer's hospital, and five cents a glass for cool water for the parched and fevered lips of wounded soldiers. Others hurried to headquarters, before the dead had all been buried, whimpering and whining even to tears about the timber cut for breastworks, or the fence rails used to cook their defenders' meals, and wanting to know how they were to get their pay for them ; as well as for the trampled wheat where had been such agonizing struggle in defence of our common country during those bloody hours.

One man, or rather, I should say, one individual, came to the commanding general, even while the battle was in progress, and with a long story about his house having been

used for a hospital, and complaining that they had buried several soldiers who had died of wounds in his garden, besides a large number of amputated limbs, thereby spoiling it. He wanted the general to give him a paper as a basis for a claim upon the government. "Why, you craven fool," replied the indignant officer, "Until this battle is decided you do not know, neither do I, if you will have a government to apply to, or if your property will not be confiscated by the conquerors. If I hear any more from you I will give you a gun and send you to the front line to defend your rights." It seems hardly possible that within the limits of the brave old Keystone state, such descendants as these from men of the Revolution could have been found. And yet I have every reason to believe that the truth in the case has in the above been considerably under, than over, stated.

Of course, where the air was so full of leaden hail, the narrow escapes from death or injury were numerous. Perhaps one of the most remarkable is that of a couple of officers who were stretched at full length upon the ground, not over three feet apart, when a cannon ball passed between them, ploughing the ground a foot deep and literally covering them with dirt, but leaving them though quite badly scared, uninjured. Some officers were sitting behind a rock eating their dinner. One of them was just in the act of raising a piece of bread to his mouth, when a cannon ball struck the rock and glancing, took off the officer's arm above the elbow and passing out between

two or three others, struck the ground and ricocheted killing a horse a dozen rods below.

Of the conduct of the men of the 12th Corps during the sanguinary battle, every authority gives the highest commendation. A newspaper correspondent, writing from the field says: "A most obstinate and fiercely contested battle has been going on since four o'clock this morning (of the third) on our extreme right—six hours of as hard work as the history of battles can tell, and the business is going on as briskly as ever. Two divisions of the 12th Corps have held Ewell's (formerly Stonewall Jackson's) Corps at bay for seven hours, and now have driven him back with heavy loss."

Of the part taken by the 20th Regiment, as a portion of the 12th Corps, Lieut. Col. Wm. B. Wooster, in his official report of August 1, 1863, remarks: "Each officer and man then with me seemed intent only on doing his whole duty, cheerfully and promptly executing every order." Both the journalistic compliment and the official praise were well deserved; for it was by the persistent bravery of this regiment, led on by its cautious but plucky commander, that Culp's Hill was retaken on that bloody morning of the 3d, and by which—such was the importance of the position and the evenly balanced fortunes of the day—that it seems not improbable that upon the union success here did actually turn the final issues of the conflict.

No higher praise can be given the 20th Connecticut Volunteers than to say that they stood for six long hours in the

very front line, on that immortal day, with the 1st Division of the 12th Corps, pluckily combatting against no less a foe than that of Stonewall Jackson's old corps, (then Ewell's), and until the latter fled precipitately from the field.

It was during this conflict, and when the Twentieth, under its plucky commander, was slowly working its way up the southerly slope of Culp's Hill, under cover of the guns on Power's Hill, that private George W. Warner suffered the terrible loss of both arms by the bursting of a shell, though, strange to say, he was unaware that he had lost but one limb until coming soon after under the hand of Surgeon Terry, when he coolly remarked, "Why, surgeon, I've lost my right arm, too! I thought I had only lost my left." Notwithstanding the magnitude of the misfortune, than which, for rendering a human being helpless, one can scarcely conceive of a greater, the poor fellow bore up bravely under it so that, even to this day, by his industry as an agent for the sale of various articles of merchandise, he has comfortably supported his family, besides laying up a handsome sum for a probable future need.

The losses consequent upon this most sanguinary of modern battles were, in killed and wounded on the union side, eighteen thousand men, while on the side of the confederates they were some ten thousand greater. The prisoners taken by the union forces numbered about ten thousand; and by the confederates about half that number.

The battle over, after satisfying himself that there was to be no immediate pursuit, General Lee moved with all

possible speed toward the Potomac, with the design of crossing at or near "Falling Waters," at which place he threw up intrenchments.

On Sunday, the 5th, General Meade started in pursuit. At 2 o'clock p. m., the 12th Corps moved out over the road by which it came into Gettysburg encamping at Littlestown. On Monday at 5 o'clock the march was again taken up, proceeding toward Tarryton for about three miles, when a halt was had for the night in obedience to orders. On Tuesday, by a march of twenty-five miles, Frederick City, Md., was reached. The next day moving on through Crampton Gap, in South Mountain, on Friday, the 10th, Bakersville was reached, where the booming of cannon told that a slight engagement was in progress. On Saturday, the 11th, moving out to Fair Play, the enemy was engaged and driven back for a mile. Sunday about noon, the rebel entrenchments were discovered, when driving back the skirmish line, position was taken within musket range of the works.

The rains again set in by which the rebel general was prevented from crossing on account of the swollen stream, and yet, despite this apparent interposition of Providence against the flying foe, nothing was done but to look at him. Tuesday morning, the 14th, the pickets reported that the enemy had gone, when immediate pursuit was ordered, resulting in a few sharp skirmishes and the capture of a few hundred prisoners. Whatever disappointment may have prevailed in the union ranks at General Meade's failure to reap the

fruits of the Gettysburg victory, by the utter destruction of Lee's army, a thing seemingly so easy within his grasp, the fact remained that the foe had escaped, and there was nothing for the union army to do but abandon the pursuit and turn off toward Harper's Ferry, which it did. Passing through Bakersville, the 12th Corps reached the battle ground of Antietam, where a halt was made and the bloody scene of less than a year before was talked over by the men, many of whom were active participants in the struggle; the tear drops glistening on many a manly cheek as was pointed out the last resting place of some fallen comrade. Grinning skulls and other bones, ghastly mementoes of the fight, were lying in all directions upon the surface, turned up by the plough, and by the hyena-looking swine, from their shallow sepulchre.

Again the bugle sounds, the army is in motion, and passing on through Sharpsburg and around Maryland Heights, the 12th Corps, on the morning of July 16, went into camp at Pleasant Valley, the place where, in October one year before it was organized. The operations of the enemy seeming to threaten Washington, General Meade found it necessary to cross the river and place himself between that place and the enemy, which was accomplished in the course of the next three days.

Leaving behind the Maryland Home Brigade, which refused to invade the territory of an enemy that had just been desolating its own state, the 12th Corps, to which this brigade had been temporarily attached, crossed the river at

6 a. m. on the 19th and moved off up the Loudon Valley to Snickersville, which place was reached late at night on the 20th, where it remained until the 23d, when, it appearing as if General Lee had still his eye upon Washington, the different corps were again upon the march and were severally so disposed of at the Manassas and other mountain gaps, that the rebel general gave up the attempt and moved off to the right of the mountains. On Saturday, the 12th Corps after marching forty miles in thirty hours went into camp at Haymarket, near Thoroughfare Gap.

On Sunday, the 26th, the corps reached Warrenton Junction. On the 1st of August, it moved on to Kelley's Ford on the Rappahannock where it lay until the 16th.

While lying at this place Colonel Ross returned to duty with the 20th Connecticut Volunteers, and as senior officer assumed the command of the brigade to which the regiment was attached, until the return of Brig. Gen. Knipe, when the former again returned to the regiment.

On the 16th, the regiment crossed the Rappahannock and with the corps moved up the Rapidan to Raccoon Ford, where it went into camp. On the 24th of September, the 12th Corps was relieved, and marched back to Brandy Station, and the following morning to Bealton Station, where it was embarked on board of the cars bound for Tennessee to reinforce the army of the Cumberland, then under the command of Major-General Rosecrans, lately defeated at Chickamauga, and then cooped up in Chattanooga.

CHAPTER V.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Soon after the battle of Gettysburg, General Lee sent Longstreet's Corps to the reinforcement of General Bragg, then in command of the rebel forces. Confronting Rosecrans, which, with other troops from various sources, made the rebel forces numerically much the superior, and from being entirely swallowed up, in detail, by which the troops under Rosecrans barely escaped by the heroism of General Thomas at Chickamauga. General Rosecrans afterward withdrew into the fortifications at Chattanooga, closely invested with rebel troops to about double the number of his own. The rebels occupied Lookout Mountain, the railroad and the river, immediately after the battle of Chickamauga, thus compelling General Rosecrans to transport his supplies over mountains for a distance of nearly sixty miles. The utmost effort possible to be made could not supply the army with food, even with half rations. The horses and mules died by the thousands, and hardly enough serviceable animals could be had to haul a single respectable sized train. In his stronghold Rosecrans had the wolf by the ears but he could neither let go or hold on with safety.

This was the situation of the Army of the Cumberland

and was the urgent necessity which caused the transfer thereto of the 11th and 12th Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

The journey was made in ordinary freight cars, into which the men were packed so thickly—forty to sixty in a car—as to render it impossible for them all to sit or lie down at the same time. But comfort is the last thing to be considered in army life, especially in cases like this where great haste is important. Crossing the Ohio river at Bellaire, where everything was ferried over, the troops were re-embarked on the cars of the Central Ohio railroad, reaching Louisville, Ky., on the morning of October 1st. All through Ohio and Indiana was a perfect ovation given by the people of those patriotic states to the soldiers. At every stopping place the people turned out by the thousands, the women crowning the soldiers with garlands of flowers, and filling their haversacks so full of their "goodies," as to bring the most abundant rations of pork and hard tack for some time afterwards into the utmost contempt.

The journey from Louisville to Tullahoma, Tenn., took until Oct. 6. On arriving at the latter place it was found that rebel cavalry held the railroad between Tullahoma and Murfreesboro, and was given a three days chase by the 1st Division of the 12th Corps, by which farther depredations in that line was prevented; evidently contemplated by the rebels in hopes to cut of supplies for Chattanooga, to the forwarding of which the two reinforcing corps were first directed, and so successfully that hard bread crackers which had command-

ed the exorbitant price of one dollar each became plenty in camp.

On the 19th of October, General Rosecrans was relieved and was succeeded by Major-General George H. Thomas in command of the Army of the Cumberland; three days previous to which the departments of the Ohio, the Cumberland and the Tennessee, had been constituted the Military Division of the Mississippi under command of Major-General Grant, who arrived at Chattanooga on the 21st and took charge of the operations about to commence there.

Meantime the rebels having came down from Lookout Mountain and taken position at Brown's Ferry, General Grant ordered the 12th Corps to cooperate with the 11th in clearing the rebels out of Lookout Valley that were hindering the navigation of the river, and which, by the 28th, had been successfully accomplished.

From Lookout Mountain the rebels saw General Geary's Corps encamped in the valley, and stole silently down upon them under command of Longstreet, who was (by the assistance of Hooker,who, hearing the firing, came to the rescue) finally defeated. During the night, about 200 mules belonging to the train broke loose and stampeded, rushing through the rebel ranks pell mell with such vigor as to put a whole brigade to flight and in the utmost confusion, the men supposing the impetuous mules to have been a company of cavalry. It is said that the " charge of the mule brigade," as it was afterward called, contributed not a little to the

final victorious result, besides being a subject for an immense amount of fun afterwards at the expense of the Johnnies. This victory of Hooker and Geary over Longstreet was characterized by Major-General Thomas as "among the most distinguished feats of the war."

In order to dispossess the rebels from Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, upon which they were strongly entrenched, General Grant ordered General Sherman, then in command of the Army of the Tennessee, to join the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga, together making a force sufficient to take the offensive against Bragg. Sherman arrived with his forces, consisting of the 15th, 16th and 17th corps, about the 20th of November.

Unaware of this strengthening of the union forces, Gen. Bragg, deeming his position impregnable, had despatched Longstreet's Corps to East Tennessee to operate against Burnside. General Grant immediately took advantage of this weakening of the enemy's forces. In and about Chattanooga he had about one hundred thousand men, composed mostly of veterans, upon whom he could rely—men who were the heroes of Vicksburg, Chickamauga and Gettysburg.

On the morning of the 24th of November, as if preparing for a grand review, General Grant paraded the whole Army of the Cumberland in full view of the rebels, who crowded Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, amazed at the magnificent spectacle. While this apparent parade of our troops was going on, a signal gun, fired from one of the forts, announced that everything was ready, when a division

of troops under General Wood, which had been well advanced under cover of the parade, dashed across the field and before the rebels apprehended the design of the movement a fortified eminence connected with Missionary Ridge was, after a desperate hand to hand encounter, taken, immediately fortified and for a considerable time was the headquarters of Gen. Grant.

During the night, General Sherman crossed the river, and on the morning of the 24th entrenched himself in a position to carry the right of the rebel line.

General Hooker was ordered to make a demonstration on the left, and if opportunity afforded to occupy Lookout Mountain.

In the fog at early dawn, on the right and left the attack began. General Sherman charged upon the entrenchments on the rebel right with great impetuosity up to the muzzle of the guns, but was repulsed. Again and again did the heroes of Vicksburg march over their dead to the assault, finally succeeding in occupying the works.

At daylight, also, General Hooker advanced against the rebel left on Lookout Mountain, up the sides of which he had discovered a path, by which, while a portion of his troops were engaged in another direction, he led the second division of the 12th Corps, and two brigades from the Army of the Tennessee over a rugged way, landing early in the forenoon on top of the rock in the rebel rear. Hastily forming, our troops advanced to the attack. It was a complete surprise. The enemy were in strong force, but Hook-

er's resistless column carried everything before it; the enemy finally, after a variety of fortunes, breaking and running in every direction. Fifteen hundred prisoners and several pieces of artillery were among the fruits of this famous "battle above the clouds" which settled about the sides of the rock, hiding, from the view of the combatants below, the strife of their comrades above among the ragged and rugged peaks of Lookout, on whose very crest Hooker bivouacked for the night. Thus by his gleaming camp fires, proclaiming to the anxious watchers at Chattanooga how well the battle had in this direction progressed.

Monday came, and with it Sherman renewed the assault upon the enemy's right, while Hooker pressed forward, driving the enemy through the valley toward Missionary Ridge, and sweeping round threatened the rebel left; to meet which General Bragg, with a portion of the troops from the centre, pressed them against Hooker with the energy of despair. But the veterans of the Army of the Potomac met them at every point and drove them back.

On the rebel right the contest was still more terrific. Gen. Bragg sent brigade after brigade to reinforce that portion of his line until the heroes of Vicksburg seemed in danger of annihilation. Till 3 o'clock the battle raged. Stationed on the eminence captured in the first day's battle, General Grant, quietly smoking his cigar, looked on with the utmost coolness, marking the progress of the battle on the flanks and awaiting for the time to come to hurl his legions against the centre. To resist the furious attack on his flanks, Bragg

had greatly weakened his centre. The order for the attack was now given, and the Army of the Cumberland, from its place of concealment, under Granger and Palmer strode forth and crossed the valley to Missionary Ridge. Rushing over the several lines of entrenchments, fighting hand to hand with clubbed muskets, soon the stars and stripes floating over fort Hindman announced to General Grant the success of the assault.

General Grant now appeared on Missionary Ridge and was received with prolonged cheers. Inspired by the presence of their great chieftain, the remaining strongholds were one after another taken, until at dark the whole chain of works were in possession of the unionists, while the discomfited army of Bragg was flying in confusion along the route to Ringold and Dalton. The results, briefly stated, were the relief of Chattanooga, the opening of communication by rail to Nashville, the isolation of the rebel force sent against Knoxville, and the loss to the defeated rebel army of some twelve or fifteen thousand men with seven thousand stand of arms. The union loss was about thirty-two hundred.

The main business of the army was now to guard the long line of railroad from Knoxville to Chattanooga and then back to Nashville and Louisville, so that supplies could be gathered at Chattanooga for the spring campaigns. The 12th Corps guarded the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad; no easy task was it either, for with the most infernal malignity the rebels lay in ambush the entire distance ready to blow

up passing trains with torpedoes, or by tearing up the rails to wreck the trains loaded with soldiers that were passing from time to time. If a union soldier was caught outside of the lines he was first robbed and then murdered by hanging, or otherwise. At length the acts of violence became so unbearable, that General Grant took vigorous measures for holding the people of the whole country round about responsible unless they at once gave information of the presence of the guerillas. Contributions were also levied upon the wealthy secessionists, for the support of the non-combatant union citizens who were sufferers from the raiders. In pursuance of this order, the soldiers of the 12 Corps were sent out for twenty miles about to gather in supplies, by which more than ten thousand people were provided for.

While out on a foraging expedition, some of our soldiers were attacked and, after surrendering, three of them were murdered. Ascertaining who the guerillas committing the deed were, a levy of thirty thousand dollars was made, by order of General Slocum, upon their property and that of their neighbors, which sum was distributed equally to the families of each of the murdered soldiers by the hand of a staff officer detailed for the duty. It is needless to say that after a few weeks of vigorous treatment like this, with an occasional retaliative court martial shooting party, the secesh became very "good Injun," and bushwhacking became unpopular.

On the 20th of January, 1864, a body of guerillas, four or five hundred strong, dashed into Tracy City, a post where

two companies of the 20th Connecticut Volunteers were stationed, and by whom the attack was repulsed, the soldiers taking refuge within the stockade and firing therefrom, though so sudden was the attack that a few could not reach the place of refuge. Captain Andrew Upson was pierced by a bullet and left for dead by the rebels. A cavalryman advanced and ordered him to surrender the fort and himself. He replied by discharging his pistol at the rebel who rode up, and who fired shot after shot at the wounded captain as he lay upon the ground. Captain Upson died shortly afterward from the wounds he received. By his death the regiment lost one of its most valued officers, and the country a devoted patriot.

The Tennessee Union Cavalry were ordered out in pursuit of the raiders, but they only succeeded in capturing a few stragglers which they "lost" in a way peculiar to themselves, before getting into camp, so that they could nevermore be found. "This Tennessee Cavalry," says Colonel Buckingham, "was a great institution, composed of the rough and uncouth mountaineers of that region. They loved the old flag and hated the rebels more than they did his Santanic Majesty, and were peculiarly fitted to hunt out and follow up bushwhackers and guerillas. They retaliated the barbarous acts of their foes to the fullest extent. On one occasion, while a party of this cavalry, under command of Captain ———, was returning from a scout after guerillas, a union citizen was shot while standing in the door of his own house. Thereupon General Slocum ordered the com-

pany to his headquarters and instituted an investigation into the matter. 'You see,' said the captain, 'I knowed all the time this man was a unioner, but my men here they didn't. Wall, you see, as we was comin' in, I rode in the rar to keep the men together right smart, and stopped until I thot all the men had got by and then went on. Wall, some of my men war still to the rar, and they come along and see this chap and thot he war a secesher, and they drawed a bead on him and, in course, he war a goner. They didn't mean to do nothing wrong, General, but, you see, my men har hate a secesher worse 'n they do a nigger."

General Slocum placed the guilty party under arrest and concluded it would be best to keep these fellows under his eye so he ordered them to remain at headquarters as his body guard. He had them refitted nicely with new clothing, trappings, etc., ordered them to drill daily, and, finally, one day, thought he would inspect the troops himself. So the company was paraded in line, dismounted, and the general passed in front and rear, looking the men cautiously over to see if everything was all right, and then stepped one side to see them manœuver, so as to ascertain if they were up to the standard.

The Captain, evidently wishing to show off his company, gave the order with great promptness: "Prepare to git onto yer critters—right smart—git! Forward by twos—right smart—hi—hi—" And away they went, while the general turned about and walked off, wondering if a new edition of Casey's tactics had been issued or if these fellows could ever be

tamed. Here is some of the correspondence of one of the lieutenants of this company. The letter was sent to an officer of the 20th Connecticut Volunteers, who was then in command of the post and is copied *verbatim et literatim:*

Tracy City, March 21, 1864.

Capt. I wood like to now wy we can't git cole for ower shanty thy ar refused of cole to burn I want to now the cos of that for wood wee can't git with owt a teems to hol with if wee can't git cole to burn I think it a bad chanse.

A. H. C. ——, 2 Lewt. Com. Comp.

After this I suppose he got "cole," reports the officer, but he did not dream of being immortalized in "this writing."

Gen Slocum afterwards went to Vicksburg and did not take his body guard.

During the winter, various changes occurred in the officers of the 20th Connecticut. Lieut. Col. Wooster was promoted to the colonelcy of the 29th Connecticut Volunteers and was mustered out of the 20th, much to the regret of the many brave soldiers of that regiment, who had marched with him to victory on the field of Gettysburg, and to whom he was, for his tender solicitude for their physical comfort, and welfare, greatly endeared. Major Buckingham, a most competent officer, was promoted to be Lieut. Colonel, and Captain Pardee to be Major. Assistant Surgeon Terry was promoted to be Surgeon, and A. L. Frisbie was appointed Chaplain. Lieutenants Beardsley, Sprague, Brown, J. H. Doolittle and Tarr, were promoted to be Captains. Second Lieutenants E. Doolittle, Foley, Billings, Lewis, Royce, Spencer, Mintie and Jepson, were

made to be 1st Lieutenants. Sergeants Clark, Buckingham, Burleigh, Barnes, Boardman, Abbott, Johnson, Barry and Paddock were promoted to be 2d Lieutenants. Captain Burbank and Lieutenant Hoyt resigned.

On the 11th of April an order was issued dissolving the 11th and 12th Corps and forming of the same the 20th Corps. Brig. General A. S. Williams was assigned to the command of the 1st Division, Brig. General John W. Geary to 2d, and Maj. General Butterfield to the 3d. Prior to this General Grant had been, as Lieut. General, assigned to the command of the armies of the United States, General Sherman succeeding him in the Military Department of the Mississippi. Maj. General Slocum commanded the Army of the Cumberland; Maj. General McPherson the Army of the Tennessee, and Maj. General Schofield the Army of the Ohio.

The 20th Connecticut Volunteers was attached to the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, of the 20th Corps. Says our authority, "All was now bustle and preparation for a forward movement. Every train brought in hundred-day recruits and re-enlisted veterans, while from every headquarters newspaper correspondents were informing the humbugged public of the grand campaign about to open, and scribbling praise about the commands, in proportion to the amount of whiskey furnished them." At length everything was in readiness and only was awaited the order to march.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM CHATTANOOGA TO ATLANTA.

Heretofore, when the Army of the Potomac fought, the Army of the Cumberland was lying by for repairs, and vice versa, by reason of which the Rebels between could, by short marches, concentrate upon either. General Grant determined to put a stop to this by ordering that henceforth there should be but one campaign, and that should last through summer and winter, to the end of the war. Both of the main armies were soon to march simultaneosly, the one toward Richmond and the other into the heart of Georgia.

On the 27th of April, 1864, the 20th Connecticut Volunteers, having joined, as we have said, the 2d Brigade, 3d Division, of the 20th Corps, and Colonel Ross, by seniority, having assumed command of the Brigade, moved onto Lookout Valley to join the division to which it had been attached, and which, on the 2d of May, moved out of the Lookout Valley and with the other divisions concentrated at Ringold. On the 6th, Lieut.-Col. Buckingham was relieved from duty as division inspector, joined his regiment and relieved Captain Dickerman, in command of the same. The objective point for this great army, numbering one hundred thousand men, was Atlanta, Georgia, a place of

great strategical importance by reason of the railroads converging there. Because of the ordnance stores and supplies manufactured or gathered there, it was considered by the Rebels as of almost equal importance with Richmond. It had therefore been fortified with the most elaborate care. Different lines of works, one back of the other, were established along the lines of the railroad, and among the mountains for more than a hundred miles; so that, if driven from one, the Rebel forces might fall back to another for strong defence against an attacking force; and all under the direction of the most competent engineers. At every bridge-crossing of the numerous streams about the surrounding country, redoubts and rifle pits covered the approaches. As it was well known to the Rebel general that the Union army would be compelled to make its campaign along this line in order to transport its supplies, and, as if to discourage the undertaking at the very outset, Dalton, the first point of attack on the line, was so fortified as to be thought impregnable; while, back of its frowning battlements, lay an army of more than sixty thousand of the best veteran forces of the Rebel army. Besides this, the man, who, recently, had been so badly outgeneraled by Grant at Lookout Mountain was removed, and was succeeded by General Joseph Johnston, an opponent fully worthy of Sherman's steel.

On the 7th of May, the army was put in motion; the Army of the Ohio moving down the Cleveland & Dalton railroad, and the Army of the Cumberland—with the ex-

ception of the 20th Corps—moving down the Chattanooga & Dalton railroad.

The 20th Corps proceeded through Taylor's Ridge at Gardner's Gap to a fortified hill in front of Buzzard's Roost Gap, which was, after a sharp contest, taken possession of.

The railroad from Cleveland passes through a range of hills east of Rocky Face Mountains and enters Dalton from the north. The Army of the Ohio, under General Schofield, approached the place from this direction, while the remainder of the army confronted Rocky Face Mountain from the west.

On the 9th of May, Colonel Coburn of the 33d Indiana arrived, and as senior officer assumed command of the 2d Brigade; Colonel Ross returning to take command of the 20th Connecticut Volunteers, which, with the 19th Michigan, were ordered under command of officer to Boyd's Trail, seize and hold it. Leaving camp about 1 o'clock p. m., after a march of seven or eight miles, the enemy were dislodged and driven over the mountains. Twenty miles away to the right, McPherson passed to the rear of the enemy at Snake Creek Gap, and was in a position to threaten the Rebel line of communication near Resacca.

On the night of the 10th, the 20 Corps was moved down to the support of McPherson. At Snake Creek Gap the two regiments, under Colonel Ross, joined the brigade to which they belonged. Major Pardee and Adjutant DuBois joined the 20th Connecticut here. Captain Beardsley had, a short time previous, been detailed as aid-de-camp to

General Butterfield; and Captain W. W. Morse as topographical engineer at brigade headquarters. The 14th and 23d Corps were once more despatched to the assistance of McPherson, against whom the enemy were rapidly concentrating, while the 20th Corps were engaged in making a double road track through the Gap to facilitate the passage of the Union troops and trains.

On the 13th of May, General Sherman came from Buzzard's Roost announcing that Howard, having taken possession of Dalton, was moving down on the east of the mountain to join his comrades below. After several hours of skirmishing in the afternoon and next morning, the forces of the enemy were discovered to be drawn up behind a deep creek facing the west and north, covering the railroad and Resacca, with his right resting on the Connasauga river. The center of his position was a high ridge and during the night and morning had been strongly fortified.

General Sherman, therefore, determined to make an assault upon both flanks of the enemy, at the same time making a strong feint against the centre. At about 2 o'clock p. m. the Union line moved forward to the attack, and soon the action became general, and continued with varying fortunes until so dark that the firing gradually ceased. The troops bivouacked in the positions where darkness overtook them, with only the occasional crack of some picket rifle, or the seeming prayer of the Rebel night bird to God that He would "whipoorwill" (Sherman) disturbed the stillness of the summer's night. Though fatigued and sleepy, the

"dull God" came not to steal away the senses so entirely that the wicked "zip" of an occasional bullet passing over or striking and awaking some soldier near could not be heard, still, it was rest for the weary body and occasionally the weary spirit within would busy itself among the peaceful scenes of childhood, only to be rudely awoke to the terrible realities of the position, perhaps by the dreaded bugle call at reveille, which, to a soldier, was worse than death to disobey.

The forenoon was comparatively quiet. About noon came the order for General Butterfield to move forward to an assault for the purpose of recovering ground lost by the 4th Corps, under General Howard, on the preceeding day; which, with the other operations of these two great opposing armies made up a busy and bloody afternoon, in which the 20th Connecticut Volunteers, under Lieutenant Colonel Buckingham, were assigned important work, and who acquitted themselves with their accustomed gallantry.

The evening of the 15th found as results of the struggle, so far, that the Rebel army had been driven from its position on the right and left, and was otherwise so badly crippled that it seemed as if, on the morrow, it must be defeated, or perhaps annihilated. During the evening, Lieut. Colonel Buckingham of the 20th Connecticut was detailed to take command of a detachment of troops, numbering about two hundred and fifty men, including two companies of the 20th, with orders to capture a murderous little battery of four guns, situated on a ridge in front of the 3d Division

of the 20th Corps, and along the front of which was an embankment, forming a natural redoubt. The gunners had been driven from these guns after a fearful struggle, which covered the ground in front with dead, but neither the Rebels whose main line was a few rods further back, or the Unionists were able to bring away the pieces. They remained, as it were, on disputed territory.

The detachment moving out about 9 p. m., after groping around in the dark, found the position and formed around the side of the hill below the battery. Lieut. Colonel Buckingham, accompanied by Captain Doolittle of the 20th, proceeded to reconnoitre and examine the location in order to determine upon a course of action, the result of which was that two plans were presented for the accomplishment of the object. One was that of Colonel Cobham. of the 2d Division, who advocated a charge against the main works of the enemy, under cover of which the guns should be run over toward the Rebel lines and round the end of the bluff on which they were situated and into the Union lines. The other, that of Lieut. Colonel Buckingham, was to dig them out, and this latter course was adopted. Commencing some two or three rods down the hill, a trench was dug toward the muzzle of each piece, wide enough to admit the passage of the gun carriages. About 2 o'clock ropes were attached to the pieces and they were dragged silently through the trenches down the hill and into the Union lines. The battery proved to have been composed of four nice, new, brass twelve pounders, only just out of the Confederate

arsenal at Augusta. The guns were found loaded with a double charge of grape shot. The mission was accomplished without the loss of a man. The Rebels seemed to have been aware that some movement was in progress for the capture of the guns and several times during the night started in with quite a brisk fire, in the direction of the works, but it was evidently expected that the attempt would be made to take the guns over on their side of the bluff, not deeming it possible that it could be done on the front, from the nature of the ground. But the Yankee colonel had dug out too many foxes and woodchucks, in the ante bellum days, on Connecticut hills to "stick" at a little job like that of digging through the top of a mountain to get whatever he might want on the other side. Had the other plan been chosen there would have been a fierce fight with much loss of life. Having successfully accomplished its mission, the detachment marched back, and by order of General Hooker was rejoined to the brigade.

At early dawn it was discovered that there was no enemy in front. His position having been found untenable, Gen. Johnston, during the night, built bridges and silently withdrew, crossing the Connasauga with his whole army, abandoning everything that would impede his march. Even his dead and wounded were left to the care of the Union general. Among the stores abandoned were twenty-three thousand sacks of corn and oats, and more than one hundred thousand rounds of ammunition.

At 8 o'clock a. m, the whole army started in pursuit.

The route of the 20th Corps was over the battlefield. Near where the battery was captured a letter was found written by its commanding officer to his father, stating that "some Yankees, who wore stars on their hats (the badge of the 20th Corps) had captured his battery." He said that "none but Joe Hooker's men could have done it." And that "when they charged his battery they did not mind shot any more than a duck would water."

The results of the campaign, thus far, briefly stated, were, a Union loss of five thousand men and a much larger one to the enemy, which had been forced out and sent flying in full retreat from his strongest position on the route to Atlanta.

Crossing the river upon the bridges abandoned by the enemy, who were in too much of a hurry to burn them, the Union forces kept up a hot pursuit, ever and anon coming up with the enemy's rear, when would ensue a sharp skirmish, perhaps, or sometimes a severe battle. On the 19th, upon coming up to a village called Cassville, which it was found necessary to occupy, as it was filled with Rebel troops, the 19th Michigan, and the 20th Connecticut were detailed to the service. The Wolverines, and the Connecticut Yanks went in with fixed bayonets, and Cassville was, in a very short time, a Union village. The villagers had fled precipitately in great alarm, having been told that if the Yankees occupied the place it would be shelled, by the forts on the hill, and destroyed. One sick man was found abandoned by by his wife and children to his fate, and in a cellar three or

four old ladies had concluded to "stand the storm." In one house a table was spread for dinner upon which was a smoking boiled ham, with strawberries and warm biscuit, all of which the officers of the 20th Connecticut "took in" with great satisfaction after their hard day's work.

During the night the Rebels could be heard strengthening their long line of works, and it was expected that here they would make a stand. But during the night the movements of General Sherman were such that Johnston concluded to withdraw, which he did, silently, about daylight. General Schofield, with the Army of the Ohio, now took the advance in pursuit of the retreating foe, forcing the latter across the Etowah river in great confusion, capturing many prisoners. A portion of the 14th Corps moved off to the right, occupied Rowe, captured a large amount of stores, destroyed several mills for the manufacture of ordnance and other goods contraband of war. Further up the river, several large cotton mills were captured which were running under contract for the Southern Confederacy. The mills were burned and some six hundred female operatives were sent north within our lines. The 20th Corps for the next three days encamped in the woods near Cassville.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, the army was again on the march toward the Etowah river. General Johnston expected that Sherman would attempt to cross at Altoona, to prevent which, if possible, the Rebel general made accordingly extensive preparations. But General Sherman, proving a little obstinate in the premises, concluded

to find his own crossing places, which he did, during the day and night, at various points between Rome and Altoona, and without any serious trouble.

Thus, on the morning of the 24th, the army found itself on the move to the right of the Altoona Ridge, without opposition to speak of, and among some of the finest lands in Northern Georgia. As a sample of the desolation that must have followed in the track of the armies in that famous march through Georgia, the following from Colonel Buckingham's record will give a vivid idea: "The people have obeyed the behests of Jeff Davis, and instead of cotton and tobacco formerly raised, all the arable land is planted with corn, or sown with wheat. It is said that Rebel soldiers were detailed early in the spring to assist in planting the crops, but in the track of the armies not much will be reaped, for spreading over the country like a swarm of locusts, the troops eat up and destroy every green thing. Droves of cattle driven along to furnish beef for the army, are pastured in the fields of waving wheat; troops of cavalry feed their horses upon that, and the young corn; the cavalry, and the infantry together, treading down what is not eaten up. The Rebel army is worse than our own, for it not only takes everything wanted for its sustenance, but destroys what it cannot use or carry off, so as to prevent our army from obtaining supplies in the country."

From the crossing of the Etowah river at Altoona, on the 23d of May, to the middle of July, when General Sherman was preparing, at Marietta, to take the last step in the grand

campaign that was to place him in possession of Atlanta, was almost a daily struggle with a wily foe, who, as he retreated before the victorious Unionists, seized every opportunity for entrenching himself from time to time in strong positions, from which he had to be driven at the point of the bayonet or "wormed out," as a disgusted Rebel expressed it, by superior tactics, or sagacity. Appropos to this, a good story is told as follows: On one occasion when Kennesaw Mountain was being held by Johnston's forces a story had been circulated among them asserting that General Sherman had been killed. The lines of the two opposing armies were but a few rods apart, so that a man could not raise head above the works without getting a bullet hole through it. One morning a Rebel cries out, "I say, Yank, who commands your army now?" "Billy Sherman," replied one of the union men, "what makes you ask that question?" "Cause," said the Rebel, "They said he was killed, but I know he wasn't for he has corkscrewed us out of some place every day." "He's see-sawed us out o' every place we stopped at," said another. "So fur," said another, "et he gets us out'n this we're going fur Cedar Mountain Ef you'uns follow and worm us out'n that, we're going to take position nine miles tother side of h—l and see ef you'll foller us through that place." "Who commands your army now, Johnny?" says a Union boy. "O, Gineral Sherman, of course," was the reply "Thought Johnston was in command," said Yank. "Well he was at first," said the Reb, "but now we allers move when Sherman gits ready to have us."

Among the incidents of the march was a two hour's battle at Pumpkinvine creek, on the 25th of May, in which the 20th Corps were exclusively engaged, some of the regiments of which were almost decimated. The 1st and 2d Divisions lost over 1500 men. The 3d Corps coming up later, lost but about 100. General A. S. Williams had a horse shot from under him, afterwards gallantly leading his troops on foot, in a charge to the very muzzles of a Rebel battery.

During this historic pursuit of the flying foe, a loss of but from 500 to 1,000 men per day was counted as but skirmishing. Over a hundred miles had the retreat and the pursuit been kept up, leaving behind a track of blood, an almost continuous lines of graves and a devastated country, in which innocent women, and children, were left by the merciless conscription of their fathers, brothers and sons, to death by slow starvation.

On the 17th of June there was a sharp battle at Lost Mountain, resulting, as usual, in favor of the pursuers. The foe, retreating to Kenesaw Mountain, fortified himself so strongly as to be found by General Sherman—after a good deal of hard fighting, absolutely impregnable. The assault was therefore abandoned. Swinging around, however, to the rear the position was rendered untenable and the Rebels, on the 3d of July, once more retreated to a line of works thrown up in advance by negro pioneers at Chattahoochie, but from which they were eventually forced to retire.

At length the moment is at hand when the decisive battle is to be fought which is to determine the fate of Atlanta.

On the 19th of July, General Johnston is found with a line of entrenchments environing the city at a distance of about three miles on the north and east, while the Union line extended from the Chattanooga railroad in the form of a semicircle, round to the Augusta road fronting toward the south and southwest and about five miles from Atlanta.

While the Union army was thundering at the very gates of this ill-fated city, General Johnston, the man who by his skill and caution had so often saved this portion of the Rebel army from destruction, was removed, and General Hood, a man exactly the opposite of Johnston in character, was placed in command of the Rebel forces. Upon assuming command General Hood issued an order to his troops telling them they had done retreating—that he intended to show them how to fight rather than how to retreat, and saying he would lead them to victory.

On the morning of the 20th of July, the 3d Division of the 20th Corps crossed the creek and filled up the gap between our 2d Division and the 4th Corps. By noon our whole right was across Peach Tree creek; the men had stacked arms and were resting. Two or three prisoners brought in from the skirmish line gave the information that a strong line of entrenchments was about a mile in the advance behind which the Rebels were waiting an attack.

At once the bugle sounded the assembly; the men rushed to their places, seized their arms and deployed into line. The three brigades of the 3d Division, 20th Corps, were formed in their numerical order from right to left. In the 3d

Brigade, the 26th Wisconsin regiment was on the right in the front line, and the 20th Connecticut on the left; thus making a brigade front of two regiments. The second line was composed of the 73d and 55th Ohio regiments. The 20th Connecticut was thus placed on the extreme left of the corps, division and brigade, adjoining the 4th Corps.

About 3 o'clock p. m., the Rebels advanced to the attack, and our force was immediately put in motion to meet the assault. Inclining a little to the right, the whole 3d Division advanced over rising ground in an open field and was soon hotly engaged. On reaching the high ground in our front the Rebels were discovered in a ravine not more than a dozen rods in our front, and the fire became terrific. Just at this time the brigade in the 4th Corps, adjoining the left of the 20th Connecticut regiment, gave way under the terrible fire to which it was exposed, and fell back in considerable confusion some twenty or thirty rods, and the Rebels advancing passed by our left in pursuit Almost immediately they began to fire upon the flank and rear of the 20th, when the commanding officer at once halted and threw back five companies on the left, so as to face the woods through which the Rebels were pressing the 4th Corps and opened fire in that direction. At the same time the right of the regiment was hotly engaged and maintained a steady fire upon the front.

For a short time the regiment was in an extremely critical situation, the Rebels firing into it from the front, flank, and rear, but maintained its ground with unfaltering courage and

steadiness. The fire from the left of the regiment checked the advance of the Rebels, in pursuit of the right of the 4th Corps, when these flying troops were rallied, re-formed, and charging in turn, drove the Rebel line back till the position was regained opposite our left. The bugle now sounded the charge, and the whole line pressed forward with loud cheers. The 20th Connecticut advanced over the open field under a heavy fire, with a line as perfect as if on parade, reserving its fire until within a few yards of the Rebel line, when it delivered a volley, dashed into the ravine, drove the Rebels out and pursued them up to the crest of a hill in front, where the whole line of the 3d Division was halted. After the battle was over, Gen. Newton, commanding the division of the 4th Corps on our left, sent an officer desiring to know what regiment was on his right, and bade him say to its commanding officer that it was deserving of all praise, that he never saw a regiment advance with such steadiness and precision in the face of such a terrible fire as did this.

Owing to the determined resistance met with the 4th Corps had not been able to come up to our position, but was compelled to halt some thirty rods to the rear. The 55th Ohio Volunteers were therefore moved from the second line and formed on the left of the 20th Connecticut, so as to connect with the 4th Corps. Hardly had this been accomplished before the Rebels, having re-formed their lines, again advanced to the assault, but were repulsed and fled in confusion. Four times during the afternoon they essayed to carry our lines, but were as often sent reeling back. The roar

of musketry continued till dark. From three o'clock till eight the 20th Regiment stood, with no cover, and without assistance or relief, maintained its position and repulsed every assault of the enemy.

In front of the 20th Connecticut were found the dead and wounded of the 33d, 55th and 44th Mississippi regiments, which had been brought against this regiment, which itself sustained a loss of nearly half its officers, and forty-eight enlisted men. Captains Dickerman, Tarr, and Post were wounded, the latter mortally. Lieutenants Jepson, Barry and Fenton were also among those wounded. This first attempt of Gen. Hood to show the Rebel army how to fight, instead of how to retreat, resulted in a loss on his part of more than six thousand men, as admitted by the Rebel newspapers.

On the 22d, Gen. Hood determined to try his skill at flanking, and sent a strong force around our left flank, to attack Gen. McPherson's command in the rear, while a heavy column should attack him in front. Gen. McPherson, however, succeeded in holding his front, and by weakening his line farther to the right, and bringing up all his reserves, he was enabled to turn back the Rebel column to the rear. About noon, while the contest raged in the fiercest manner, Gen. McPherson, hearing the firing in the rear of his line, rode forward to reconnoitre, and was suddenly fired upon by a party of Rebels that was concealed in the thicket, and mortally wounded. An orderly who was with him, and who was himself wounded, procured for him a cup of water and remained by him until he died. The Rebels were soon

driven back, his body recovered and taken to a place of safety.

Upon the death of Gen. McPherson, Gen. Logan assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee, and leading the men on, called upon them to revenge the death of their late leader. The most heroic deeds were performed that afternoon. The Rebels were driven in confusion, at the point of the bayonet, from our rear, and now having the enemy to contend with only in front, our troops rushed out from behind their works carrying everything before them. While the battle had been thus progressing on the left, Gen. Sherman ordered the whole right wing to advance. At nine a. m., the 14th, 20th, 4th and 23d Corps were on the march towards Atlanta. Advancing in line of battle we soon reached the line of works abandoned by the Rebels, when, finding no opposition, the different brigades were ployed into column, moving as supports to the strong line of skirmishers in front until we reached the immediate vicinity of the inner line of works about the city. Here works were thrown up to protect the men from the shells of the enemy, and by dark a good line of rifle pits were constructed, behind which the men could lie in safety. Thus closed this eventful day; Gen. Hood was again defeated with terrible loss, and now shrank back into his last stronghold in front of Atlanta. The church spires and blocks of buildings in the gate city were now in full view of the Union Army.

On the night of the 23d, the 20th Connecticut furnished one hundred and twenty-five men for fatigue duty, who were

engaged in building a new line of works in advance of our old line. The Rebels mistrusted something was going wrong and shelled the little detachment with great fury, but the work was continued, and before morning the line was completed and occupied. A small redoubt for a six-gun battery was constructed on a little elevation in our second line, and this morning six twenty-pounder parrots look out of the embrasures in the direction of the city and bid defiance to the eight twelve-pounders in the Rebel redoubt, a half mile distant, that was giving a good deal of trouble. In the morning the Rebels tried their metal on the new redoubt; several of their shots went wild, but one comes through an embrasure, passes between the wheel and the gun, and knocking a sponge staff from the hands of one of the artillerymen sped on to the rear and exploded. Our gunners sighted their pieces upon a single embrasure in the Rebel redoubt, and just as the smoke belches from its embrasures, the order was given, and six shells went whizzing from the muzzles of the twenty-pounders, every one striking the point aimed at. The smoke cleared away, and by the aid of a field glass, the Rebel gun was seen dismounted, and a big hole where was an embrasure. The Rebels filled up the place with sand bags and there was one less gun to annoy us. "Wonder if they were satisfied with that," says the captain of our battery, "or will they want to wake us up again? If they do let them try it on." But not another shot came from the redoubt during the day. Evidently they wanted our twenty-pounders "to let them alone."

July 25th. Gen. Sherman is here at the battery to-day and sights the first gun leveled against the city, aiming to strike the railroad depot. The fuse was too long; the next is shortened, and the shell explodes near the desired point. From that time the trains are no longer heard coming into the city of Atlanta. The battery is directed to continue the fire, and night and day for several days a shell goes screaming over into the city every five minutes.

On the afternoon of the 27th, the 15th, 16th and 17th Corps passed to the rear of the 20th and went over to occupy a new position on the right.

Having destroyed the railroad towards Augusta, thoroughly, so that the enemy could no longer use it to bring forward supplies, Gen. Sherman was determined to cut the only remaing line of communication, the railroad running out of Atlanta towards Macon. If he gained possession of this road the Rebel supplies would be cut off, and the almost impregnable works around the city would have to be evacuated. An assault on these would have cost Gen. Sherman one-half of his army; he therefore resolved to accomplish his purpose without making such terrible sacrifice.

Just after noon, on the 28th, a division of our troops was sent forward to reconnoitre to the right, and towards the railroad. They soon found the enemy was disposed to dispute a further advance in this direction, and a sharp contest at once began, but the Rebels greatly outnumbering our division, it gradually fell back till it reached and took refuge in the line of works. The Rebels followed

closely, determined to drive our troops from this new position, but as soon as they reached point blank musket range the pine boughs, that concealed the pieces of artillery in our works, were thrown off, and from the muzzles of cannon and from the line of gleaming muskets protruding from under the head logs, there went forth a storm of missiles that nearly annihilated the Rebel lines. Their officers could not control the men, and back they went in the wildest confusion. Organizing their forces for a flank attack, they approached in that direction, but found preparation had been made for their reception there, and again they were sent flying to the rear. Seven separate assaults were made during that afternoon, each of which ended like the first Hood hurled his men against our works with the desperation of a madman until they utterly refused to advance again, knowing the certain destruction that awaited them

The Rebels lost during the afternoon more than six thousand men, while our loss was less than seven hundred.

On the 29th, Gen. Sherman was again found at work trying to reach the railroad on the right, approaching, daily, nearer and nearer, until the enemy's position became so desperate that the entire Georgia militia was summoned to the support of Hood's badly demoralized army, which, since the 18th of July, had, according to Rebel authorities, lost 27,000 men, by which means the enemy's lines were prolonged to meet those of the besiegers.

From this time until the 18th of August, there was so little progress made in the seige that the idea became preva-

lent among the men of the Union army that "Uncle Billy had got his match this time," and was going to back out of the attempt to take Atlanta. Gen. Hood and his army were also jubilantly impressed with the same—as it proved—fallacious belief. Gen. Sherman, however, reassured his men by saying that in fifteen days they would be in possession of the city. The men did not see how it was going to be done, but "if Uncle Billy said so, they concluded that it would be done, if he had to take them up in balloons and drop into the town."

By the 23d, it became evident that, for the possession of the railroad, there was to be a bloody battle, and that, too, very soon, for even Hood, blind as he sometimes seemed, could see how vitally important was it for him to hold it. By a dashing ride to the rear of Atlanta, Gen. Kilpatrick demonstrated that no ordinary cavalry force could destroy the line over which came supplies to Atlanta; so Gen. Sherman determined, while holding his own line of communication as far as the Chattahoochie river, at the same time push out a flanking force far to the rear of the Rebel works, sufficient to overcome all obstacles, knowing that the road once in his control the Rebels would be compelled to evacuate the city or come out from behind his strongholds and fight on equal terms. This plan of the Union general was immediately, but as quietly as possible, put in execution.

The Rebels discovered that some movement was going on, but it was generally believed by them that it was a beginning of the long hoped for retreat to Chattanooga, in

which attempt, if made, as they felt confident it would be, the Rebel papers said the Uuion army would be destroyed

By daylight of the 26th, the whole of that portion of the army that was to make the movement had withdrawn from the line close under the Rebel guns, and was on the move —the 20th Corps back to the river six miles while the balance were making a wide detour around the Rebel right.

From Atlanta the railroad to Macon runs in a southeasterly direction, from which at East Point six miles below the West Point railroad branches off in a southeasterly direction. Making a wide detour Gen. Sherman first struck the latter road and totally destroyed it for twelve miles, and then pushed on for the Macon road, which he reached on the 31st, twenty-two miles below Atlanta. Gen. Hood's delirium of joy at the supposed retreat of his wily foe was readily dissipated by the news of the destruction of the West Point road, and that Sherman was marching with his whole army straight for the Macon road, the destruction of which would seal the fate of the city. To prevent such a catastrophe, he withdrew most of his troops from the fortifications and moved to the defence. After some preliminary skirmishing, a desperate battle was fought, lasting nearly two days, the result of which was that the Rebels were thoroughly defeated, and with great loss.

The broken columns of Hood's army were again concentrated some ten miles from the battlefield. The militia and cavalry left in Atlanta, upon ascertaining that Hood was de-

feated, immediately left the place, after destroying all public property of any value, and plundering the whole city.

On the 2d of September, the city of Atlanta was formally surrendered by the Mayor, and was, the next day, entered by General Sherman and his tired but victorious army, heartily glad, after one hundred and twenty days of constant fighing, of an opportunity to rest. From Chattanooga to Atlanta was a wonderful march, in which one of two mighty conflicting armies was gradually pushed by the other back, inch by inch, and day by day, through storm and sunshine, over hill, and mountain, and river, leaving in their footsteps innumerable graves, broken hearts, and a blighted and blasted country. Upon the causes leading up to this terrible experience, it were idle to speculate here. They were not born in a day, nor could their results, probably, long have been deferred. The country had either to become all free, or all to pass under the dominion of slavery. In the providence of God, it became the duty of the present generation to settle the question now, and for all time, rather than to relegate it to posterity. And nobly was it done. Viewed from the narrow standpoint of to-day, the burial, after the battle, in trenches, of an army of men, is a terrible thing. But from the great future it is as nothing. A few years more, and those that to-day are remembered and honored as patriots, heroes, and their country's benefactors, would have crept away to graves forgotten with the drying of the momentary tear. Death, by the ordinary operations of nature, is, of course, at all times to be dreaded. But

death at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg or Resacca, in defence of all that men held dear—country, freedom, and home, was simply glorious. The name of the martyred may indeed be forgotten; but the good that he accomplished, never! While God shall rule, a glory gained is a glory forever.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

General Sherman at once proceeded to establish himself in the captured city, and to prepare for a few weeks of rest, so much needed by his foot-sore and battle-worn troops.

What inhabitants were found remaining, were, during the next ten days' truce agreed upon by the opposing Generals, removed northward or southward as they preferred. This act was called by the Rebels an outrage of "studied and ingenious cruelty." Yet, it was, in fact, a work of necessity, if not, under the circumstances, of mercy. Hood himself had, on evacuating the city, destroyed all the foundries, machine shops, etc., from which to earn a subsistence, while of food absolutely nothing of importance had been left for anybody. In fact, every male citizen capable of shouldering a musket, or of driving a mule, had been conscripted. Some four hundred and forty-six families were actually thus transported, with furniture, etc., averaging nearly 2,000 pounds each family, and at Government cost, to our northern outposts, or Chattanooga.

Sending back to the latter place his sick and wounded, surplus guns, baggage, and the garrisons of his most northern posts in Georgia, General Sherman, on the 11th of Novem-

ber, sent his parting messages North; cut the telegraph wires; destroyed the railroads and bridges behind him, and then with his still great army of 60,000 men, plunged into the secession wilderness—boldly daring whatever might be before him. It was successful, and, therefore, the movement brought to its gallant originator glory. Had it proved disastrous, as it might easily have done, with proper management on the part of his adversary, it would have brought him but a court martial, and inevitable disgrace. Thus proving that in war as in every other department of human activities, "there is nothing so successful as success."

If the march into the gate city was marked, as we have seen that it was, by a track of human gore, the pathway out of it, and to the sea, was reddened chiefly by the blood of the contraband porker, or of the cock that injudiciously crowed at morn, or at any other time, thus revealing his whereabouts to the hungry "Yank."

To give the general reader something of an idea as to what the famous march to the sea really was, perhaps we can do no better than to quote briefly from a well-written diary, kept by Captain H. H. Tarr, of Company F, introductory to which the author says:

"To march all day, and either picket or scout at night, as I have done, most of this campaign, is not a very convenient literary method. But then we are not out here to write a story for the present, or for future generations Our business is to furnish the material for the historian's use, later on. I wish I could give you a full description of this march to the sea, abounding as it did in fun, feasting, adventure and danger;

but as this would require a more graphic pen than my own, I must be content with a mere brief noting of what came under my own observation.

Nov. 11th. We burned Atlanta! Heavens what destruction! This is war, as Napoleon took it into Russia, and, I suppose, history will vindicate us. Yet it seems hard to burn the shelter from the heads of so many innocent women and children; to destroy the product of some man's life work for which he has toiled so many years. It was a grand sight, however; and, as we marched away, we halted on a hill to look back on the burning city. Masses of smoke, lurid flames, falling building, bands playing, and all the incongruous sights and sounds of an army marching away from their devastated conquest.

Nov. 15th. With my Company, F, I am ordered by Lieut.-Colonel Buckingham, commanding regiment, to report to the officer in charge of the Brigade Commissary Department for forage duty, which means to take everything we can find to eat, and drink, and I am afraid will further be interpreted to mean everything we can carry away. The first settlement we come to is Decatur – a tumble down, typical Southern village. It is deserted, however, by all but a few "darkies." Some one says it is like "Sweet Auburn;" but it is so only in its desolation, for to compare one of these shiftless, dirty Southern settlements with a sweet, thrifty English, or New England village, is a sacrilege. From Decatur on, which we passed about four o'clock, we marched nearly all night. The way was as well illuminated as a good old time Republican torch-light procession would have made it, with burning houses, outhouses and fences. I remember one very pretty girl weeping with her family over the ruins of their stable, expressing a wish "that you 'uns were millions of miles away." Tired as I was, I hardly agreed with her.

Nov. 16th. Moved at 2 p. m. Were delayed in getting off by trains, and troops getting mixed up on the road. Passed Stone Mountain at six, and marched until eleven. The men came into camp to-night very tired; for, waiting and marching, halting and standing, is the hardest work that you can subject

the soldier to. We are beginning to get into a good country, and I find very hard work to keep my men within reasonable bounds in their foraging operations. In fact, the army are all becoming foragers, and it is each man for himself, and the first fellow gets the fat turkey.

Nov. 17th. Only three and a half hours' sleep and we are off at five in the morning. Fences, houses and barns burning in every direction As we are near the rear of the army, we pass the smouldering ruins, and weeping women and children. I picked up a very fine horse to-day; horses are getting plenty though down in this country. These planters call us horse thieves, but, of course, it is simply a matter of confiscation, and our conscience is clear,while we get the horse for nothing. This night work will kill our men; not one night's sleep in three. During the night, while we were halted at a plantation house which, strangely enough, had been left standing, I got into conversation with a very pretty girl, thinking she was the daughter of a planter, from the fact she seemed so well educated. I made some inquiries about her parents when to my great surprise she told me that she was a "nigger," and both the slave and the daughter of the planter who was a minister Even now I could not discover any looks of the negro in her. During the night I got some sleep by riding ahead, and catching a nap until the troops came up. But this cost me a rubber blanket, as mine burned up while I was sleeping on it.

Nov. 18th. Halted and got two hours' more sleep. We are now coming into a very rich country. Plantations are increasing in size, and the mansions of their owners in like proportion are more stately. These old planters were kings in a way, and no wonder they fight well for their institution of slavery.

Nov. 19th. A dismal morning. They say it has rained all night Every fellow is soaked, yet we were all so tired that no one seems to have staid awake to know when, or how long it rained. We marched until twelve.

Nov. 20th. With a detachment of my company, early this morning, I cut loose from the army with special instructions

to forage for horses and mules, which we wanted for the trains' and to try and not get picked up by the Rebel cavalry, which are hovering on our flank. By noon I had passed through the Rebel lines, with the aid of negro guides, who took me, by "nigger paths" through the woods, and I struck boldly out into the country. Halting for dinner at a large plantation, I ordered the negroes to kill chickens enough for my men, while I ta ked with the mistress of the estab ishment. I noticed the negroes killed more chickens than double the number of men could have eaten. One of them explained this by saying, "Massa, we don't eat chicken much, and we'll take care of what's left after you uns gone." It seemed a pity after being so hospitably entertained by the old mistress to apply the torch. Yet I burned her cotton-gin and bade her good bye with many thanks and regrets. During the afternoon I burned four more cotton gins My impression is that I have destroyed $150,000 or $200,000 worth of cotton to-day. I find myself at night cut off from our troops and in rather a dangerous position. Took possession of a plantation house of one Davis, who had left, and made a fortification at an outlying cabin. Put a man on picket up the road, each way, and one on guard duty over the horses. The men soon had every woman on the plantation cooking. I had a rousing fire built up in the fire place and invited myself to dine with the family. We al slept to-night in our boots, as I expected every moment to be roused and have to either fight or run.

Nov. 21st Spent a quiet night. Negroes came in this morning and told me that a large Rebel force had passed on a cross-road, less than a mile from me, during the night. These negroes had, on their own hook, gone out beyond my pickets and stood watch for our additional safety. They told me where a large corral of mules and horses were hidden, and I went for them immediately, after illuminating with Davis' cotton-gin, followed by a curious cavalcade of negroes, horses and mules--two negroes to one animal, as every one that can is "gwine away with the Yanks." I lost one man to-day by an accident with a horse, and was compelled to leave him at a plantation house. God only knows if we will ever see him again. At

seven p m. came to Eatontown. I am told that there are a few Rebel cavalry in the place. Without letting my mounted negroes know that they are in the face of the enemy, I deploy and go through the town with a rush. The negroes entered into the spirit of it and made noise enough for an army corps. So we captured the town without a shot.

Nov 22d. Five in the morning. I came into camp with my motley troop, and a fine lot of stock they were. We halt nearly all day about ten miles from Milledgeville, waiting for pontoons to be thrown across the river. Had a good day's sleep and was not disturbed until after dark. Mounting my horse, I find a clear road to Milledgeville, lighted by burning buildings and fences. The Milledgeville prison stood upon a hill and illuminated, as it burned, the country for miles about.

Nov 23d. To day the troops take a rest, and look at the State capitol. Our bummers are kept busy searching for hidden treasure, which they do in a very curious way. Most of the silver and valuables were buried in the gardens and lawns, the earth and grass being very carefully replaced. You may see the ingenious Yankee probing the earth about every house with his ramrod. He strikes a hard substance and digs. One of our men struck a thousand dollar find in gold. A curious collection of pikes, for home defence, were found in the State House; but no men were found to handle them. With all of our devastation, it seems a pity that a guard could not have been placed on the State Library. I saw, to-day, some soldiers gathered around a copy of Audubon, and I bought for a trifle from a bumm part of an edition of Irving, which I shall try and preserve.

Nov. 24th. Marched all day, developing nothing of especial interest.

Nov. 25th. An early start with twenty-five men and a lieutenant on a foraging expedition. After four miles' run we encounter a troop of cavalry, which drove us back to our lines. I then, with negro guides, run clear of them by keeping to the woods. About noon reach the plantation of Gen'l Robinson. This old fellow was a brigadier during the Mexican war, and famous for his blooded horses. He received me with marked

courtesy, but declared he did not own a horse. My men soon learned, however, from the negroes, where he had run them to, and guided by some darks, who stipulated that they should be taken along, they were soon brought out of their hiding place in a swamp at the lower end of the plantation. There were fifteen head of stock, among them four of the best bred racers. The old man begged me to leave him a black stallion that was his especial pride. This I gladly would have done, but I knew that the entire army was to follow me, and there was no chance of his saving the horse. I was advised by the negroes to get out quickly, as a messenger had been despatched to a troop that had passed just before our arrival. So I left the main roads and took to nigger paths for additional safety. Had a little encounter in the afternoon at the road crossing, which only resulted in my negroes leaving their horses and taking to the woods. But we joined the army about nine o'clock, at Sandersville.

Nov. 26th. Remained all day in this deserted town. The inhabitants will have to go into the next county for their meals, after the army leaves here.

Nov. 27th. Started early in the morning on another foraging trip. My men are now all well mounted. We struck to the right of the army, but found every plantation cleaned out; so we concluded to press on to the front. I wanted to get up to the neighborhood of Augusta, which I understand is a rich country, before dark. I had a good force of negroes, well mounted, and, about nine o'clock, reached the plantation of Gen'l Wilson, a Confederate, who fell at second Bull Run. Mrs. Wilson, the mother of the general, received me cordially; ordered the negroes to cook us a substantial supper, and withal made the best of the situation. One of her servants took me aside and said the "missis" had sunk some trunks in a dry well, which contained arms, Confederate flag, and some other things which are legitimate booty. I detailed some men and raised the trunks. To my disgust they contained women's dresses, with several uncut dress patterns of silk, but nothing in our line.

Nov. 28th. We were up and off before daylight, after I had carefully restored to Mrs. Wilson her disordered trunks. She

had previously told me that not a thing about the place was secreted; when I playfully reminded her of her apparent error she exclaimed: "Oh! Captain, these times do try a Christian's heart." I thought she was right About twelve a stray nig was met who had just come in from the swamp where all the stock of the neighborhood was secreted On my asking him to go with me to the corral he replied, " I am too old to go with you's, for good, and I am too young to stay here an' be murdered." I found another one, however, who wanted to go along, and he showed me the horses During the day I met a man who replied to a question by asking another, and on my telling him he ought to be a Yank he informed me that he had emigrated from Conn. a great many years ago He owned fifteen hundred acres of land, and still was a poor man, as now all his negroes had left him. Dined with a Rebel parson; rode until evening and slept in a barn very comfortably

Nov. 29th. On the road again before daylight and joined the column. At noon found an order awaiting me to report for duty as aid-de-camp. So my free foot at foraging is over, for this campaign.

Nov. 30th. The grand army made but about four miles, and on the following day but seven, halting more than it marched, the soldiers yet finding themselves tired, and disgusted.

Dec 2nd Marched steadily all day. Pass some splendid plantations, for which guards are furnished, the commanding officers growing tired of seeing destroyed so much property.

Dec 3rd Marched steadily all the forenoon and halted for dinner Learning that we were near the Millen prison, where many of our men had been confined, we paid it a visit, and found the same to be located in a low swampy situation, surrounded by a high stockade, and supplied by a very bad tasting water. Near the stockade was a low pond from which dampness must constantly arise It seems impossible that any consideration excepting a desire that men should die from malarious disease could have induced the selection of a site like this. Holes were dug in the ground where the unfortunate prisoners had burrowed, and every evidence of inhuman treat-

ment was plain to be seen. A well-worn pillory stood in the centre of the ground, and the fatal dead line, over which if any man stepped he was shot down like a dog, was plainly marked. I am afraid if the soldiers generally could visit this pen there would be no quarter given beyond here."

For the next seven days, the march goes steadily on, practically unmolested, like a great river of blue, down through the broad plantations, carrying destruction to the rebellious people, and freedom to the slaves, until, on the 10th, we find it thus recorded:

"Up and off early in the morning, all in high spirits, as we near Savannah. We can hear the cannonading of our advance guard, and before night we will have taken peaceable posession, or have a big fight on our hands. The general sentiment seems to be, a little fight would not be unacceptable. At 10 a. m. we strike Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and, moving on a shell road parallel with this, we pass the mile stone marked 'five miles to Savannah'. The troops are urged on over this smooth road, until there comes a 'boom,' and a shell passes shrieking over our heads. *More of them! Double quick!* Halt! Deploy into the woods! Gen. Ward swears because he is not allowed to press foward and assault the works. Col. Ross quickly settles down behind a tree, with his old pipe in his mouth, while he sends a man back to bring up something to eat for he 'knows it will be a week before we will get out of this d——d swamp.'

He was right, only it was the 21st that we entered the city. We built breast-works and skirmished. They shelled our camps. We built "gopher holes," and sometimes we did "go for" them. We played cards, we laid low, and our diet, the same, it was rice—rice for breakfast, rice for dinner, rice for supper, and then—more rice. At our headquarters we had left from our rich stores a goodly supply of mustard, and the guest who dined with us, if he declined rice, was simply given mustard. The monotony was broken somewhat for me, as I was permitted to conduct two flags of truce through our lines,

conveying despatches to Gen. Hardee demanding a surrender of the city. It was a novel and pleasant thing to meet, socially, the men we had been fighting so many months and laugh over with them some of the incidents of our campaigns together. 'Tis strange how little feeling exists between men who have fought to the death! And it is a curious phase in human nature, that there is no one you have more respect for than for the man who has given you a manly fight.

Early in the morning of the 21st word was brought to our headquarters that Hardee was evacuating A staff officer was dispatched to each regiment, ordering an immediate advance on the line Without waiting, I took my orderly, with two or three men, passed off the railroad towards the Rebel fortifications. I was met by a man with a dirty rag on a stick which he intended for a flag of truce. But as he only represented a few miserable deserters his emblem was quite appropriate. We took posession of some spiked guns at the fort, upon which I wrote with clay: 20th Connecticut Vols., as I was determined my regiment should have the honor, although I, as a staff officer, represented the entire brigade. Passing on into the city, I first encountered a crowd of negroes, and when they realized that we were Union soldiers they threw themselves prostrate, and such prayers of thankfulness as they sent up it has never been my fortune to hear. And so, all along the line to the city we were met by hundreds of negroes shouting "Hallelujahs! for the Yankees had come, and the niggers were free."

Of the way the boys in blue enjoyed themselves in the city by the sea, an idea may be gained from a letter to a friend written by Captain Tarr, dated at Savannah, Dec 25th, 1864, from which we extract as follows:

"You may remember my prediction that when I next wrote you, it would be from some stately residence in a conquered city. I take especial pleasure in asking you, now, in imagination to behold me seated in a spacious Southern mansion, surrounded by every comfort that the most fastidious stay-at-

home New Englander could desire. Its owner, Col. Hovey, evidently left, on urgent business, when Hardee went over the river, and in a great hurry, leaving behind all the furniture, pictures, and bric a-brac to the tender mercies of the vandal 'Yank.' I took formal posession of the establishment. Captain A. E. Beardsley, our quartermaster, and myself occupy the guest chamber. There is ample room for the entire staff, with our retinue of servants, and enough besides to enable me to offer a spare bed or two to guests. * * *

Savannah is a beautiful city, and it is like a fairy land to these Connecticut Yanks, to see, everywhere, green grass and flowers upon Christmas day. Yet I fancy very many of them will dream to night of the music of the sleigh bells, the drifting snow, and all that goes with a merry New England winter and say, 'That's the fairy land for me.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GOLDSBORO' CAMPAIGN.

Gettysburg has been called the "high water mark of the rebellion," which, with the capture of Savannah, must be considered to have reached well on toward its lowest ebb. The forces of the enemy, by the skillful operations of our commanders had been divided, and demoralized, and yet clinging to the hope of a possible something to turn up, a few ambitious adventurers sat back in their mushroom chairs of "state" and ordered the murderous work to go on, even to the extent of forcing, as did the Governor of Georgia, to the bloody field "every white male citizen between the ages of 16 and 60."

To waste in a winter of inaction the advantages gained, thereby giving the enemy an opportunity to regain their equilibrium from which by his shrewdness they had been thrown, was no part of Gen. Sherman's design. To rain his blows thick upon the head of his adversary when down, and until he cried enough, was his determination, in accordance with which, after having received the necessary supplies, and establishing such lines of communication as seem practicable, the "Great Flanker," after barely a four weeks rest, set out on another campaign quite as remarkable as the one preceed-

ing it, and headed through South, and North Carolina toward the heart of the rebellious Confederacy.

The floods, however, prevailing at that season, breaking up the pontoon bridges of Gen. Slocum over the Savannah river, caused a delay of another fortnight, so that it was not until Feb. 1st that the whole army was in motion northward.

Southern South Carolina was at the time so generally in a swampy condition that it was not deemed by the Confederates passable for the invading army to traverse it. Nevertheless, strenuous measures were taken by Governor McGrath to embarrass the march, should it be attempted, as much as possible, by the felling of trees across the narrow roads, that being, says Greeley, "about the last conspicuous service that the slaves were constrained to render to their masters." Among the pleasures of the march, at the outset, was the traversing of a swamp three miles wide and covered with water from one to four feet deep, in bitter cold weather, by two divisions of Blair's corps, the commanding officers wading at the head of their men.

The 20th Conn. Vols. retaining its position in the "3d Brigade, 3d Division, 20th Army Corps, left wing, Army of Georgia," left Hardee's plantation, six miles north of Savannah, on the 16th of January, under orders to be ready to move the following day. On the 17th, the regiment, with the brigade and division, moved from camp and marched to Hardeesville, about ten miles, where it encamped and re-

mained until the morning of the 29th, when the march was again resumed, at 7 o'clock a. m., and kept up during the 30th and 31st, stopping finally for a two days' rest at Sister's Ferry. On the 2d, the march was again taken up, and proceeding toward Lawtonsville; when near that place, the enemy were found entrenched across the road with a thick swamp in his front. The division formed in line of battle with the 20th on the second line. After a brief skirmish the Rebels took to their heels and the troops went into camp, in line of battle, for the night. On the morning of the 3d, taking up the line of march, continued the same until the 8th, without especial incident, reaching, after making about 52 miles, the Charleston and Augusta Railroad near Graham's Station, where the regiment with the brigade was engaged in tearing up and destroying the track, burning the ties and twisting the rails. On the 9th, after marching 14 miles, Blackville was reached, where, after halting for dinner, about 2 o'clock p. m. the work of destruction on the railroad was resumed, and was continued until dark. The next day after a march of 12 miles the same "Yankee vandalism" was indulged in nearly to Winsor, 105 miles from Charleston. Returning a few miles and striking northward toward Davis' Mill on the Edisto river, that place was reached and encampment was made for the night. On the 12th, the Edisto was crossed on a bridge built during the night, the men having to wade for a half mile, on the north side, through water eighteen inches to

two feet in depth, breaking their way through ice that had formed to considerable thickness.

On, and still on, toward Augusta, Lexington Court House and Columbia, went the march day after day, over the Saluda and Broad rivers, through Rocky Mount, Cheraw, etc. Some days the distance traversed amounted to fifteen or twenty miles, and at other times not more than three or four, because of having to "corduroy" the whole distance. For over a month not a grayback in arms had been seen, so that the "boys" were beginning to weary of the monotony of the march, and to hanker after a little scrimmage, and the music of the minnies. The were soon to be accomodated.

Upon breaking camp on the 14th, learning that the enemy in considerable force were in the vicinity, the brigade was ordered out on a reconnoisance. Leaving camp about 9 o'clock a. m., in light marching order, the brigade proceeded north on the road leading to Raleigh. After marching about five miles, the command was divided, a portion moving by a road to the right and three regiments on the route to Raleigh. The 20th Conn. moved with the last mentioned portion of the command, going as far as Silver Run, in all about ten miles from camp; five companies of which, viz: I, H, D, K and G, were sent to the front as an advance guard, and were engaged in skirmishing, driving the enemy, and compelling him to move to the rear and into his works one of his pieces of artillery, where the skirmishers were also driven for refuge. The enemy were

found to be in strong force, comprising, at least, one brigade with three pieces of artillery. The object of the reconnoisance having been accomplished without bringing on a general engagement, the command, all under Lieut. Col. Buckingham, marched back, unmolested by the foe, to camp, which was reached about 9 o'clock p. m. During the day the 20th Regiment was under command of Capt. Ezra Sprague. For the judicious and effective manner in which this reconnoisance was conducted Lieut. Col. Buckingham was especially commended by Brig. Gen. Coggswell in his report of the campaign. Lieut. Edward J. Murray, a promising officer, lately promoted from sergeant, was severely wounded in the thigh. Private Morris Bailey, of Company C, was also severely wounded in the leg, which comprised all of the casualties of the regiment while on the expedition. Lieut. Murray was sent by ambulance to the rear for proper treatment, suffering, by reason of the roughness of the roads, the most excruciating tortures. He was discharged for disability May 3d, but was for a long time afterwards a sufferer from the wound, to such an extent as to enlist the fullest sympathies of his commanding officer, Col. Buckingham.

A foraging party was sent out on the same day, which being led into ambush, was fired upon; several of the horses and mules upon which the men were mounted were killed or wounded, and six of the party were taken prisoners, viz: Privates David Jones, W. J. Ward, Co. G, and Anthony Buck of Co. H.

On the 15th the regiment, with the corps to which it was attached, moved out of camp at 7 a. m. and proceeded about ten miles to the north side of Silver Run, just in the rear of the works into which the enemy were driven the day previous. On the 16th, after a march of about four miles, the Rebels were found in considerable force by the 1st Division, which had the advance. The 3d Division soon came up and the 20th Regiment, with the brigade, was formed and moved foward under fire, to relieve a brigade of the 1st Division, which had been skirmishing with the enemy for some time. The regiment furnished sixty enlisted men and a commissioned officer to relieve the skirmishers. The enemy were soon driven from his line of works and so precipitately as to leave behind several pieces of artillery. The skirmishers followed the retreating graybacks, took several prisoners, and drove them into a second line of works, and from that to a more strongly entrenched position, which they held during the rest of the day. The line of battle was now advanced to within a short distance of the enemy's works, when temporary rifle pits were thrown up, behind which the brigade encamped for the night. During the following night the enemy evacuated his works and fled. One commissioned officer, Lieut. W. Barry, Co. F, was killed, and two enlisted men, viz: Sergeant Seymour M. Smith, Co. B, and Private John Gusman, Co. D. Twelve others were wounded, more or less severely, two of whom died shortly afterward, viz: Sheldon J. Johnson, Co. B, and John Burns, Co. F.

On the 17th the troops moved out about 4 miles to Averysboro and encamped. On the way evidences of great haste, on the part of the Rebels, were found in abandoned wagons, ambulances containing their wounded, besides the leaving of a portion of their wounded on the field and in private houses, without surgical attendance.

On the 19th the regiment with the brigade resumed the march in rear of the train. Heavy firing had been for some time heard in the advance and it at once became known that there was heavy work in hand. It was not long before orders came from the commanding officers to hurry up to the assistance of the troops engaged. The emergency growing more urgent, again at 1 o'clock p. m. came orders to leave the train and make all possible haste to the front, which was done at a double-quick a good deal of the way, reaching the battle field about 3 o'clock p. m., near Bentonville, N. C., where the enemy had attacked a portion of the 14th Corps. The brigade was almost immediately formed on the right of the road leading to Goldsboro, the 20th Conn. occupying the left of the line of the same, with the 26th Wis. Vols. in column on its immediate rear. In this position the brigade was ordered to advance and relieve a brigade of the 14th Corps, supposed to be in its immediate front, and supposed, also, to have been at the time doing some pretty heavy fighting. The 20th Regiment advanced with the brigade line, through the woods for twenty or thirty rods, and then across a swamp where the troops emerged through a lot of heavy pine timber.

Across the swamp some twenty rods in front was a thick mass of undergrowth. The endangered brigade, however, that were to be relieved, had taken themselves out of harm's way and were no where to be found. After advancing nearly to the edge of the forest, a tremendous volley was fired at the Union troops from the underbrush where the Rebel lines were concealed, which was immediately returned. The Union line was established and held till after dark without assistance, although the enemy made the most determined efforts to drive our men from the field. Yet "the men stood firm as a rock," says Lieut. Col. Buckingham, in his official report, "neither flinching, nor giving an inch of ground."

Soon after dark the enemy retired, leaving his dead, of whom over three hundred were found, and many of his wounded in our hands. A temporary line of works was thrown up, and, after removing our dead and wounded, the regiment with the brigade bivouacked on the battle field.

"The regiment," says the report referred to, "in this engagement, remarkable both for the obstinacy with which the Rebels fought and the terrible fire which they maintained, sustained its reputation for courage and valor, already established on many a hard-fought field. The officers and men composing it, fight for no other honor than that of our common country. They seek no glory but that of maintaining the majesty of the law, and of sustaining and perpetuating the blood-bought privileges of human liberty.

Hence they have never yet turned their backs upon the foe."

The casualties of the day were: Killed, Corporal E. W. Nettleton, Co E; Private James Hughes, Co. K; Private C. E. Byington, Co. B, and Private Edward Young, Co. I. The number of wounded was thirty, many of whom were reported as "severe," and four of whom soon died.

On the morning of the 20th, the 20th Regiment with the brigade were withdrawn from its position, and moved to the rear. On the 22d, the Rebels having abandoned a strong line of works, the brigade moved to the right taking the road to Goldsboro, halting over night, ten miles from the battle field. On the 24th Goldsboro was reached, about 10 o'clock a. m, north of which town the brigade went into camp.

During this important campaign now ended, the 20th Conn. Vols. marched more then five hundred miles; destroyed very many miles of railroad track; was engaged in corduroying roads almost daily, in mud and rain; burned something over thirteen hundred bales of cotton, and captured more prisoners than it lost. This regiment also captured seventy-five horses and mules; procured the forage from the country, for all the animals both public and private, which have been in its posession during the campaign; captured and supplied itself with about eight thousand rations of bread stuff, six thousand of salt and molasses, and twelve thousand rations of meat. At the commencement of the campaign the men were poorly

supplied with clothing and at its close were many of them almost naked, and some entirely barefoot; "Yet," says their commanding officer, "like veteran soldiers as they are they have marched on, never repining or complaining, constantly keeping in view the one paramount object—success." * * The soldier who has endured the hardships of this campaign, productive of such vast results, though given full license to take as he pleased from the country through which he passed for himself and comrades, and yet, maintaining discipline, who has restrained himself from lawlessness and from crime, as the soldiers of this army have done, deserves to have his name enrolled high on the roll of honor, and of his country's fame."

The war was now within a few weeks of its close. On every hand the Confederacy was raising its bloody and emaciated hands, as in despair from the bottom of the last, or nearly the last ditch. Sherman, therefore, having accomplished in the most wonderfully successful manner the end for which he set out on his great march to the sea and back again, sat down with his laureled array of heroes at Goldsboro to rest, recruit, and to be reclothed. Here it was that Grant's successes of Five Forks and Petersburg, with resulting fall of Richmond, reached him. Putting his army immediately in motion against Johnston, propositions were soon after recieved from that commander for capitulation, which after some hitches in the matter of "red tape," was at length made a finality. The war was ended! The

country was once more a unit! slavery was wiped out and forever, and—"Johnny came marching home." The story of the Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers is no longer a story of weary marches, sleepless nights, battle, danger and death, but it is, on the contrary, a triumphal march homeward, henceforth to be honored as among the saviours not only of their country, but of this world of humanity.

CHAPTER IX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Lee and Johnson had surrendered, and the war was virtually over. By the terms of their enlistment about five months of service were yet due the government from the men of the Twentieth, yet, when the order came for them to pack their knapsacks for a raid upon northern homesteads, there was not one to insist upon the carrying out of their contract.

After staying long enough at Goldsboro to recruit and reclothe his men, Sherman pushed on to Raleigh, N. C., where his troops remained in camp, awaiting developments, until the 29th of April, when we find Capt. A. E. Beardsley, Co. B., writing home to the New Haven *Journal and Courier*, in part as follows:

"To-morrow morning at daylight the army of Georgia, composed of the 14th and 20th corps, under Maj. Gen. Slocum, take up their line of march towards Washington, 'homeward bound.' You cannot imagine what a thrill of joy and gladness runs through this whole army at the mere mention of home. 'Home, sweet home,'—ah, what a volume of endearing associations cluster around these tender words now that the war spirit has died away. What kind

heart pantings, what throbbings, what anticipated greetings, now kindle up warm in the bosom of our soldiers. We feel confident we have fought a good fight; we have kept the faith of loyalty; we have planted all along the track of our weary march the Old Flag, and now that the 'war is over' we are glad to return and join our friends in old Connecticut, and once more engage in the peaceful pursuits of life. No longer is our army a terror to the South; no longer are its footprints marked with the besom of destruction; no longer the bugle sounds to wheel us 'into line of battle.' We have conquered the rebellion yet can hardly realize the fact as we see Union and Rebel soldiers greeting each other at the happy prospect of peace. We feel, however, a pang, a bitter pang, as we look back and linger in memory over our fallen comrades who now 'sleep their last sleep, on so many battle fields. But such have been the fruits of this cruel war.

"The army is ordered to move 'on to Richmond,' where we shall remain a day or two, get a fresh supply of hard tack and forage, and then resume our march towards the Federal capitol. We are starting with fifteen days' supplies, and expect to be in Richmond by the 15th of May. Everything in the line of ordnance and surplus quartermaster stores that can be possibly dispensed with, is being rapidly turned in at this place.

"The Twentieth Regiment, I think, will be 'mustered out' soon after the grand review takes place in Washington. When it arrives in your city it will show numerically a

mournful contrast to what it was when it left New Haven, Sept. 11, 1862, on a bright and beautiful morning, over one thousand strong, 'for the front.' Its thinned and scarred ranks will plainly tell the story, how well the regiment has fulfilled its mission in the great theatre of the 'War for the Union'."

Accordingly, on the 30th of April, the Twentieth started northward, from Raleigh by land, with Sherman's army passing through Richmond on the 11th of May, and arriving at Washington on the 20th. After the great review of the troops by the President and cabinet, the regiment then encamped near Fort Lincoln, on the Bladensburg road, where it remained until the 13th of June, when it embarked on the cars for New Haven, and where it arrived on the 15th, amid the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the general rejoicing of the people. There was a generous collation partaken of at the State House, where a speech of welcome was given by Colonel Buckingham, after which the men were paid off, and dismissed to their welcoming homes. Col. Ross had been made a brigadier general, by brevet, " for distinguished gallantry at Chancellorsville." Lieut. Col. Philo B. Buckingham became colonel, and Capt. Wm. W. Morse, major, also by brevet. The regiment had mustered in 1,281 officers and men, and had fought under Gens. McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Thomas, Grant, and Sherman. Its casualties were: Killed in action, 50; died of wounds, 37; died of disease, 77;

discharged prior to muster out of regiment, 264; missing at muster out of regiment, 2.

Throughout their term of service, the men of the Twentieth were everywhere marked and complimented by general officers for their sobriety, good discipline, coolness and efficiency in battle, as well as for their intelligent, manly bearing. The following from a correspondent of the *Journal and Courier*, dated at Washington, May 24th, but voices the universal praise accorded this gallant regiment:

"I shall always be glad I came to the Capitol to witness the great review of the armies of the United States, which took place yesterday and to-day. Of course I shall not undertake to describe it; what columns of type, what eloquence of language, what genius of poetry could justly describe the sublime pageant. I only purpose to notice briefly one regiment—the Twentieth Connecticut. As a handful of wheat in a vast granary, is a single regiment in this magnificent display, and yet, in the harvest of laurels which succeeds the harvest of death, one regiment represents an interest in the hearts of many, which is all in all. Among your readers are numbered many of the wives and mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, of the battle-scarred heroes of the Old Twentieth—heroes in the sublimest conflict in all history. Receiving their first baptism of fire and blood at disastrous Chancellorsville, next at victorious Gettysburg, then transferred from the army of the Potomac, and participating in all of Sherman's wonderful campaigns, they have just completed the immense circuit, and march-

ing homeward through Richmond, have crossed again the field of Chancellorsville, where they paused to bury the bones of their brothers that lay bleaching there, and here we see them now, marching with stern and steady tramp past the Capitol they have helped to save—past the magnates of the nation, proudly bearing the cherished flag of the Union and the tattered colors of the good old commonwealth of Connecticut. Col. Philo B. Buckingham is still at their head —now as ever at his post—his face, like the faces of his men, bronzed almost to blackness by exposure to sun and storm. He has proved a most valuable officer in this warfare for the Union, never absent from his command, carefully attending to all its details, cool and brave in battle, ever trusted by his men. Here, also, are the other field officers, Major Ezra D. Dickerman, Acting Adjutant Nathan B. Abbott, Surgeon D. L. Jewett, Acting Qr. Master H. D. Stanley, and Chaplain Charles N. Lyman. Most of these bear upon their persons honorable scars, and all are worthy and more than worthy of the cheers which greet them as their colors dip and each salute the President amidst the rattle of drums and the blast of triumphant music."

Said also the *New York Tribune*, speaking of their passage through that city. "The soldiers presented a neat appearance, and were the most orderly and temperate body of soldiers that we have ever seen pass through this city, not a single man among them showing any indications of having indulged in spirituous liquors."

Southward they marched in that solemn September;
Proudly—how proudly they passed in review—
Sabres outflashing! how well we remember
The pride in our hearts, for that army of blue!
Southward they marched, with their banners uplifted;
Arms at the shoulder, how grandly they bore.
Backward they come. But their banners are rifted;—
Tattered their garments, and reddened with gore.

Homeward they march! From th' crowds that are lining
The streets of their triumph, come blessings and cheers!
Heroes, alike—from their glory cloud shining—
Privates, or sergeants, or bold brigadiers.
Homeward they come! But where are the missing?
"Missing?" There are none, to eyes that are good;
Soundeth the trumpet, and quickly are pressing
The "dead" into line, and from over the flood.

Aye, but you tell me of hearts that are breaking:
Lips, that with grief, and despairing are dumb:
Chairs that are vacant—of ears that are aching
For words of the vanished, that never may come.
Patience, bereaved ones! Thy dead are the living;
Down through the ages, immortal their tread!
The serpents behind, that did hiss at their striving,—
Time shall reveal it—they only are dead.

J. W. S.

Tipton, Photo. Gettysburg, Pa.

MEMORIAL TABLET.

ERECTED AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 3RD, 1885.

REVERSE AND WEST SIDE.

CHAPTER X.

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

With seed-time and harvest, in twenty annual rounds the changeful seasons have whirled away into the past, since the survivors of Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, laid down the implements of strife, and once more took up those of mechanics, or of husbandry. And how changed the scene! With the yearly greening of the grass, over the graves of its martyrs, gradually the country has emerged from the clouds, by which it was enveloped, and into the sunshine of prosperity, united and free.

On the 19th of July, 1884, Col. Wm. B. Wooster addressed and sent forth a circular letter, in part as follows:

"*To My Comrades of the Twentieth Conn. Vols.:*

"The battle of Gettysburg is recognized by all as one of the great battles of the world. It was the great decisive battle of our late war. Patriotic citizens have joined with many who were actors in that conflict in efforts to protect these historic grounds, and the legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1864, incorporated certain persons, and all others who should thereafter associate with them, under the name of 'The Gettysburg Battle Field Memorial Association,' for the purpose of holding and preserving the battle grounds of Gettysburg, with the natural and artificial defences thereof,

and to perpetuate the same, with such memorial structures as may be erected thereon in commemoration of the heroic deeds and achievements of the actors therein."

It was further stated, substantially, that this association had also for its object, in order fitly to commemorate the heroic deeds of the actors in that bloody drama of July, '63, the fostering and encouraging of the memorial spirit in the matter of enduring tablets and monuments, marking the exact places, made famous by such deeds of valor.

Many regiments from different states have already performed this sacred duty to themselves and to posterity, but none in a more satisfactory manner than did the Twentieth Connecticut on the 3d day of July, 1885, a brief history of which effort, is given herewith as follows:

At an annual reunion of the regiment, held at High Rock Grove, in July, 1884, it was decided to erect a memorial tablet upon Culp's Hill, marking the place of one of its most signal triumphs, at which time, the following named comrades were appointed to act as a general committee to superintend the enterprise, viz:

General Committee—Wm. B. Wooster, Derby; W. W. Smith, Seymour; S. E. Chaffee, Derby; A. E. Boardman, Portland; H. A. Cornwall, Portland.

Company committees were as follows: Timothy Guilford, Cheshire; A. E. Smith, Cheshire; C. H. Larkins, Unionville; Wm. E. Latham, New Britain; H. S. Cadwell, Portland; Richard E. May, Higganum; Charles H. Plant, Milldale; Martain W. Frisbee, Southington; Edwin F. Taft, Hartford;

John H. Thacher, Hartford; A. H. Buckingham, New Haven; Harvey Alling, New Haven; George W. Mayer, New Haven; George Roberts, Waterbury; James Spruce, Waterbury; A. C. Austin, New Haven; R. E. Paddock, Bridgeport; Edwin J. Smith, Hartford; Wm. Calkins, Hartford; L. V. B. Hubbard, Derby; James P. Cotter, Ansonia.

A short time previous to this, Col. Wooster had issued a circular embodying an earnest appeal to his comrades, recounting what was being done by others, and saying, among other things:

"We earned some lasting memento of our daring. To the survivors of each regiment is left the responsibility of placing marks, as their inclination and means will dictate. I believe that the 20th C. V. should erect at an early day a proper monument on this line, and the purpose of this letter is to call the attention of every survivor to this subject. By a united effort it can be easily done."

Afterward another edition of the circular was issued, to which was appended as follows:

"*To Patriotic, Generous Citizens:*

"Since the publication of the foregoing letter, veterans of the 20th Regiment have held their annual reunion, and have voted to raise the required money, and to place a tablet in position, on the 3rd of July next. This should be of Connecticut granite, and, to compare favorably with other monuments now placed and being placed, we need fifteen hundred dollars. Old soldiers have more *patriotism* and *zeal* than *money*. Every living man of this regiment will contribute

something; but all will need to save enough to bear his expenses to and from Gettysburg.

"Every soldier will desire once more to look upon that bloody field. We ask all who believe that such a tablet is due to the memory of those engaged in that great battle, all those who believe that some memorial will in future years be looked upon as a credit to this state and gratifying to its citizens, to aid us in this endeavor."

The response to this vigorous and patriotic appeal, both from soldier and citizen, was immediate, generous, and ample. It was at first intended to print here a list of the donors to the enterprise, with the amounts respectively given. But, upon looking over the names, it was found to be difficult to do so without injustice to some, and for the reason that mere figures give no idea, as they stand in the subscription column, of the amounts actually given; since there were many poor soldiers on the list, with but a small sum opposite their names, who actually gave more, considered in that higher sense of self-sacrifice which mainly entitles to praise, than did others who, from their pockets of plenty, bestowed many times the amount. It is sufficient to say that very few were asked who failed to give willingly, and as generously as circumstances would warrant; many saying, "if more was wanted call again."

The required funds being assured, the work of selecting a site upon the immortal grounds, and of the construction of the tablet, was at once proceeded with, the result of which was that, on the 3rd of July, 1885, the enterprise was most happily consummated in the dedication of a monu-

ment, the work of Messrs. Curtis & Hughes, of Stratford, of which a Gettysburg newspaper said: "It is one of the most beautiful pieces of granite work yet placed on the field."

On the 6th of June, 1885, Col. Wooster, on behalf of his committee, announced the completion of the tablet, and its proposed inauguration on the 3rd of July following.

By kindly efforts of the chairman of the said committee, reduced rates of railroad and hotel fare were procured, and a general invitation was issued to soldiers and citizens to participate in the excursion and its objective exercises, closing with the following tenderly worded appeal to the veteran soldiery: "Comrades of the 20th Conn. Regt., this is an occasion never again to occur, and you are earnestly requested to make extra efforts to go to the graves of your fallen comrades and to the common grave where you aided to bury so many others, to join in dedicating this tablet to the memory of the dead, and the heroism of the living."

This appeal of the gallant Colonel came to the veterans, as one expressed it, "Like a once familiar bugle sound, to the old war horse reduced to the plough." And such as could do so eagerly embraced the opportunity to meet each other, some of them for the first time since the battle years, and upon historic fields.

The rendezvous was Jersey City, to which place came the star-hatted veterans of the Twentieth, with their guests, and from all quarters, to the number of over two hundred,

and where excursion tickets were procured to Gettysburg and back by special express, for $6.50 each. Among the guests were General Noble; Colonel Allen, of the 17th Conn.; Chaplain Stevens, of the 14th; with here and there a member of other regiments. The wives and sons of some of the soldiers accompanied them. Says one of the excursionist correspondents of a home newspaper: "It was not easy to discover under these gray beards and wrinkling foreheads the fresh, young faces of a quarter of a century ago. Nor was it altogether pleasant to ask after an absent comrade, when the answer so often must be, 'killed,' or 'died in the hospital,' or at such and such a place, so many years ago."

The train was made up, consisting of three parlor and four common coaches, taking which about 1 o'clock, p. m., on the afternoon of the 1st of July, a start was made. Once under way, the journey was rapidly and happily made down through the rich farms of Pennsylvania, and through thriving towns situated upon the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, one of the best appointed in the country, and amid the most beautiful scenery, and thriving villages to be found anywhere. For the story of the afternoon's ride, and of what followed, let "Co. Z," of the Ansonia *Sentinel*, be heard in a letter dated "On the train July 1st," as follows:

ON TO GETTYSBURG.

ON THE TRAIN, July 1.

Up to the time of the present writing, (Wednesday afternoon,) en route between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, the long talked of Gettysburg excursion has proved a most delight-

ful success. There never was a better day made, so far as our "oldest" remembers, since "the light was separated from the darkness and the light was called day." Cool, comfortable and delightful, the sun hazily half obscured, and the roads entirely free from dust. The route below Philadelphia is through regions of broad and expansive farm lands of surprising beauty, and at the most interesting season, when everywhere is to be seen at work the machine reaper and mower, the binder and the raker, doing each more work in one hour with one lazy fellow perched aloft at the helm, than could have been done by a half dozen of the men of the old time, and in the old way. The hillsides are all singing, in harmony with the meadows, "the wearing of the green," and the later crops, such as corn and potatoes, appear to have, for a wonder, nothing the matter with them.

The presiding genius of the occasion is Col. Wm. B. Wooster, who is everywhere present, answering kindly, politely and with the utmost good nature all sorts of questions, besides looking to and caring for everybody, and everybody's wife. The Colonel is as modest as he is brave, generous and faithful, in any good cause in which he may become interested, especially that of the soldier.

The writer was at the reunion of the Twentieth regiment last year at High Rock Grove when it was decided to make an effort to put up a memorial tablet on the field of Gettysburg, marking the locality of one of its most gallant exploits. And it is well remembered with what reluctance the chairmanship of the committee was accepted. His comrades, however, insisted and the Colonel finally accepted, well knowing that was thereby imposed a vast amount of work and a good deal of private expense. How faithful and well he has fulfilled the wishes of his comrades the present grand occasion so happily inaugurated, and the beautiful memorial tablet to be unveiled on Friday will amply testify. In order that the cost of travel might be reduced to the capacity of the purses of his comrades, to whom he wished to give an opportunity never likely again to be enjoyed, the Colonel agreed upon prices conditioned upon there being a sale of 200 tickets, him-

self standing in any possible gap. Fortunately, however the number of tickets sold were several more than the number stipulated. All told there are 214 persons flying over the magnificent track of the Pennsylvania railroad at the speedy rate of 50 miles an hour.

5 o'clock, p. m.

The colored "gemman" attendant upon our Pullman car announced a stop for supper at Harrisburg, the capital city of the great state of Pennsylvania, which 22 years ago was in a tremendous panic. The great army of Virginia, under General Lee, had captured York, levying upon its inhabitants heavily for cash and provisions, and was almost at the capitol doors when the army of the Potomac, under Gen. Hancock, was suddenly precipitated upon the rebel rear, causing the front to turn back and submit the question of farther northern progress to the arbitrament of the sword, and Harrisburg, where the entire populace had taken up shot gun arms, was relieved. The Twentieth Connecticut to-day took the city, made a requisition upon the United States hotel for rations, and got raspberries, peeled onions, fried beefsteak, and one colored waiter to four tables with but about 15 minutes in which to utilize him. Price, 75 cents per capita. Some of the "boys" said that they wished that they had let Lee "gobble" the place. From Harrisburg to Gettysburg the ground is gradually changed from the fine gently undulating lands of the valley, to a rough and rugged mountainous country resembling many sections of New England. An hour's ride brings the traveller to South Mountain, a magnificent range, through a pass of which the Harrisburg and Gettysburg railroad crosses, and leads on and up another range for five miles at a grade of 90 feet to the mile. Along the route about the only distinguishing features of the country were the curiously constructed barns, all of which have an appearance as if their originators had builded bigger, if not better, than at first they knew. The first story of stone, and used as housing for the stock, and the barn proper of wood, projecting over on one side, some ten or fifteen feet Whirling on and on, about 9 o'clock our wheels entered upon historic ground, the knowledge of which gave

the writer a peculiar thrill of solemnity, almost as if wheels and feet ought to be here shod in reverent silence. For was it not here upon these wonderful grounds that 200,000 men were engaged in the greatest warfare of modern times, in the course of which, within the short space of three days 20,000 men laid down, half of them to die, and the other half to go crippled through life, because of "man's inhumanity to man."

At the Gettysburg depot the arrival of the train was announced by the firing of guns, and the beating of drums, to the alledged music of which latter the whole party were marched to the Eagle hotel, where Colonel Wooster very kindly took upon himself the task of registering for pretty much the entire party. "Have you got a room yet?' one and another would be asked, and the reply in most cases was, "well, no—I don't know: I guess Colonel Wooster will fix it for me," and sure enough he did. For two hours he stood at the counter with a crowd of clients, five or six deep, at his back—fighting his second battle of Gettysburg with the "secesh" landlord who evidently does not know how to keep a hotel. The crowd made him almost wild. Many of the party found quarters at private houses, several of which had out their runners. Feeling a tug at our coat—while waiting baggage in hand for something to turn up—and turning round a litt'e mite of a Gettysburger looked up in our face with, "Say, if you can't get a room here, I know a gol darned good place. Come right this way, sir." We found in good time that our trust in the Colonel's good offices had not been in vain, for, on entering to make the inquiry, our friend replied, "Why, certainly; haven't you gone to bed yet, you were among the first located." And we had a good room.

To-morrow—ah, to-morrow! The immortal fields and the immortal heroes—living and dead! "Co Z"

THE TABLET AND THE DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

Our last letter left the Gettysburg excursion party, Wednesday night, snugly ensconsed at the rather old-fashioned, but on the whole cleanly, well fed, and comfortable hostelry, known to the Gettysburgers as the Eagle hotel. The day following was down on the programme for a visit to the different points

of interest on the battle ground. Accordingly, at about 8 o'clock, hacks and vehicles of various kinds, in numbers sufficient to accommodate such of the party as did not choose to walk over the 25 miles of battle ground, were at the door, which upon being filled proceeded to Cemetery Hill, the central and strongest position held by the Union army, from whence the various movements of the two armies were pointed out by Major Holtzworth, a resident of Gettysburg, who, being the principal livery stable proprietor, makes a specialty of thus serving all expeditions, both of the South and the North, gratuitously, and exceedingly impartially, and satisfactorily. His descriptions of the realistic map that lies before him are very instructive, as well as by their intelligent simplicity, highly entertaining. The journey ended about 2 p. m., the talks or lectures of 15 or 20 minutes each occurring at all the numerous battle grounds, among which were the scene of Pickett's charge, the Wheatfield, Peach Orchard, the Round Tops, Culp's Hill, etc. The day was passed very pleasantly.

The dedication of the memorial tablet marking the scene of the heroic exploits of the 20th Regt. C. V. on Culp's Hill was set down for Friday morning, at which time was also to be unveiled, near by, similar tablets by two Pennsylvania regiments. In accordance with which design at about 8 o'clock the members of the three regiments formed in line, led by a fine band of music accompanying the Pennsylvanians, and proceeded to the grounds the carriages, containing ladies and citizens, bringing up the rear. At the foot of Culp's Hill the company was drawn up in regimental line, under command of Col. Wooster, who ordered a charge on the enemy at the top of the hill, the "troops" going over the ground, with a yell, in about five minutes, a performance which, on the former occasion, it took the Colonel five hours to accomplish.

At the top of the hill was found the memorial stone covered with an American flag, which was later, at a concerted signal, raised by means of a rope running through a tackle block in a tree near by, the end of the same being attached to the body of Geo. W. Warner (who in the fight lost both arms near by), and who by walking away from the stone lifted the flag.

The exercises began with prayer by Rev. James H. McWhinnie, Co. H, 20th Reg., the full text of which is as follows :

THE PRAYER.

O God, our God and our father's God, we bow before thee with reverent hearts Give to us thy blessing as we seek thy face. Lift up thy countenance upon us and give us peace. Let our prayer come before thee, the offering of grateful hearts. Thou hast preserved us unto this day. Father in Heaven, we thank thee that, after so many years, our feet stand on this ground thrice sacred with the blood of sacrifice. We thank thee that here our brothers yielded not their lives in vain; that here the hopes long deferred were brought to so full fruition ; that the prayers of agonized hearts throughout the land were heard, and the dark wave of rebellion, threatening destruction to our land and nation, was rolled back from these hills forever. We praise thee for the peace and plenty that now fill all the land, and that even those who were then our foes now know that the defeat they suffered was for their great good, as well as ours.

Father in Heaven, let thy blessing rest on these survivors of that day of struggle, and upon our absent comrades. May the thrilling memories of the past be to us a constant inspiration to a better life. Bless thou our beloved Colonel, still with us, and preserve him long to us, the friend and father of the regiment. We commend to thy compassion our absent Major, broken in health at home, whose thoughts turn here to-day. Abundantly sustain him with thy grace, and grant him at last an entrance to thy heavenly home. And may thy strength and peace be given to our great commander, who now calmly meets the enemy so often found upon the battle-field. Smooth, thou, his pathway into the valley of the shadow, and bring him safely to that land where war is heard, and seen, no more.

Once more we praise thee for thy blessings that have come from those days of sacrifice, of high resolve and endeavor. We thank thee for our mothers and wives and sisters, whose

words and deeds of self-denial so cheered us in those stormy days, and that so many of them are here to-day. God bless them all. Bless thou our children, and when they and their childrens's children shall hereafter visit this consecrated spot, may they gather here a new inspiration for the duties of life, a freer spirit of patriotism and a higher consecration to the cause of Freedom, Truth and Righteousness in the earth. Guide thou our steps through life's remaining journey and as, one by one, we pass away from these scenes of earth, receive us to dwell with thee forever. Hear thou our prayer in His name who loved us and gave Himself for us –Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The presentation of the tablet to the regiment was then made by Capt. S. E. Chaffee, Co. B, who, having been confined to his bed during the previous 24 hours, was only present by the exercise of the most invincible determination to fulfill the duty assigned him. Nevertheless, though scarcely able to stand, the gallant captain acquitted himself handsomely in the following words, which were enthusiastically cheered:

THE PRESENTATION.

Col. Wooster :—The committee appointed at the last reunion of this regiment to procure and erect upon the battlefield of Gettysburg a memorial tablet, in commemoration of the services of the 20th Regt. Conn. Vols., in the battle of July, 1863, have performed their duty, and in a manner that they hope may meet the approval of all the members of the regiment, and as a member of that committee I have been requested to transfer the same to the regiment through you as chairman of this meeting. The committee have taken for this tablet, as seemed most appropriate and fitting, Connecticut granite, designed and fashioned by Connecticut hands, and have placed it here upon this spot that marks the place where, on that fearful day in July, the cool Northern blood hurled

back the challenge of their hot Southern foe, saying, "we came here by orders of our superiors, and we go not back but by the same authority," and they went not back, as they went not back from any field. And because they went not back did they help to give victory to the Union army; by and through their undaunted courage are we permitted to come here this day to engage in these, to us, interesting services. Now, while I am not here to tell of the deeds of valor performed upon this field, or any other, by this regiment, (other and abler tongues than mine are here to do this), yet standing upon this spot made memorable in the history of our country by having been the scene of one of the greatest battles the world has ever known, made holy and sacred ground to us by its having been baptized with the rich warm blood of those we knew and loved so well in life.

I trust I may be permitted to give you one of the many thoughts that come crowding upon the brain as we stand here amid these, to us, holy surroundings, and that thought takes the direction of the lesson to be taught by the ceremonies for which we have gathered here from all our various homes. All war is not honorable. The taking of human lives in battle is only justifiable when done in the defence of some great principle, or in the undoing and righting of some great wrong. Now we are of the household of faith who believe that those who fought and fell in the defense of the Union, were eternally right, that they fell in the defense of the greatest principle, and in the noblest cause that ever engaged the services of any men; and thus believing, and desiring to teach all that shall come after us that it is our duty thus to do, do we, all over the land, rear monuments, and here all along these lines do we erect these tablets that all who come here may learn the lesson, and that our children when they visit this place in after years may here "find sermons in stones," and here, having the story told to them, as they will, at what a fearful cost was liberty maintained to them, shall vow unto the God of nations that what was so dearly bought shall not be lightly lost, and thus shall loyalty, love of country, and patriotism sink deep into their heart of hearts, and they will teach it to their

children that they may be able to hand down the government to their posterity, as we do to them, better, purer, freer than it was received. Thus will they help to perpetuate free government. This seems to me to be the lesson taught by these services. Any less object is not worthy of our efforts. Our beloved dead, whose memories are very dear to us, do not need monuments. They have earned and received their reward. Their bodies are resting, oh so quietly, but we thank God for the faith that tells us that their souls are marching on

Less than this I could not say. Much more could be said, but for my feeble condition. And now, Colonel, let me say to you that the task assigned me has been rendered peculiarly pleasant and easy by the fact that I am to transfer to your hands this tablet, affording us as it does an opportunity to pay a well merited tribute. For while knowing the rank and file of the 20th Regiment as well as I do, I am not prepared to say they would not have performed their full duty, under any man fit to command them, yet it is not for you or me to know how far your unexcelled bravery, your undaunted courage, your cool soldiery bearing, contributed to their success, upon this field on that day. But this much I can say: the commander was worthy of his command, as the command was of him. And I know of no greater compliment that I could pay to either party. But for this other work for which we have gathered here to-day, which, from its conception to its completion, the largest part of it, as we of the committee well know, has been performed by you, and performed under the most distressing and harrassing circumstances, for this, and not alone for this, but for your unswerving fidelity to the principles for which we fought, and our comrades fell, from 1861 until this present moment, you have earned, and I am sure will receive, the hearty thanks of all the survivors of this regiment. These thanks and an approving conscience must be your reward.

Now, nothing remains for me to do but to transfer this tablet to you, to be by you disposed of in accordance with the rules of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, which I now do; and with it the earnest, heartfelt hope that it may stand for cen-

turies, as one among all these silent teachers to millions yet unborn, of the duty of patriotism, loyalty, and love of country I close with the prayer breathed in the lines of that hymn we have sung so often and love so well, in which I am sure all patriot hearts will join :

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King."

Following the presentation came the oration by Chaplain Stevens, 14th Conn. Vols., which was given in so tender and feeling a manner as to call forth many a tear upon the cheeks of his listeners, and at the close a generous plaudit.

THE ORATION.

Comrades of the Twentieth Connecticut, you are to be congratulated to-day. Congratulated that so many have survived and have been able to meet and clasp hands on this memorable field where once you "touched elbows" in the fierce battle. Congratulated that you have brought your monument enterprise to a successful issue, and can now dedicate, here, a beautiful and becoming tablet to the commemoration of your history and deeds, as soldiers of the Union, and to the remembrance of your comradeswho fell.

Men of the Twentieth, what would you take to day for your investment in Gettysburg? If it were told you that such stock was in demand, and that bidders stood ready to offer fabulous prices for yours, if you would throw it on the market, at what sum would you value your investment? Would you throw it on the market? I do not mean your investment in this costly and elegant stone, nor your expensive trip to this place nor any nor all the cost and care of your present enterprise, but the right you have to say, we were at Gettysburg, and were of the force that there, in Union blue, met in battle shock the armed hosts of treason, and beat them back, and saved the

nation. At what price would you part with this right, and the right to put this monument, with its inscriptive, heroic legends on this spot, and be henceforth as though you had borne no part in the glorious, redeeming struggle, enacted here, and were never again to be named in connection with it? At no price, I trow, would you part with it, for it is your crowning glory, and the renown of it is your inestimable reward for your soldier heroism and sacrifice. Gettysburg belongs to the nation, her glory and pride, and it is peculiarly the pride of the North, for here it shall forever be attested what the sturdy Northmen could do, when their hearts were thoroughly aroused by the spirit of patriotism, and their arms nerved by a purpose to conquer, since here the cool, hardy, determined sons of the North met the Southrons in their wildest frenzy and beat them.

It was your good fortune to be at Gettysburg, to participate in the tremendous struggle here. That man may now account himself fortunate who bore, in arms, any part in baffling the treasonable efforts to disrupt our nation. "I'd give," said a man in Washington, as he viewed a line of Union veterans marching past, "one thousand dollars for the right to march in that column!" And there was one poor man in that column who would not have bartered his right for many times that sum. And yet, while men fought with splendid valor on hundreds of fields, and secured great victories, those who could not inscribe "Gettysburg" on their colors might almost be regarded unfortunate. Said a comrade in the office with me, a member of one of the earliest regiments of the war, having fought through the Peninsula campaign and until the end of the war: "One thing I have always regretted—that my regiment was not at Gettysburg."

Here the hosts of treason's armed force were the mightiest, the most elated, the best prepared, the most desperate, and determined; they seemed to have the most at stake, and expected the best results from success if won—and here that force received a baffling and a shock the most humiliating and hurtful.

Comrades, you were patriot soldiers. That meant much

twenty-two or twenty-four years ago. It is not surprising that the men of the South were earnest when committed to their project of establishing a separate government. The great glory of a new country, and the luring hope of places of power, emolument and notoriety in connection with its government, were intensely attractive to them—to say nothing of the burning desire of many, induced by their bitter hate of the North, to be forever free from obligation to associate with us as of the same people. Often, when looking upon Arlington Mansion from Capitol Hill at Washington, we have thought of the dreams Lee may have had, through the days of the war, that at some time he should, from the porch of his mansion, gaze upon our fair Capital just across the Potomac, the Capital of a foreign nation, while at his back would be a new nation, with a people excessively proud of their identity as a separate government, and idolizing him as the great leader through whom they had secured their freeing from the irksome bonds of the old Union. So from the highest position of State official down through all military ranks to the private soldier, were cherished wild dreams and hope of glory, and power, and prospect of being hailed, through all their days, as their country's heroes and deliverers.

Not so with our Northern men. They would say, what do we want more than we already have? We have prosperity and wealth, and every good thing, and our nation is a power in the world! why should we engage in bloody, terrible war? Why should we cease our prosperous labor, leave our good homes, with their choice comforts, and the darlings of our households, and go to the dreadful soldier life, with its vigils, its toilsome, dreary marches, its fatal exposures, its deadly strifes? We would not take the life of a fellow, nor would we expose our own to needless dangers. We should be as well off, with the South a separate people. We should sell them as many of our wares, and should, personally, lose nothing by their separation from us. And so, there seemed no personal, selfish motive to contend with the rebellious people. But the country called. Father Abraham reached out his hand and beckoned you to rally and save the Union! Called on you to sustain the gov-

ernment, founded and fostered by your illustrious ancestors, and fulfil the pledges you implicitly made when you received the right of freemen. Thus the fires of patriotism began to burn in your souls and the dross of selfishness was consumed away.

With little to gain for themselves, but much to lose and to suffer, Northern men arose and laying aside their chosen, peaceful avocations, bidding good-bye, (with many of them it was a farewell!) to homes and loved ones, to ease and comforts, stepped into the arena of bloody strife. Where men contend for principle, when unselfish patriotism intelligently and with heaven recorded oath, confronts selfish, arrogant treason, there can be but one result—unless God should yet forget his world. The treason may drive with fierce fury, but the consecrated patriotism will meet the onslaught, and pass on undaunted and unyielding to final victory. This was demonstrated at Gettysburg. Never did our enemy make such desperate, mighty attacks as at the great battle here. At no time could the Union braves evince more unyielding devotion to their cause. All were ready to perish here rather than let the country suffer defeat. While the struggle was the maddest at the left, on the afternoon of the 2nd, and the wounded from the wheat field, the peach orchard and Round Top were coming or being borne back in streams, I was on the rim of the conflict, helping to care for our mangled and shattered ones. Anxiously we asked of some, just out of the horrible vortex, whether our men could be depended on to stand, and one whose face was gashed by shell and covered with blood, spoke out earnestly, while his eyes gleamed with gratification: "I never saw our men fight so! Not a man will yield to-day; they cannot be conquered!"

As to each individual, his own history is of first importance, so to each regiment its own history is the most dear. Comrades of the Twentieth, you have a splendid history to claim and to cherish. Yours was no holiday experience. Enlisted to serve the country and fight, and sworn in to do what you enlisted for, you did fight and did serve your country, and that well. From the day, September 11, 1862, when you started for

Washington, 981 strong, to the day of your muster-out, June, 13, 1865, two and three-fourths long years, you acquitted yourselves in a manner of which you, and your good old state, may well be proud. And the other Connecticut regiments are proud of you. I speak surely for one of them. By a good fortune you were not called immediately into battle, as were some of the Connecticut regiments, so that when you went into your first engagement, Chancellorsville, May, 1863, your fall and winter's drill and picket duty had proof of their efficiency. When attacked by a strong charging force in front, you were not frightened nor rattled, did not cower behind your breastworks, nor fly the field, and the telling volley you gave the enemy, at close quarters, proved the coolness of your brains and the steadiness of your nerves; and the way in which you staid by your defences, even when a strong body rushed up to them, and over them, showed that the mettle of the true soldier was in you; and the fact that so many of you were taken prisoners, demonstrated that you were unwilling to retreat even when old soldiers would have advised it. Twenty-seven killed, sixty-two wounded, and one hundred and eight prisoners, all in battle, is no small offering for a first engagement.

Chancellorsville made you veterans, and admirably prepared you for Gettysburg. When you came here, the duties required of the tried soldier were imposed on you; and I do not see how any veterans could have performed them better. You are ready to ascribe a large part of the credit, due your regiment, to your brave commander, and I am with you there. What with fighting, and moving, as emergency reinforcements, they kept you busy here; moving you into various positions, from your arrival, about mid-day of the 1st of July, and on the 2d and 3d, and employing you on the hottest part of the skirmish line, and in charges upon the enemy, you were taxed about all your stout hearts and good New England muscles could bear. When, on the night of the 2d, you returned here from the far left, whither you had been hurried to reinforce, when the battle waged terrific and doubtful there, you found your old position occupied by some who intimated pretty emphatically that they meant to keep you out, you were somewhat in the condition of

the man who, on returning home late from convivial indulgences, discovered his house locked against him, and his spouse and all her friends holding guard.

Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, with its four large brigades, dashing mightily, but in vain, against Greene's troops defending yonder rocky slope, moving to the left, found here your vacated works, and without consulting you at all upon the matter, stepped in, barring you out. Not very cheerfully, but a little gritty withal, did you retire to the corn field near the Baltimore pike, to spend the night, but it was the part of prudence. Some funny things happened that night—as when you found yourselves associating with men in gray and butternut, at that famous spring below. But there is not much that is amusing in whistling bullets, and a strong enemy in your immediate front, saying we have come to stay. Our artillery prepared a dose for the intruders, and at daylight on the 3d, began to deal it out to them, without stint. Over your heads they sent their showers of hurtling, shrieking missiles, as they tried to shell the "Johnnies" out, not without some havoc to your ranks by shells that fell short.*

So serious, indeed, became your danger from this source, that your exasperated commander, Colonel Wooster, sent word to the batterymen that, if it was allowed to continue, he would turn the regiment on them. He was just the man to keep his word, and you were just the boys to execute his threat. Soon you were brought into action, and for five or six long hours were engaged in skirmishing, at short range, and charging over the rough, wooded hillside, with men dropping, dropping all the time, until the enemy, though holding on with dogged pertinacity, as though the fate of the Confederacy depende on their keeping the place, and reinforced by four additional brigades, sullenly retired, all rent and depleted, and the "Boys in Blue" had their own again. You can glory, my comrades, in having performed an important part in the engagement of Culp's Hill, accounted one of the most terrific and sanguinary actions of the great battle.

*NOTE.—Private Geo. W. Warner, of Co. B, lost both arms by the bursting of a shell from one of our batteries in the rear of the regiment.

On a ridge yonder, about one mile away, near the middle of the long battle line of our army, was a little Connecticut regiment, the old Fourteenth,* whose men heard the sounds of your prolonged conflict, and had they known that the guns of the Twentieth boys were speaking in those volleys, they would have felt a more solicitous interest. They had business enough of their own on hand all that morning, and just at the hour when you were rejoicing over your success in reoccupying your works, they were launched out upon one of the most daring and brilliant acts of their eventful experience. When they were meeting, with iron nerve, the advancing hosts of Longstreet in that unprecedented charge, in the afternoon of that same day, it would have added to their confidence had they known that the gallant comrades of the Twentieth had come up behind them, just over the hill, ready to help them out if they were likely to be worsted. I believe that, had the Rebs passed us on the ridge that afternoon, you would have given them the finishing touch.

After Gettysburg, came the pursuit of Lee, then the campaigning in Virginia, down to the Rappahannock, and toward the Rapidan. Then, on one fine September day, the cars picked you up and bore you away to another field. We saw you when departing from us, and wondered where you were to go, and when we heard of your destination, and what you were doing, we almost envied you. You escaped the subsequent rough work of the Army of the Potomac, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg etc. (You missed glorious Appomattox, however!) But your record attests that you had no hey-day time. Lookout Valley, Tracy City, Boyd's Trail, Resacca, Cassville, bloody Peach Tree Creek, and Atlanta, tell the brave story. Connecticut in Tennessee and Georgia, was what Connecticut had been in Virginia and Pennsylvania.

Then came the wonderful "March to the sea," when "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys" astonished the South and the

*NOTE.—The speaker was here interrupted, while three rousing cheers were given for the Fourteenth Connecticut. He thanked the comrades for the cheers for the Fourteenth's men—said the latter were worthy of them. They were grand men.

whole world. Savannah followed, and the march northward, with Charleston, Silver Run, Averysboro' and Bentonville, to add to your good battle record. Then, late in April, 1865, came the surrender of the enemy in your front (Johnston's army), and your joy and shouting were prolonged and sincere. With the battle fought the victory won, you, with the lightest of hearts, as those of brave men who had done their duty, started on your last tramp, not as fighters, but for muster-out, singing in your hearts all the time, "Home! Home! sweet, sweet home!"

Your course, men of the Twentieth, was an eventful, almost romantic, one. Only with the best of natural locomotive organs, could you have made your many long marches, and only with the firmest of hearts could you have kept on unmurmuringly during all your hardships and risks. Your Commander, in his last report from the field, says of the last campaign: "The regiment has marched more than 500 miles, destroyed miles of rail road tracks, and engaged in corduroying the roads almost daily, in mud and rain. * * * * * * The men have endured cold and wet, hunger and fatigue. Poorly supplied with clothing at the commencement of the campaign, many of them, before its termination, had become almost naked and entirely barefooted, yet, like veterans as they were, never complaining nor repining, constantly was kept in view but one object—success." Such were the men that saved the Union, in which both North and South glory now; and such were you, my comrades,—and ye have no shame for it to day!

And now, veterans of the Twentieth, after many intervening years of industrious, peaceful life, with your redeemed country prosperous beyond measure, you have, to gratify the longings of your hearts, come to visit the scenes of your long-ago soldier experiences. Towards all the places where your warrior days were spent, your memories have turned with unquenchable desire to see them again, but probably to no other as to this spot, for Gettysburg is, and must be, exceptional. You place here, to hold eternal vigil in your name, your honorable tablet. It is to you a holy thing, a sacred stone. In a far away

country there is in a temple a stone deemed sacred, and devotees have worn it with their lips in fervid, reverential kisses. There is a statue of a person regarded so sacred, so exalted in character, that hands and feet have been worn deeply by the kisses of devout admirers. This is your holy stone. It represents life-blood—the blood of your comrades who fell, and your own, that was surrendered to your country. It represents years of hardest soldier fare, suffering and sacrifice, long and exhausting marches, hunger, and thirst, and pain, and burning fever, and longings, unutterable longings, for home; the lonely and perilous picket duty at night, and the skirmish by day, the fierce charge and the resolute defense, the sad havoc of battle, and the bitter cup of disappointment sometimes tasted, the heart achings and woe of those left at home, and the enduring, marvelously tender ties of helpful comradeship formed in the bivouac and crucible of war; and victory, too, sure and permanent, to the cause you espoused—all these, and more, it represents. You will not be deemed unmanly, then, if you lay your hands upon it in fond caressings, or press your lips to it lovingly, when you bid it good-bye.

And O, stone! stone! massive of proportions and beautiful of workmanship, dear to the hearts of these brave, loyal men, stand thou here upon thy rocky base, that when these war-worn veterans, whose Mecca thou art henceforth to be, shall have returned to their distant homes, they may think of thee as holding on this consecrated ground their place, and telling from the heroic legends writ on thee their own story! And when, one by one, they shall have passed away and the glowing sun of day, and the milder stars by night, shall light up their honored graves, do thou, for ages on, fulfill the sacred trust now committed to thee, and relate, that none may ever doubt, how men would endure, and die, that our Union might be preserved!

Next in order upon the programme came the delivery of a poem entitled "Gettysburg," by John W. Storrs, to which excellent attention was given and the most hearty approval of its prevailing charitable sentiment:

THE POEM.

All the world over, a wonder of men is this land of ours,—
From the sands of the broad Atlantic, to the blue Pacific shores!
With millions of sovreign rulers, but never a kingly crown:
A sceptre without a subject,—a kingdom without a throne.

But lately, dispersed and scattered, 'neath the ban of a thousand ills,
To-day, are we banded together, like a flock in a pass of the hills.
The sword hath returned to its scabbard; the tempests of passion are stilled,
And, with sorrow, or pity, we cover the graves of the men that were killed.

Was it destiny's hand that led us along on the darkened way?
Or the wonderful gods of the old time, revived to our later day?
They tell me—I know not how truly,—of One that was sitting the throne,
And, back of the clouds and the darkness, that guided and led His own.

In the lands that are over the ocean, the many are of the poor;
And the few are the lords and ladies, who stand at the cabin door,—
Like brigands, to throttle the toiler, and, under the law demand—
At the risk of the dread distrainer, the wage of his calloused hand.

But here, in this land of freedom,—this side of the briny wave
Where none are, of right, the master; and none by the law, a slave,
The earth is the toiler's birthright, whose generous barns to fill,
The harvest is only stinted, by the land he may choose to till.

And yet, until armed rebellion had builded, with evil hand,
Higher, and broader, and better than ever it thought or planned,
The flag of our boasted freedom, uplifted toward the sky,
To be scouted, and jeered by the nations as a snare, and a pitiful lie!

To be held as the shield of a system, that (pandering to the greed
Of a master who gathered the harvest, where never he sowed a seed),
Discouraged all manly endeavor ;—hurled modesty from her throne;
And set up for sale, in the shambles, the bond woman's child, and his own.

Yet, for us, that have dwelt in the northland, and back of that troubled line
Where the children of men, as chattels were hovelled, and fed, like swine;—
For us it were better, in kindness, to speak of the men that sleep,
Unshrived, in the Rebel trenches,—where "Rachel" comes never to weep,

As men, and with lives as precious as any that, under the sky,
From out of our loyal armies, laid down for their flag to die.
In their veins run the blood of the martyrs; for their "cause," with a faith as strong
As our own, did they pray for a blessing; but they prayed on the side of wrong.

* * * * * *

Gettysburg! embalmed, and forever, on the records of glory, and fame!
As the Mecca of freedom, how truly, to-day, do we hallow thy name!

In history, song, and in story, the theme of our proudest breath!
Gettysburg! alas, to how many, the "valley and shadow of death!"

Back, goes the hand on the dial. Again are they mountains of green,
Calm browed, to th' sunlight uplifting; while, nearer at hand, are seen,—
So soon to become historic, and bearing immortal name,—
The hillocks, that simply are hillocks, unknown to story or fame.

* * * * * *

Our march is through valleys of shadow,—through fire, and the raging flood:
Under clouds, that are heavy with sorrow; over paths, that are red with blood.
The heart of all hope, within us, giveth way to the gloom of doubt;
And the sunshine of fortune, forever, is seemingly driven out.

The timorous souls of the northland, dismayed at the swarming foe,
Exclaim, with mistaken Greeley, "Let the erring sisters go!"
While the wolves of secession, boldly—though sporting a loyal fleece,
Are lifting their snarling voices, for peace, "at any price, peace."

In the South—and because of its prowess—deserving a better cause,
Rebellion, as revolution, is winning itself applause:
No longer upon the defensive, its legions are pouring forth,
Boldly, and over the mountains, and into the loyal North.

At his post is the sturdy Lincoln, with heart that is strong and true;
"With malice tow'rd none," his duty, determined to know, and do:

At the front, are the loyal armies to strengthen his good right arm,
With hand on the half drawn sabre, and face to the coming storm.

There's a hush, as before the tempest. At last, upon freedom's soil,
Firesides and homes, invaded, are given to ruthless spoil.
On to the farther cities! Is the cry of the rampant foe;
On to the rich plantations, where the plenteous harvests grow.

Like the track of some mighty serpent, through the valleys fair, and wide,
A desolate path, and blackened, is left by the martial tide;
Until comes the hasty tidings that Hooker is on the trail,
And the serpent's head turns backward, to care for its trodden tail.

Than to raid defenceless farmers, there is other business now!
The Northmen, swarm the hilltops, and over the valleys low:
Back, from the distant mountains, and over the valley farms,
Is echoed the boom of cannon—the rattle of smaller arms.

Quick through the startled village, comes the sound of the charger's heel:
The shouts of the flying horsemen—the flash, and the crash of steel!
"On!" shout the loyal chieftains. "On!" cry the raiding foe!
A shell, from the hilltop, bursting—the horse, and his rider, are low.

Like the whirl of a mighty tempest, on the far outlying track,
The charge of the Rebel horsemen, send the Union troopers back,
For the time, at least, defeated. And, over the frightened town,
The stars and the bars, triumphant, are seen, as the sun goes down.

* * * * * *

Oh, terrible day of slaughter! Breathless and heated night!
Sleep thee, poor wearied soldier, forgetful of death, and th' fight;
Dream of thy home in the Northland! Dream of thy home in the South!
But the morrow—great God, with the morrow,—the sword, and the cannon's mouth!

The day opens hot, and sultry. The dead have a hasty grave.
From the heights of the hills, surrounding, the menacing banners wave.
Opposing chiefs, swift mounted, are hurrying to and fro,—
Or signaling, from their stations, to the men in the fields below.

At length, th' ill-omened silence is broken, and through the vale,
Over orchard, and field, and meadow, Death rides on his charger pale.
Men, that the morning gathered, in ranks, like the standing grain,
Swept by the reaping sickle, by thousands, are with the slain.

Torn by the belching cannon—rent by the whirling tide.
Gaps, in the serried columns, are opened, deep, and wide;
Out from behind the fences—like hail in a summer's storm—
And down from the crippled tree tops, the leaden demons swarm.

Now are the stars triumphant; and now are they trailing low:
Equal the men in courage—each hath a worthy foe.
Many the deeds of valor—yet, over the troubled town
The bars of the South, defiant, are seen as the sun goes down.

* * * * * *

It is midnight, and after the battle. There is silence on hill and plain,—
The air hath the stench of powder:—in the field is the trampled grain.

There are riderless steeds, and ghastly,—struck down by exploding shell !
And caissons, and cannon, dismounted by the fiends of the battle hell.

Around, are the stiffened corpses of warriors, stark, and cold,—
Mangled by shot, or sabre—out-stretched on the trodden mold.
Yonder, a frozen horror is fixed on an upward face!—
And hither, in seeming marble, a smile, as it were, of peace.

Quickly, the dead are gathered into shallow trenches, made
By hands that may claim, to morrow, the charity of the spade ;
No time for the priestly office ;—no time for a dropping tear ;
The brute is the ruling passion, and death but the business here.

Night, with her shadowy mantle, hath covered the bloody field :
Still, to the warring chieftain, is the verdict unrevealed.
The cause that the gray upholdeth ;—the cause of the loyal blue,
Hang as in trembling ballance. God, help the right and true !

* * * * * *

Ere the morning sun, uprising, hath reddened the eastern sky,
Already have spoken the echoes, to the duelling guns, reply :
Already, from homesick dreaming, but a moment since, awoke,
Have men, with their ended glory, gone down in the battle smoke.

Hand against hand, and bloody ! Life against brother's life,—
Away to the right, the armies are waging a deadly strife ;
The stake but a worthless hilltop, and yet upon which may turn
The fortunes of swarthy millions,—of people yet unborn.

Trenched, at the top, the Southron, with many a bloody round,
Shouting his bold defiance, defendeth his vantage ground ;
" Forward !" The cry of Wooster resoundeth afar, until

The sons of the South are routed, and "The Twentieth" hold
the hill.

At the left, on the eastern hilltops, is the hush, as before a
storm.
The cannon are massed together, and round them the gunners
swarm.
Down from the western summits descending, the men of gray—
With Pickett, the brave, to lead them, are hurrying to the fray!

Quick, and from throats of iron, a hundred or more, upcurls
The smoke, as on murderous errand, the shot through the
valley whirls.
(Proud, though was "Balaklava," and gallant the "Light
Brigade,"
Here, by the twice ten thousand, are heroes, and prouder
made).

Upward they climb the hillside! Many a bloody gap
Opens along the squadrons, swept by the swarming grape!
Heads that are gray, and grizzled, and heads that are fair, and
brown,
Together, like rubbish merely, for a bullet shield are thrown.

Man unto man the battle! Ghastly the victims lie
Dead, with the lips yet parted, and warm with the battle cry!
But why should be here repeated, the scenes of those trying
hours?
Death by the flash of sabre; and death that was rained in
showers!

The yell of the charging horsemen. The defence, and the
mercy prayer!
The hopes that were quenched forever—the joys that were
ended there!
Enough, that we may be thankful that over the storied town,
The banner of stars, triumphant, was seen as the sun went
down.

* * * * * *

To the men of the mad rebellion, the moment is now supreme:
The dawn of a day of sorrow—the start from an ending dream.
Up, like a whirling tempest, they came on destructive path;
Backward they whirl, and wailing, like a wind that hath spent
its wrath.

On, to the crash of thunder, through the darkness, mad, and
blind!
On, to the blue Potomac, with the glory all behind.
Over, with trailing banners, through the cleaving waves they
go,
Leaving their dead, by thousands, to the charity of the foe.

Alas! with those silent "thousands" comes the thought of
the fatherless ones,
To whom went the tidings of slaughter, from the mouths of
our hideous guns!
And I wonder why so it is ordered, up the calvary heights of
time,
That, with thorns, and with heavy crosses, must the innocent
martyr climb?

* * * * * *

Gettysburgh! Proud of thy story, and proud of thy wonderful
hills;
No longer, in all of thy borders, is the sound of the shot that
kills.
No more through thy mountain passes, thy pastures, and over
the lea,
Do thy streamlets, and red with slaughter, go hurrying to the
sea.

But yester, unknown, unheard of, to-day, as a central shrine,
Whereto it may come for worship, the heart of the world is
thine.
E'en the pebbles upon this hilltop, once trod by the warrior
bold,—

More precious becomes, forever, because of their stories told,
Of the terrible day of conflict, when, up from the vale below
Came surging the men of the Northland, and routing the Rebel foe.

To-day, on this battled hilltop—as a sentry upon his guard,—
Surrounded by earth defences, and trees that are battle scarred,
This rock of the staunch New England, we place, as in line to hold
The ground, and to fame, forever, so gallantly won of old.

Kindly, Oh Time, defend it, from all that hath powerto harm,—
The frost with its crumbling forces,—the hammer of sun, and storm;
So that, with undying splendor, on the pages of truth, sublime,
Shall the deeds of its heroes, and proudly, be told to all coming time:—

Of the heroes, whose grand devotion out-stood like a granite rock,
In the midst of contending waters, defying the tempest shock,—
And hurling the billows backward, until, with the ending wars,
Undimmed, to the world, uplifted the flag of the stripes, and stars.

Following the poem came the delivery of the tablet to the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, in a touching and impressive address, which, it is to be regretted, the Colonel could not be induced afterwards to write out. D. A. Buehler, Vice-President of the Association, received the gift in an excellent speech, which was cheered to the echo, as was also that of Colonel Wooster, preceeding it.

Colonel Wooster read several letters from invited guests, who were unable to be present, among them letters from

Senators Hawley and Platt, Gov. Harrison, Gen. Cogswell, and others, after which the exercises closed with the singing of the doxology "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc., and the benediction, by Comrade McWhinnie, as follows:

THE BENEDICTION.

"The Lord bless us and keep us. The Lord lift up His countenance upon us and be gracious unto us. The Lord make His face to shine upon us, and give us peace. And may the blessing of God our Father, the communion of the Holy Spirit, and the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us, every one, forever. Amen."

Immediately after the close of the platform exercises the entire company were gathered about the tablet, and were photographed by W. H. Tipton, the "battle-field photographer," in a very satisfactory manner.

The tablet is in style what is technically called a sarcophagus. It measures in length of base 6 feet 9 inches, by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and is a little over 7 feet high. It was cut by Comrade William Curtiss, of the firm of Curtiss & Hughes, Stratford, from Niantic granite. The inscriptions are to-wit: On the north, "Killed and wounded at Gettysburg, 27; total killed, and died of wounds, 90; died from other causes, 77; wounded, 201; disabled and discharged, 264; prisoners, 125." On the east is to be seen the corps badge, which is a pointed star. Beneath this on the die is the Connecticut State arms. On the base, in large polished letters, "20th Connecticut Vols." On the west is the following: "20th Connecticut Vols., Wm. B. Wooster, Lieu-

tenant Colonel, Commanding 1st Brig., 1st Div., 12th A. C. The brigade formed on this line on the morning of July 2d. At evening it went to support the left of the army. Returning, it found the position and the woods in the rear occupied by Johnson's division of Early's corps. During the night it lay in line of battle. At dawn it advanced under cover of artillery, and fought five hours, driving the enemy and recovering the works. Was relieved by 123d New York on the afternoon, and moved to support the 2d corps against Longstreet's attack. This regiment went from Virginia with the 12th Army Corps to the Army of the Cumberland, and marched with General Sherman to the sea." On the south is a list of fourteen battles in which the regiment participated.

The party returned to the hotel about 2 o'clock, the balance of the day being devoted to short walks and long ones to the minor points of interest not reached on the previous day. At 8 o'clock all hands were piped to quarters by the whistle of the locomotive, and a start was made for home, where arrival was made on the next morning, 8 o'clock, train.

Every person participating in this grand excursion to the scene of the greatest battle of modern times express themselves in terms of unbounded satisfaction.

Pages could be written of the wonderful things seen about this old Dutch town, now and forevermore the Mecca, not only of the patriotic American, but, in the great future, of the tourist from foreign lands. During the summer, almost every day brings its company of Union soldiers, and others,

from the surrounding towns, on business excursions connected with the grounds, or for pleasure. And all are made welcome. They bring life to the old town, as well as dollars. The streets are full of boys and girls with relics of the battle, of which every ploughing season or heavy rain yields its harvest. Bullets, grape shot, broken shells, or solid shot, are found in abundance. The rail fences and trees are full of them. Some of the houses show them in the walls. Belt-clasps, bayonets, and, sometimes even, human bones are turned over by the plough-share in the spring. From these things the Gettysburg youth turn many an honest penny.

Before the close of the regular exercises on Culp's Hill, it was voted to send the following telegram to Gen. Grant:

GETTYSBURG, PENN., July 3.

To Gen U. S. Grant, Mt. McGregor, N.Y.

The 20th Conn. vols. on the battlefield of Gettysburg have directed me to transmit the following.

Resolved, that our hearts respond, from this battlefield, in sympathy to our great commander in his suffering; and they earnestly hope that his days may be many, his pains few, and his example of patriotism heeded, while time shall last.

WM. B. WOOSTER.

To which the following reply was received just before the train left Gettysburg:

MT. MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 3.

To Wm. B. Wooster, Gettysburg, Penn.

Thank the 20th Conn. for remembering me on this day.

U. S. GRANT.

The remainder of the time was spent in going over the ground, in little groups, examining the locations, and searching for relics. Every moment of the two days was full of

interest. Old soldiers seemed to live over again their fighting days, and those who had not been soldiers became most enthusiastic students of the battle.

As the visitor looked down over the peaceful scene where the reapers were now at work, and the new mown hay lay fresh and fragrant in the field, it was difficult to realize that, right there, had been fought a battle equal in magnitude to that of Waterloo. The excursionists left Gettysburg at 8 o'clock on Friday evening, arriving in New York at 4 o'clock next morning, thankful, not only to Col. Wooster, but to all of his committee, for the tireless energy, and the perfectness of detail, by which everybody's comfort was provided for.

From the *Derby Transcript's* correspondent, accompanying the expedition, also, the following is interesting as describing the shape and extent of the Union line, which, by reference to the accompanying map, can be clearly understood. Says the correspondent:

The line of the second, and third days' fight was shaped like a fish-hook, the long arm beginning at Round Top, a high, rocky, and thickly wooded hill about three miles south of the village of Gettysburg. Thence it runs about north, in a nearly straight line across Little Round Top, along Cemetery Ridge to Cemetery Hill, just south of the town. There it runs sharply to the right, rising in a southeasterly direction around to Culp's Hill, having a rocky front to the east, and well wooded. Along Culp's Hill the Confederates made a desperate attempt to dislodge the Federal troops, and break in on the rear of the main line. On a portion of this line they made five charges, only to be repulsed with great loss. The position of the Twentieth was near the extreme right of Culp's Hill. On the 2nd of July, while the Union forces in front of Little Round Top were hard pressed, and the line was in danger of being broken, a portion

of the line, which included the Twentieth, holding Culp's Hill, was ordered across to re-enforce Sickles at Little Round Top and the wheat field near by, leaving the eastern part of the Culp's Hill line unprotected. The rebels in making the attack on the Culp's Hill line found this portion undefended and advanced over it and through the woods about a quarter of a mile, dangerously menacing the center of the Union lines in the rear. This was done at dusk and the darkness prevented a further advance. By the morning of the 3d the troops ordered away on the preceding day had returned to find their old line and the woods occupied by the Rebels in force.

At daybreak of the 3d, the Twentieth was ordered to drive the Rebels back, and occupy their old position. This was almost the only Union attack made during the battle. Aided by a battery, placed on a hill in the rear, they accomplished this, after five hours of severe fighting among the trees and rocks, up a gentle slope, ending by a furious charge which drove the Rebels over the entrenchments, and down the hill. This work was so effectually done that no further attempt was made by the Rebels in that direction. The site of the monument is on a large boulder near the intrenchments retaken by the Twentieth, and marks the extreme front of the Union line on that side.

NAMES OF THE EXCURSIONISTS.

Copied, as they have been, largely from lists made up on the return train, upon all sorts of scrap paper, and in very original railroad chirography, it is not unlikely that in the following list of names, as given, there may be found mistakes of omission, or of commission; though earnest effort has been made to make the list as accurate as possible. As far as could be ascertained, therefore, the names of the participants in this most delightful memorial occasion were as follows:

SOLDIERS AND THEIR SOLDIER GUESTS.

Geo. S. Allen, 8th C. V.
Abner Alling, 20th C. V.
Capt. J. H. Brewster, 5th C. V.
Chas. D. Alling, 1st Conn. Artillery.
E. J. Black, 20th C. V.
Capt. S. E. Chaffee, "
H. A. Alling, "
H. A. Cornwall, "
C. H. Dodge, 21st Mass.
J. B. Cotter, 20th C. V.
Lt. Arthur Boardman, "
W. L. Ames "
Samuel Bailey, "
Luther Barnes, "
L. J. Beebe, "
R. C. Beach, "
Randolph Cowles, "
W. C. Doolittle, "
Lewis P. Dunn, "
Capt. J. H. Doolittle, "
Thomas B. Davis, "
Geo. Fletcher, "
M. W. Frisbie, "
Timothy Guilford, "
P. H. Holsupple, "
John S. Hinman, 8th C. V.
L. V B. Hubbard, 20th C. V.
Frederick Wells, 25th C. V.
Geo. W. Homan, 20th C. V
A. C. Higgins, "
Jerome Johnson, "
Chas. H. Johnson, "
Joseph Hitchcock, "
Fred. Kelsey, "
H. P. Kingsbury, "
John Lewis, 7th C. V.
W. E. Latham, 20th C. V
J. M. McWhinnie, "
B. F. Pettibone, "
Aaron B. Peck, 27th C. V.
Sherman Paddock, 20th C. V.
W. Rudd, "
John E. R.——, "
Capt. James Spruce, "
B. H. Schofield, 5th N. Y.
S. S. Stocking, 20th C V.
Homer Stocking, "
Jesse H. Rice, "
Lt. Geo. W. Sherman, "
George Roberts, "
F. H. Smith, "
Capt. W. W. Smith, "
B. B. Thayer, 2d Artillery.
Col. Wm. B. Wooster, 20th C. V.
Geo. W. Warner, "
John Whitney, 2d Artillery.
Wm. Baldwin, 20th C. V.
Geo. W. Brown, 20th C. V.
Wm. H. Curtis, 17th C. V.
Henry G. Alling, 20th C. V.
E. L. Bryant, "
Frank A. Curtis, "
A. C. Austin, "
Geo. H. Cook, "
Geo. W. Bradley, "
Lt. N. B. Abbott, "
James A. Atwater, "
Levi Andrews, 7th C. V.
Chas. Bishop, 20th C. V.
F. W. Barnes, "
Lt. A. F. Barnes, "
Sam'l L. Bailey, "
Lt. Chas. H. Clark, "
W. H. Doolittle, "
G. B. Dyer, 1st Conn. Cav.
Geo. E. Ely, 59th N. Y.
Warren Fuller, 20th C. V.
Levi Jackson, 17th C. V.
G. L. Gilbert, 20th C V.
M. D. Hotchkiss, "
G. W. Homans, "
H. S. Grannis, "
Sam'l Harding, 25th C. V.
Geo. C. Hitchcock, 20th C. V.
F. W. Hubbell, "
Frank A. Hotchkiss, "
Thomas Judd, "
James V. Johnson, "
Chas. Hotchkiss, "
Jesse Moore, — C. V.
Geo. Keeler, — C. V.
Sam'l Miller, — C. V.
Levi Lampheer, 20th Mass.
Levi Johnson, 20th Mass.
Chas. H. ——, 20th C. V.
Asst. Sur. A.W. Phillips, 129th N.Y.
Horace Penfield, 20th C. V.
Edward Root, "
D. A. Somers, 14th C. V.
L. W. Robbins, 16th C. V.
G. A. Schofield, 17th C. V.
Chas. L. Sherman, 1st Conn. Cav.
Chas. E. Russell, 20th C. V.
N. S. Sherman, navy, N. Y.
Henry Rose, 20th C. V.
Wm. Sloan, "
Fred. A. Smith, "
Edwin Thrall, "
John C. Taylor, 1st C. V.
Thos. Worthington, 20th C. V.
Wm. Weed, "
Chas. L. Wright, 27th Mass.
W. S. W.——20th C. V.

CITIZEN GUESTS.

A. H. Bradley, New Haven, Ct.
J. H. Bailey, Boston, Mass.
S. H. Brooks, Brookdale, Ct.
L. F. Beebe, Waterbury, Ct.

D. M. Bassett, Birmingham, Ct.
W. H Crook, Ansonia, Ct.
Charles Alling, Waterbury, Ct.
Mrs. F. A. Curtis and dau., N. Haven.
H. P. Carter, Wolcott.
Benajah Beadle, Cheshire.
E. N. Botsford, New Haven.
Mrs. F. W. Barnes, Southington.
Edward Botsford, Seymour.
Judge L. Campbell, Southington.
Mrs. W. H. Doolittle, Cheshire.
J. H. DeMeefe, Middletown.
Henry Gilbert, Bethel Ct.
James Griffin, Waterbury.
Arthur B. Goodrich, Glastonbury.
E. L. Hanford, So. Norwalk.
E. B. Gager, Birmingham.
Lewis L. Guy, Seymour.
A. M. Hotchkiss, Cleveland, O.
R. J. Gladwin, } Higganum.
Mrs. R. J. Gladwin, }
R. B. Hull, Wolcott.
F. R. Hyde, Waterbury.
Alice M Judd, Southington.
Mrs Chas. H Johnson, Southington.
Thos. Kneen, Birmingham.
S. Augustus Moss, Cheshire.
Florie M. Latham, } New Britain.
Mrs. N. E Latham, }
Richard E. May, } Higganum, Ct.
Mrs. R. E. May, }
Samuel S. Morse, Cheshire.
L. G. Marshall, Plantsville.
J. W. Narramore, } Ansonia.
Mrs. J. W. Narramore, }
Gen. W.H.Noble and dau'r, Bridgep't.
Mrs. Jonah C. Platt, Ansonia.
Dr. J. H Osborn, Southington.
Horace Penfield, New Britain.
George Platt, } Milford.
Julia Platt, }
H. W. Stocking, Cornwall.
Chas. B. Spruce, } Waterbury.
Clifford J Spruce, }
Mrs. Chas. E. Russell, Forrestville.
John W. Storrs, } Birmingham.
Mrs. J W. Storrs, }
John B. Stone, Waterbury.
E. W. Twichell, Plantsville.
G. H. Weed, So. Norwalk.
Adna Woodruff, Southington.
Mrs. E. L. Bryant, Ansonia, Ct.
Miss Emily Clark, Ansonia, Ct.
Calvin Carter, Waterbury, Ct.
Mrs. H. A. Cornwall, Portland, Ct.
D. W. Cornwall, Portland, Ct.
Samuel H. Brooks, Cheshire.
A. H. Alling, Birmingham, Ct.
Lucien Burpee, Waterbury.
D. Beebe, New Haven.
H. B. Carter, Wolcott.
Rev. C. B. Ford, New Haven.
C. H. Dodge, ——.
Lewis Garrett. Seymour.
Arthur Griffin, New Haven.
Miss H. E. Goodrich, New Haven.
T. R. Hyde, Waterbury.
Roger S. Hinman, Seymour,
John A. Hull, Ansonia.
Mrs. Timothy Guilford Cheshire.
Rev. E. S. Gardner, Wolcott.
E. B. Hotchkiss, Plantsville.
Judge M. H. Holcomb, Southington.
Ransom Hull, Wolcott.
Mrs. Thos. Judd, Southington.
Mrs. Jas. V. Johnson, Southington.
Belle A. Kneen, Birmingham.
Mrs W R. Mott, Ansonia.
John Lines, Waterbury.
Mrs J. Moore and daughter, Shelton.
Thos. Murdock, Middletown.
J. M. Murdock, "
Mrs Fred. Kelsey, Portland.
Henry J. Merriman, Plantsville.
W. Paul, Derby.
W. N. Norris, So. Norwalk.
Stephan Neal, Southington.
Fred'k Paddock, Caldwell, N. Y.
Franklyn Payne, Portland.
Norman S. Platt. } Cheshire.
Mrs. N S. Platt, }
R. Y. Stevenson. Ansonia.
Mrs. Stevens, Ansonia.
Jennie L. Smith Cheshire.
Mrs Homer Stocking. Hiram, Ohio.
Francis H. Smith, } New Britain.
Mrs. F. H. Smith, }
H. W Stratton. Seymour.
Mrs. Edwin Thrall, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Darius Wilcox, Derby.
Fred. Mills, Glastonbury.
H. B. Wilcox, Portland.

BIOGRAPHIES.

Elsewhere has been printed the muster-roll of the 20th C. V., as it went from New Haven on that eventful September day of 1862, to battle for the cause of freedom, and of humanity. Of the character of these men, as soldiers, it is sufficient to point to their well-earned glorious record. But a soldier may be loyal, and brave, and yet be low in the scale of manhood. That the men of the 20th were marked for their elevated character, from first to last, is the testimony of all. And they were often complimented therefor. An instance of this is found in a letter directed to the "Col. commanding the 20th Reg. Conn. Vols.," and dated June 12th, 1863, from the Ordnance office, Army of the Potomac, asking for a detailed man to act as clerk, the writer saying: "I make this application, although a stranger to you, as your regiment appears to have an unusual number of educated men, and trust that you may spare one."

That posterity may know by what kind of men the regiment was officered, the author has thought proper to devote a few pages to short biographical sketches. To make this record complete, circulars were sent to every one of the

commissioned officers, or their survivors. That some have failed to make report is a matter for regret, as their personal record was in consequence thereby necessarily omitted.

The first, and only full, Colonel that the regiment ever had, was

SAMUEL ROSS,

Who, at the organization of the 20th, was a captain in the 4th Regular Infantry, and on detached service as general mustering officer for the state of Connecticut. Of Col. Ross, Captain A. E. Beardsley, of Company B., writes thus: —"As a mustering officer he had hardly an equal; the keenness with which he would scan a muster-roll was simply wonderful, his eye, invariably, striking the defective place (if any) as if directed by some outside mysterious power. Being an officer in the regular army, and having served in the Mexican war, Ross was not only thoroughly posted in army tactics, but he was equally familiar with all the tricks of the soldier. Had he have been less a soldier, and more of a civilian, his popularity with the regiment, at the outset, would no doubt have been greater.

Yet it was mainly due to the impression made upon the officers and men by Ross, in the early part of the service, that ultimately made the 20th Conn. one of the best regiments in the field. Being a keen observer of human nature, and quick in his preceptive faculties, Col. Ross was rarely mistaken in his judgment of the capacity of the officers and men under his command. And nothing would excite his displeasure, or create in him a dislike, quicker than stu-

pidity. This, to him, was almost unbearable. Though sometimes rough, and arbitrary in his manner, yet he was noble hearted, and no colonel was ever prouder of his command than was Ross of the old 20th. And he would resent any wrong or insult offered to the regiment as quickly, and pursue it as tenaciously, as if offered to himself personally. Whatever else may be said for, or against him, it is doubtful if the boys cherish any member of the regiment in a more kindly manner; or if there be one, of whom so many pleasant reminiscences can be recalled, as of Col. Ross, and his old black horse "Tom."

LT. COL. WM. B. WOOSTER.

The subject of this sketch was born at Oxford, Conn., Aug. 22d, 1821. His boyhood days, and until early manhood, were spent in following the plough and tilling the soil upon his father's farm, teaching school in the surrounding districts during the winter months. Believing himself fitted for another, perhaps higher, and more useful sphere, he resolved to study law, and, entering the law school at New Haven, was admitted to the bar in 1846. In October of the same year he located at Derby, where, at the time of the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was enjoying a successful practice, ranking among the first lawyers of the state. Having no taste for military life, and doubting his fitness for either officer or private, he was not one of the very first to offer his services to his country as a soldier. But, his heart was in the cause, and from the firing of the first shot upon

Sumter, to the day of his enlistment in 1862, a more earnest, sincere, patriotic advocate of the Union cause, offering every possible aid in his power for the speedy suppression of the Rebellion, did not exist than Wm. B. Wooster. It was mainly through his efforts that a bounty of ten dollars, payable every four months, to each Connecticut volunteer, (non-commissioned officers and privates) with an additional bounty of ten dollars per month to their families, was granted, carrying relief and comfort to thousands of soldiers' homes all over the state. Late in the summer of 1862, inspired by his patriotism, and prompted by his sense of duty, he decided to close his office, and raise his sword in defence of his nation's honor, accepting the Lt. Colonelcy of the 20th Conn. Through his example came to the regiment some of its best material, among whom was the lamented Griffiths. In civil life stern and resolute, yet kind and tender hearted, he was no less so as a commanding officer. In camp, upon the march, on the field of battle, while always exacting the strictest discipline, he was never unmindful of the safety and protection of his men, losing no opportunity to offer aid and comfort to those around him. While he remained with the regiment he was most of the time in command. He commanded the regiment at Chancellorsville, where he was taken prisoner, and with others of the 20th, for a time, took up his abode in Libby Prison. Being soon exchanged, he again led the regiment at the famous battle of Gettysburg. In each of these engagements he proved an efficient and skillful officer; doing credit to him-

self, and honor to his state. With nothing military in his makeup, he was every inch a soldier, and while he dreaded an engagement with that fear which always accompanies true manly courage, yet, in the heat and strife of battle, he was the bravest of the brave; and, by his cool, steady direction, inspired his men with a confidence which made them almost invincible. In the spring of 1864 he was promoted to the colonelcy of the 29th Conn., and his departure was a serious loss to the regiment. But his memory is enshrined in the hearts of the "old 20th," and so long as a member survives, his name will be cherished with feelings of loving gratitude. After the close of the war, Col. Wooster resumed his law practice at Derby, where, to the present day, he is following his profession, no less an honor to the community in which he lives, than to the cause for which he so nobly fought. A. E. B.

BREVET COL. BUCKINGHAM.

Philo B. Buckingham was born in the town of Oxford on the 6th of June, 1820, and was, therefore, 66 years of age June 6, 1886. He received a good academical education, upon the completion of which, he engaged in farming during the summer, and in school teaching during the winter. In the spring of 1849 he removed to Seymour, entering into the employ of the Naugatuck R. R. as station agent, remaining in that service until July, 1862. During that time he was receiver of the Bank of North America, upon its collapse, and was elected State Senator from the 5th district in 1855.

In August, after the war of the Rebellion had broken out, he raised, and organized what, afterward, became Company H. of the 20th C. V., himself enlisting as a private, but was at once elected to be captain by the vote of the company. The application for a commission, as such, however, was returned, and in its stead came a commission as a major in the 20th Connecticut Vols. On the 11th of Sept., 1862, with his regiment, he went to Washington, and thence to the front, as narrated elsewhere. Major Buckingham accompanied the regiment, in all of its wanderings, during the winter of 1863, and was detailed, on the 13th of March, 1863, as A. A. I. G., on the staff of the Division Commander, acting in that capacity until March 26th, 1864; when, upon the resignation of Lt. Col. Wm. B. Wooster, he was promoted to be Lt. Colonel. Nominally, thus was he relieved from the duties of A. A. I. G., though really performing the same until May 6th, 1864, when he joined the regiment, and assuming command of the same near Buzzard's Roost, Ga., he found himself transferred, with the regiment, to the 2d Brigade of the 3d Division, 20th A. C., in the Army of the Cumberland, with Col. Ross in command of the Brigade. While in the Army of the Potomac, Col. B. participated in all of the battles and skirmishes in which the regiment was engaged, and in all in which it was engaged, also, while in the Army of the Cumberland, except Tracy City, Tenn., to the close of the war. After the capture of Atlanta, Sept. 3d, 1864, Col. B. was in command of the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 20th A. C., from about Sept.

20th to Nov. 15th. When Sherman left Atlanta for the "march to the sea," Lt. Col. Buckingham was relieved by Colonel Ross; soon after, however, resuming command of the regiment, and participating in the march to Savannah, and in all of the battles and skirmishes in which the regiment was afterward engaged. Finally, leading his veteran regiment, in the grand review at the close of the war, Lieut. Colonel Buckingham was mustered out of the U. S. military service, June 27th, 1865; prior to which in recommending him for promotion by brevet, Brigadier General Cogswell, a much respected commander, used the following language: "I have the honor to recommend for promotion, on account of meritorious service, Lieut. Col. Philo B. Buckingham, 20th Conn. Vols., to be colonel by brevet. Colonel Buckingham has commanded his regiment longer than any field officer connected with it. He is a brave and deserving officer, and an intelligent and thorough soldier."

After the mustering out, Col. B. was for several months in the employ of the Freedman's Aid Society. From December, 1866, to July, 1881, he was in charge of the "Chemical Works" near New Haven, which position he left to fill the office of inspector, weigher, and guager in the Customs Department of the U. S. at New Haven. On the 10th of October following, he was prostrated by a severe paralytic shock, and has since been an almost helpless invalid.

If, in military life, Col. Buckingham was too much a disciplinarian to be, always, popular with men who, on their own green hills, had been wont to consider themselves the

equals of the best, taking no orders from anyone without an "if you please, sir," in social life it was quite the reverse. In his earlier manhood, it was the good fortune of the writer to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with the future soldier, the memories of which are among the pleasantest. Among the few that remain of his old-time associates, there is no one but will sincerely sympathize with their old friend "Buck," as he was familiarly called, in his great misfortune. Recent visits to the gallant old soldier have found him still fighting over his battles, of which, with the aid of a wonderfully retentive memory, he is able to give, by the hour, the fullest and most minute descriptions. When at last the sod shall cover his dust, and the marble surmounting the same shall await an inscription, no truer words than these can be inscribed: "He was a brave soldier,—a true patriot,—a kind husband and father, and a lover of God and humanity."

SURGEON J. WADSWORTH TERRY,

A brother of General Alfred H. Terry, the hero of Fort Fisher, was born in the city of New Haven; and at the time of his enlistment, as assistant surgeon of the 20th C. V., was 29 years of age. Soon afterwards, he was promoted to be surgeon of the regiment, and remained with the same to the close of the war. In his capacity as an officer, who had to deal with the worst and most heart-rending phases of modern warfare, it may truly be said that Surgeon Terry was one of the most faithful of the faithful. Wherever his services were needed, if within the range of the possibilities, there was he; and so kind and tender-hearted was he that

the sufferings of the unfortunates under his hand were much ameliorated. In the social side of camp life, he was always a gentleman, never indulging in any of the degrading habits too often incident to the camp. He could tell and enjoy a good story, though never one, in the least, bordering on obscenity. Quiet and unobtrusive in his demeanor, cultivated and intelligent in speech, his society was much sought after, and prized by all who knew him. As an index to the heart of the man, the following from a recent letter to the writer, speaks volumes. After refusing to say a word for himself, he writes as follows: "There were many fine officers and men in the regiment, among the latter I know of none more worthy of honorable mention than my faithful orderly, Peleg Brown, who, in every battle was by my side, rendering assistance to the wounded, and in the hospital gave most conscientious care to the sick and suffering."

Since the war, Surgeon Terry has been located at Englewood, N. J., where he has enjoyed a lucrative practice as a physician, and where he also commands the respect and confidence of the whole community.

ASST. SURGEON DAN'L LEE JEWETT.

Of this meritorious officer, Major W. H. Peters, 74th Ohio Vols., now editor of the *Iroquois County Times*, writes as follows: "Dr. D. L. Jewett, at the age of 21 years, entered the U. S. service at New Haven, Conn., August 16th, 1862, as assistant surgeon of the 20th Conn. Volunteers. He was never absent from his regiment, during its whole term of service, except for a few days at Savannah, Ga.,

when detailed for special duty in the city, and a few weeks near Richmond, Va., while a prisoner, doing service in the Rebel hospital. He was present with the 20th in every engagement in which it participated, during its entire term of service. After the close of the war, the young surgeon came West on a visit, and a good opening being presented at Watseka, the county seat of Iroquois county, Illinois, he located, and has resided in that place ever since. The prestige of being an army surgeon, and his undoubted skill as a physician, at once secured him a successful entry into the best families for the practice of medicine, stranger as he was in a strange land. His career as a physician and surgeon has been an uninterrupted success. Year after year, he has been elected county physician, and, for a number of years, has been a member of the United States Board of Medical Examiners. As a citizen he stands pre-eminent. In 1884, he was prominently mentioned as the republican candidate for Congress from the Ninth Illinois district, having many admirers who knew his real worth and ability. One of the finest addresses ever delivered at Watseka, May 30th, 1884, was his oration, entitled: "Is History Impartial, or Republics Ungrateful?" It won the plaudits of all who heard, or read it. His comrades have not yet, even, ceased to praise it and the man who put forth the patriotic sentiments so dear to the heart of every old soldier.

Dr. Jewett has a model home, in the shadow of whose retirement he finds his greatest comfort. A man of great activity, and full of business, he wastes no time in idle gossip, but

finds his greatest happiness among his books and papers. An exemplary man, a useful citizen, long may he survive.

REV. ALVAH L. FRISBIE,

One of the three chaplains of which the 20th Regiment could boast, during its term of service, was born of old New England stock, in Thompkins, Delaware County, N. Y. He was educated at Amherst College, and at Andover Theological Seminary, Mass. At the breaking out of the war, Mr. Frisbie was in charge of the Ansonia Congregational church, in which capacity he was highly esteemed both for his ability as a preacher, and for his upright christian character. In August, 1863, he resigned his charge, and went to the front, as chaplain of the 20th Regiment, C. V., and with which he remained until the June following, when he resigned, much to the regret of "the boys," with whom he was a great favorite. Of himself he says, in a private letter: "I have hoped to be judged a man worthy of the grand heritage of the American citizen, and adapted to the time I live in, as a part of its moral and intellectual force,—a patriot and a christian." Closing his letter he says: "I hope you will be successful in making a worthy history of a regiment, which, as originally established, was composed of as noble a body of men as ever marched." Chaplain Frisbie is now about 56 years of age, is located at Des Moines, Iowa, where he has "a good position—an ample support, opportunities for wide influence, a fine family, and a great deal to enjoy." For all of which his many Connecticut friends will offer hearty congratulations.

QMR.-SERGEANT CHARLES H. CLARK,

A native of Southington, Conn., enlisted into the service of the U. S. at the age of 30 years, as Quartermaster-Sergeant, 20th Reg., C. V. In Feb., 1863, he was promoted to be 2d Lieut., Co. H, was soon afterwards detached to Quartermaster's Corps, Headquarters, where he remained until the consolidation of the 11th and 12th Corps was effected, a year later. During the winter of '63-'64, Lieut. Clark was stationed at Shelbyville, Tenn., in charge of a forage train —neither the easiest nor safest of occupations at that time. The duty was, however, so well performed as to elicit a note of commendation from headquarters. In April, 1864, Lieut. Clark rejoined his regiment, but was soon called upon to fulfill the duties of the Quartermaster, who was on leave of absence. In June following, Lt. C. was ordered to Brigade Headquarters, on staff of Col. James Wood, commanding 3d Brigade, 3d Div., 20th A. C., where he remained until, by reason of the fatal illness of his father, he resigned, Sept. 24th, 1864.

Lieut. Clark, since the war, has been a prominent manufacturer of carriage hardware. He married, three days before going into service, Mary E. Dickerman, of Southington, and, happily, returned to her embrace to become a good husband and a respected citizen, who, as he says, "always paid one hundred cents on the dollar." Such is the stuff of which heroes are made.

WILBUR W. SMITH,

In connection with Philo B. Buckingham, recruited company H, 20th C. V., and was commissioned 1st Lieut. in command of the same until promoted to be captain of C Co., January 28th, 1863. At Chancellorsville, Capt. Smith was taken prisoner, and shared the hospitalities of Libby Prison for about two months, but was paroled, and exchanged soon enough to participate in the battle of Gettysburg, and was afterwards constantly with his regiment, sharing fully, and honorably, in its arduous but glorious service, and was finally mustered out, after the grand review, at the close of the war.

Captain Smith was the son of the late Rev. Sylvester Smith, and was born in Westville, Conn. At the time of enlistment he was 33 years of age. At the close of the war Capt. Smith entered into co-partnership with his father, who was then an extensive paper manufacturer in the town of Seymour, at which occupation the returned soldier still continues. Called upon several times to pass through fire and flood, fortune has not always rewarded the earnest efforts of the gallant soldier-citizen with her most winsome smiles; yet has he been fairly successful in matters of business. Like nearly all of his comrades, of whom we are here called upon to write, Capt. S. avows himself in politics as an uncompromising republican. As such, he has been active and useful as a local organizer in all of the campaigns of that party, since the war, in the town.

A brother of Capt. Smith was killed in the battle of Jones-

boro, Ga., and an only brother of his wife—John Wooster —was 13 months in Andersonville. Upon being liberated by Sherman's army, this wretched victim of Southern fiendishness, came home to his sister's arms, in Seymour, to die from the effects of starvation. In the service, Captain Smith could always be relied upon to perform faithfully, and well, whatever the duty assigned him, without any ostentation or parade ; characteristics that were his before he entered into army life, and are his to-day.

CAPTAIN FOLEY.

Capt. James Foley was born at Derby, Conn., Sept. 15th, 1838, his father being one of the pioneers of the town. At the breaking out of the war, although but twenty-one years of age, young Foley was 1st Sergeant of Co. A, 2d Regt., Conn. National Guards, and had served five years under the gallant Terry, and the lamented Russell. With this company he enlisted, and served in the three months' service, participating in the famous "first Bull Run" battle. At the organization of the 20th, he was commissioned 2d Lt. of Co. B. Being soldierly in his bearing, and efficient in the drill, particularly in the manual of arms, his abilities were early brought into practice, rendering invaluable service to the regiment in instructing both officers and men. Later on, he was promoted to the captaincy of Co. E, and served until the close of the war, participating in all of the battles of the regiment, and was mustered out with his command at Washington, D. C. As an officer, efficient and trustworthy, as a brave and daring soldier, Capt. Foley was

highly esteemed by his superiors, and much respected by the officers and men of the entire regiment. After the war he married Miss Jennie E. Dunn, and is now living, a good and respected citizen of Derby, his native town.

A. E. B.

CAPTAIN WOODRUFF.

Samuel S. Woodruff was born in Southington, Ct., on the 12th of Nov., 1811, and died at the same place, September 29th, 1882. By occupation, Capt. Woodruff was a carpenter and joiner, a qualification which made him, afterwards, of great service to his regiment in the matter of bridge and pontoon building. In 1849 he caught the gold fever, and, as president of the Montague Company, sailed for California, with what results is well known.

In August, 1862, he raised a company, and was commissioned as captain of company E, 20th Regiment, C. V. While of Captain Woodruff it cannot be truly said that in his make up there was much of the finished soldier, yet by steady application to the study of the tactics, he made, fairly, a good commander. In battle he was brave as a lion, and as unflinching as if he had been made of adamant. He had only to be shown his path of duty, and his sturdy, faithful feet were at once upon it. There was no parade, no boasting of what he would or would not do. Under any and all circumstances he simply awaited orders, and obeyed them as best he could. All of which sterling qualities, with many others combined, made him one of the

most useful men in the regiment. Of a rugged, hardy constitution, he was peculiarly fitted for bridge building, which often had to be done in the night season, and under great discomforts. Yet, even he, with all his hardiness, and pluck, was, after two years of faithful service, compelled by reason of sickness, to resign his commission, and to return home, much to the regret of the entire regiment.

The cause of his death was a lung trouble resulting from a cold contracted at Hartford, on "Battle Flag day." For an estimate of the man as he was known at home, the following, from a local newspaper, printed after his decease, is quoted.

"Few men have been so closely associated with others in the most trying circumstances, and few, indeed, have been so entirely beloved. There are, in our community, a number of his companions in the Californian enterprise, a still greater number of his comrades in arms, and multitudes who have known him long and intimately as a citizen, and it would not be easy to find fitting words to tell in what esteem his memory is held by all. There are strong, and widely experienced men who, to-day, cannot speak of Capt. Woodruff's friendship for them, and of what they have witnessed of his kindness, bravery, and self-denial, without tears. At the funeral there was a large attendance of the citizens of this town, who thus testified by their presence, at the last sad rites, the great esteem in which this honorable and estimable man was held."

CAPTAIN SANFORD E. CHAFFEE

Was born at Windsor, Conn., Oct. 14th, 1834. Although of humble birth, he sprang from good stock, Gen'l. Knowlton, of Revolutionary fame, and Gen'l Lyon, prominent in the late Civil War, being lineal descendents of his ancestry; so that when we record the creditable fact that Capt. Chaffee was one of five (a father, and four sons), who served with honor in the war of the Rebellion, it is but justice to say that much of the good blood and military ability of his forefathers still permeates the veins of the Chaffee family. Under the first call for troops he volunteered with G Co., 2nd Regt., Conn. National Guards, being at the time 1st Lt. of the company. In this capacity he served with credit and efficiency, returning with the regiment at the expiration of its three months' term of enlistment, highly esteemed by his superior officers and much respected by the entire command. In the fall of 1861 strong efforts were made to induce him to take a commission in the "gallant Tenth," but his devotion to an invalid wife, who soon after died, prevented his acceptance, much to the disappointment of his commanding officer, Col. Chas. L. Russell, who not only had great confidence in his military skill, but respected him, also, very highly for his sincere, earnest patriotism. At the organization of the 20th, Chaffee was commissioned captain of B Co., and was the senior officer of the line. At the battles of Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, he acquitted himself with marked ability. But, being of a frail physical constitution, and unable to stand

the continued hardships to which the regiment was constantly subjected,—after much suffering, he reluctantly accepted a discharge for disability, Nov. 13th, 1863, thus depriving the 20th of one of its best soldiers, and bravest officers. Though unable to fight his country's battles to the end, he has ever been true to the glorious principles which prompted his enlistment; and any measure tending to elevate the Union soldier, or to further the cause for which he fought, has always found in him an earnest, sincere, untiring advocate. Capt. Chaffee now resides in Derby, where, for many years, he has been a trusted employee of the New Haven and Derby R. R., occupying a responsible position. While not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, he is rich in many noble traits of character, which guarantee to him the respect and esteem of all who know him.

A. E. B.

CAPTAIN HORACE G. TARR.

At the reunion of the 20th Conn. Vols., as they occur from year to year, the veteran soldier whose name heads this article is ever most enthusiastically welcomed, and valued, on general principles, but more particularly for his large fund of reminiscence, and his ready wit, which makes him ever a popular and prominent figure.

Captain Tarr came of good stock. His paternal grandfather, and great grandfather, were sea captains. His maternal grandfather (now living with Capt. T. at the age of 96 years) is Maj. Nathaniel F. Hurd, a soldier of the Mex-

ican war, and the first man in America to make the hot blast iron which revolutionized the iron industries of the world. His mother's maternal grandfather was Maj. General John Montgomery, in the war of 1812, commandant of the Department of New England. His father was a "Forty-niner," and was agent and attorney for General Sutter, the gold fields discoverer.

On the 4th of November following the organization of the 20th Regiment, at the age of 17 years, young Tarr enlisted as a private, and was assigned as a recruit to K Company. For gallant conduct, he was promoted to be Sergt. Major after the battle of Chancellorsville;—to 1st Lieutenant, and Adjutant, after the battle of Gettysburg; and to be Captain of Company F., during the Atlanta campaign, during which, at the battle of Peachtree Creek, he was wounded. During the famous "march to the sea" he served as aid-de-camp on the staff of Col. Samuel Ross, commanding brigade. From Savannah, thenceforth to the end of the war, Captain Tarr served as Assistant Adjutant General, and Chief of Staff to Gen'l William Coggswell. Since the war, Capt. T. has been employed as superintendent of several large concerns, such as the Gaylord Iron Co. of Cincinnati; the Rockville, Pa., Iron and Coal company, and as general manager of Otis Bros. & Co., New York. Capt. Tarr received a good accademical education; has a wife and six children—three boys and three girls, and at present enjoys a good position with the Water Works Engine Department, of the city of New York. As a sol-

dier, Capt. Tarr is spoken of by his comrades as brave, chivalrous, and able. If, as appears to be the case, since the war, he has achieved what he now seems to be posessed of, as large a share of real happiness, and success, as usually falls to the lot of mortals, there will be none found to say that he has not deserved it all.

CAPTAIN CHARLES S. ABBOTT.

Captain Charles Sherman Abbott, of Waterbury, was not only a prompt and patriotic volunteer, but also a soldier by taste and instinct. He saw service in the famous National Blues of New Haven; also, in the Chatfield Guard, of Waterbury. In response to the President's call, he applied for and received authority to enlist a company. He hoisted the flag in the Center Square, Waterbury, and soon after took into camp a company of volunteers, whose soldierly bearing and military accomplishments attracted marked attention in the regiment. The remark was frequent that Capt. Abbott would gain rapid promotion. Unfortunately, however, while in camp he was seized with violent sickness, so that, when his comrades departed, he was left in New Haven, battling with disease, from the effects of which he has never fully recovered. Four months afterwards he sent his resignation to headquarters, and so untimely terminated his military record, which had given promise of being very flattering. Captain Abbott is a native of Middlebury, and was 39 years of age at the time of enlistment.

CAPTAIN ANDREW UPSON.

Very few companies, even in the grand old Connecticut 20th, could boast, probably, of two such sterling christian patriots for first and second commanding officers, as they started in for the war, as could Co. E, in Captain Woodruff, and Lieuteuant Upson, both natives of the town of Southington. The latter, the subject of the present sketch, was born May 18th, 1825. At a suitable age he prepared himself for, and entered Yale College, from which he graduated in 1849, afterwards, up to the breaking out of the war, dividing his time between the occupations of school teaching and farming. In 1854, he represented the town in the Legislature. When came the call for "three hundred thousand more" he quickly responded to the same. Receiving a commission as 1st Lieut. of Company E, 20th C. V., he accompanied his regiment to the field, and was engaged in the various movements that signalized its history, up to the time of his death, which was at the hands of the guerrillas, as stated elsewhere, at Tracy City, Tenn. At Chancellorsville he was taken prisoner, with several others, of this regiment, and was given a two weeks' taste of Southern hospitality inside of Libby Prison. Upon his release therefrom he rejoined his regiment, and was soon after promoted to be Captain of Company K. Captain Upson was a devoted christian, and was filled with an unswerving loyalty to the Union and its starry flag. That he went into the strife solely from a patriotic sense of duty—leaving, as he did, a loving wife, and four small children behind, there

are none for a moment to doubt. In proof of this, it is only necessary to relate that while he was moving "on to Richmond," he was asked by his captors if he was not "sorry he came to fight them? and, if they would release him, would he go home and not fight them any more?" His reply was, "Never. I will fight till this Rebellion is put down, or die in the ranks." In the history of the town of Southington, by the Rev. H. R. Timlow, is found the following:—"There are facts and experiences in Captain Upson's military career that would fill a volume. It was indeed a brief career, for he really took part in but one general engagement, yet he gained for himself a conspicuous and honored place in our history. Others fought more battles, and, for the time, were better known, but among the dead patriots of this state, not many deserve more honored mention."

CAPTAIN EZRA SPRAGUE.

Ezra Sprague, Capt. of K Co., was born in the town of Brewer, state of Maine, and was by occupation a jeweler. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was living at Derby, Conn., from which town he enlisted as a private in H Co., 20th C. V., but was commissioned 2nd Lt. of K Co. before leaving the state. In the army, as in civil life, Capt. Sprague was a genial companion, possessing those social qualities which at once made him a general favorite throughout the regiment. While wholly inexperienced in military matters, he was instinctively a soldier, in every sense of the word. Through his efficiency and soldierly

bearing he was soon promoted to a lieutenancy, and served as such in the battles of Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, where he proved himself a brave and able officer Soon after the battle of Gettysburg, much against his will, he was ordered to Connecticut on duty at Conscript Camp, New Haven, where he remained until the winter of 1863, fully maintaining, in every respect, his reputation as an efficient, faithful and trusty officer. Being promoted to the Captaincy of K Co., he was recalled to the regiment and took command of his company in time to enter upon the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. With this rank, and in this capacity, he served until the close of the war, participating with marked ability in all the battles of the regiment, and was mustered out with the 20th at Washington, D.C., highly esteemed by his brother officers, and greatly beloved by the men under his command.

Bold and chivalrous, discharging with promptitude and faithfulness every duty, and unwavering in his zeal for the success of the Union cause, it is no reflection upon others to say that Capt. Sprague was the peer of any officer in the regiment. After the war he returned to civil life, and is now seeking sheckels in the far west, where it is the earnest wish of every member of the old 20th that his measure of prosperity may be filled to overflowing.

A. E. B.

CAPTAIN JAMES SPRUCE

Was born near Leeds, England, about the year 1840. He learned the trade of a tool maker, and was regarded as a

good workman, and as a young man of much promise. An ardent lover of the flag of his adopted country, at the call of the President for troops, he enlisted into the three years' service July 30th, 1862, and was commissioned to be 1st Lieutenant of Company I, 20th Regiment, C. V., under Ezra D. Dickerman, of Hamden, as Captain. Serving faithfully and well, he was promoted to the rank of captain, and mustered out at Washington, June 13th, 1865. Since the war he was married to Miss A. E. Bailey of Waterbury, by whom he has several children, and has been for many years superintendent of the button department of the large manufacturing concern of Scovill & Co., in Waterbury. Capt. Spruce, at the present writing, is a fine looking, well preserved man, of about 48 years, the key to whose character may be gained from the following extracts from a private letter answering an inquiry as to his aims, hopes, and ambitions in life for the purpose of this work. He says:—"I have little or nothing to boast of. My hopes are that the world may be better for that I have lived in it. My aim is to do good, and get good, and I believe the latter will be determined by the former. I have prospered well in life—fully up, I think, to my deserts." In answer to the question "are you what the present administration has termed an offensive partizan?" the Captain replied, "no, unless it is 'offensive' to vote as I fought; this I do, and prefer those that I have seen 'tried as by fire' and yet who have not flinched. I have no ill-will for the Gray, but I tie to the Blue."

As a soldier Capt. Spruce was brave and reliable, and in camp life was gentlemanly and companionable. An army composed of such men must, indeed, prove invincible.

CAPTAIN EZRA D. DICKERMAN

Was a man and a soldier of more than ordinary worth and ability. Enlisting as a private in the 10th C. V., he so applied himself to acquiring the art of war, that, upon the fresh call being made for troops, at this darkest period of the contest, he was sent home to Hamden to recruit a company from among his old school fellows and acquaintances. This mission was, under the patronage of Eli Whitney, of Whitneyville successfully accomplished in the quick formation of the Whitney Rifles, afterward Co. I, 20th Reg., C. V., of which he was elected and commissioned captain. At Chancellorsville, Capt. D. was so severely wounded in the hip as to send him home on a furlough, for a short time, and which expired just as the battle of Gettysburg was about to begin. Though still limping from his wound, instead of asking for a renewal of the furlough, he started in all haste for the scene of impending conflict, the exact location of which he could not ascertain. Taking a pork train moving southward, which he concluded would not go far out of the way, he mounted a barrel and rode all night to Westminster, where, learning the direction of the battle-ground, he started, crippled as he was, on foot, and covered the distance (25 miles) in time to present himself for duty about five minutes before the battle began. When

asked why he was so anxious to "go in" he replied, "I promised the boys to stand by them, and knew they would want me with them." After the battle of Gettysburg, Capt. D. held several important positions, and was promised "honorable mention," but the promise was not fulfilled. At Peachtree Creek, he received a bullet wound in the head and was left by the field surgeon for dead. He, however, was picked up and taken to Nashville, where the bullet was extracted, he, so far, eventually recovering as to be detailed to New Haven in connection with the Conscript Camp—most of the time in charge of the commissary department. In May, '65, he was ordered back to his regiment, and was mustered out June 13th. Three years later Captain Dickerman died from the effects of his wound, at the age of 27 years, sincerely mourned by his veteran comrades and by all who knew him.

CAPTAIN S. STRICKLAND STEVENS

Was a resident of Hartford. Fully imbued with the spirit of the time, and believing it to be incumbent upon all of the citizens of our republic to do all that in them lay to preserve its unity, he decided to throw, if need be, his life into the scale as against those that were laboring to destroy. Accordingly, on enlisting into the U. S. service, on the 8th of September, 1862, he we was at once commissioned as Captain of K Company. Unfortunately, however, Captain Strickland sustained a severe injury to one knee, in consequence of which he received, one year later, an honorable discharge.

Of Captain Strickland's accomplishments as a soldier but little data has come to hand. By all accounts, however, Capt. S. seems to have been well liked by his comrades, and much respected by his superior officers as a trusty and reliable subordinate. Upon his return to Hartford, he was at once sent West on Government service. Later he held a very responsible position in a Chicago business house. He was connected by birth with all the best families of Glastonbury, his native place. His death occurred some three or four years ago, from a brain trouble, that at times had made him the resident of an asylum.

CAPTAIN AMBROSE E. BEARDSLEY.

The subject of the present sketch was the son of the well-known physician, Ambrose Beardsley—himself though not a soldier at arms, yet fully as well deserving of honorable mention on these pages, for his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the Union, and all that pertained to its perpetuity, as any that went to the field. So well is this merit recognized by the veteran soldiers themselves, that the name of Ambrose Beardsley is placed upon the roll of their dead, and his grave is flagged, upon Decoration days, for equal honors with those who met the enemy steel to steel.

Of Ambrose E. it is praise sufficient to say that, as a lover of his country, and its institutions, from youth up, he was, and is "the son of his father."

When President Lincoln issued his memorable last great

call for volunteers, young Beardsley, at the age of 21 years, was foremost of the gallant band of youthful patriots that, from Derby, set their faces southward for a three years' struggle with the demon of secession, that the government of the people, for the people, and by the people should survive, and not perish from the earth. Enlisting, and receiving a commission as 2d Lieut. of Company H, 20th Reg., C. V., the marked military abilities of our young soldier were at once so recognized, that he was almost immediately appointed an aid on the staff of Brig. Gen'l Thomas L. Kane, in which capacity he served until just before the Chancellorsville campaign, when he was appointed Brigade Inspector. Taken prisoner at Chancellorsville, Lieut. B. was exchanged in time to participate in the battle of Gettysburg. His brigade being broken up, Lieut. Beardsley volunteered as an aid to Brig. Gen'l Ruger, who, during this battle, commanded the division. After the transfer of the 12th Corps to the Army of Tennessee, Lieut. Beardsley was promoted to be Captain of Co. H, from which position, however, he was soon removed to become again Brigade Inspector, afterwards (during the Atlanta campaign) holding the appointment of an aid on the staff of Maj. Gen'l Butterfield, commanding division. During the "March to the Sea," Capt. Beardsley acted again as Brigade Inspector; and, after the capture of Savannah, was Brigade Quartermaster, to the close of the war.

In battle, Capt. Beardsley is described as having been as cool, and level headed, as all know him to be now in civil

life. A man of far more than average abilities in many directions, that, if improved, would bring to him unquestionable success, he will yet, to the measure of his ability, "hoe" every man's row as occasion may demand, except his own. To serve a friend, or a cause in behalf of whom, or which, his sympathies are enlisted, he will work night and day without hope of fee or reward—paying his own expenses as he goes—until success be obtained, or shown to be impossible. Such men seldom "make ahead" much in the world, financially. Capt. B. proves no exception to the rule. Such do, however, sometimes take along in their knapsacks, on the last great "march to the sea," such records of noble and unselfish deeds, as makes them, at last, the richest in the world. This latter is the sort of wealth that came to Captain Beardsley both by paternal and maternal inheritance; and which, so far as man can see, is likely to continue his own, even until the sea be reached, and the shadows fall,—and the light breaks in from beyond.

CAPTAIN OLIVER R. POST.

Of the civil life and private character of the brave young officer whose name heads this article, but little to his present biographer is known. From Hartford papers of his day it is learned that, at the time of his enlistment, Capt. Post was engaged at the office of the *Hartford Press*, as assistant editor, for which position he is declared to have been abundantly qualified. He served his apprenticeship to the printing business at the office of the *Christian Sec-*

retary. Captain Brown, of the 20th, wrote to the widow conveying the sad intelligence of the death of her husband, assuring her of the deep sympathy of himself and brother officers with her, and her four fatherless children, adding, "Capt. Post was one of our most valuable officers, and all feel his loss deeply."

The circumstances of his death are in part thus given in a letter to Mrs. Post by Capt. Ezra Sprague, under date of July 22, 1864: "Our regiment, after some skirmishing, became heavily engaged just before 3 o'clock, p. m., and so continued for more than four hours, in open field, suffering much. The 139th N. Y., of our brigade, was ordered up to our relief, and we, exhausted, fell back a few yards, forming a second line. It was at this time that Capt. Post returned to the old line to get a roll of blankets he had left there, was struck by a musket ball which, nearly severing his sword belt, passed completely through his body and out at his back.

"I heard a person cry, 'Oh, Capt. Post!' and turning, saw him sinking to the ground. I immediately ran to him, but a step or two, and asking him where he was wounded, opened his clothing. With a calm smile upon his features, he looked up at me, and as the crimson stream of life oozed out, said, 'I have got my furlough—I have tried to do my duty.' Then, addressing himself to his 2d Lieut., said, 'Lt. Abbott, take good care of the boys.' And, as his sword and belt were taken up, he said, 'Sprague, take care of that.'

"Some shelter tents were brought, upon which he was

placed and borne to the rear. I clasped his hand at parting, but could not say, 'good-bye'."

A correspondent of a New Haven paper, writing of the 20th Reg., speaks as follows: Capt. O. R. Post, who was killed in battle, was buried, with military honors, July 23d, in St. James Cemetery, Marietta. Those who knew Capt. Post, will recognize a deserved encomium in the words uttered by Col. Ross—"A nobler patriot never fell."

CAPTAIN DOOLITTLE.

At the formation of the 20th regiment, foremost was John H. Doolittle, who enlisted as 1st Lieut. of Co. B, and at the time was 33 years of age. Born and reared in the ancient town of Woodbury, his "alma mater" as he says, "was, jointly, a drug store and a machine shop; aided by all the books he could lay his hands on."

Upon the resignation of Captain Chaffee, Nov. 13, 1863, Lieut. Doolittle was promoted to be captain of B Co., which position he held until honorably discharged, April 4th, 1865 As a soldier, and a company commandant, Captain Doolittle is spoken of with great respect by his comrades, on all hands; and, for bravery, few, indeed, have a better record.

Since the war, Captain Doolittle has been variously engaged in the manufacture of brass goods, in various capacities for others and for himself. Of himself he says, "I am simply a worker, with no time to give to mere keeping up appearances. My honest ambition is to be able to

make better goods than my competitors,—pay my way—live comfortably—contribute something toward making the world better than I found it, and to leave my son better fitted, mentally, morally, and financially for the struggle of life than I was." Surely, than these, what higher and more enobling ambitions or aims need any to have?

CAPTAIN WILLIAM W. MORSE

Was a native of New Haven, and one of the original officers of the Twentieth; was commissioned Sept. 8th, 1862, captain of G Co., and served until the close of the war. He participated in all the battles of the regiment, and was mustered out, with his command, at Washington, D. C. In the Atlanta campaign he served as Topographical Engineer on the staff of Col. Ross, commanding brigade, upon whose recommendation he was promoted to be Major by brevet, to date from March 13, '65.

LIEUTENANT DAVID N. GRIFFITHS

Was a native of Wales, and, at the commencement of the war, was a law student in the office of Wm. B. Wooster. Though a foreigner by birth, his veins were filled with the blood of true patriotism, and no patriot ever loved his native land more truly than did this young Welchman the land of his adoption. To him the flag of his beloved country was the emblem of all that was good, and before he had scarcely entered the portals of manhood, willingly did he give his life in its defence. Under the call for thre

months' troops, he enlisted and served as a private in A Co., 2d Regt., Conn. National Guards. At the expiration of his term of service, he resumed the study of law, which he continued until Sept., 1863, when he enlisted and was made a sergeant in H Co., 20th C. V. Early in 1863 he was promoted to the 2d Lieutenantcy of F Co., and was killed, at the battle of Chancellorsville, by a musket ball in the forehead while bravely encouraging his men, "falling with his sword in hand, a pattern of determined courage and bravery." In his death, the regiment lost a brave and efficient officer; his comrades a faithful friend; his country a noble patriot. Though no member of the regiment was ever able to find his last resting place, yet fondly cherished and marked in the memory of his comrades is the spot where he fell.

A. E. B.

Under this departmental head it was at first intended that there should be included a short sketch of each of the commissioned officers of the regiment, as given at first muster. Upon further reflection, however, (after getting well under way) this was given up, by reason, first, of the space required that could not well be spared, and, secondly, because of the labor likely to be demanded for the procurement of biographical materials, only a few having been sent, in response to circulars issued. Of the twenty lieutenants, except of such as were promoted to be captains, only two responses were made, and those so brief as to be

nearly or quite valueless to the purpose intended. Of Captains, Arms, Parker, Guilford, and Smith (H. C.) nothing can here be said (because nothing of data upon which to build, was furnished) except that, by the united testimony of all comrades with whom conversation has been had upon the subject, they were valuable, and faithful supporters of the Union cause; which makes it all the more to be regretted that their places in our regimental gallery could not have been filled more satisfactorily.

Of those to whom has been given a place, it may truly be said that, while each were doubtless subject more or less to the petty weaknesses of our common human nature, yet all that has been said to their praise, has been given on the best authority, and is believed to have been fully merited. That there were very many of the heroes of the 20th who never wore a chevron, or a shoulderstrap, that were equally worthy of special mention is undoubtedly true. But they were so closely held as integral parts of the regimental unit as to have been, by the historian, almost or quite inseparable. But the fallen have already received a reward that trascends all human praise, and the same, if our faith be well founded, must be in waiting for all that remain. Among the promotions from the ranks may be named Private H. G. H. Tarr to be Captain; and Privates W. H. H. Johnson, and Robert C. Usher, to be 2d Lieutenants.

BREVET PROMOTIONS IN THE 20TH C. V.

Col. Samuel Ross, to be Brigadier General by brevet,

for gallant and meritorious services in the campaign against Atlanta, Ga., to date from April 13th, 1865.

Lieut. Col. Philo B. Buckingham, to be Colonel by brevet for gallant and meritorious services during the recent campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas, to date from March 13th, 1865.

Lieut. Col. Wm. B. Wooster, to be Colonel by brevet, for gallant conduct in command of his regiment at the battle of Chancellorsville, to date from March 13th, 1865.

Capt. Ambrose E. Beardsley, to be Major by brevet, for ability and good conduct in many campaigns and battles as Company Commander and Staff Officer, to date from March 13th, 1865.

Capt. James B. Burbank, to be Major by brevet, for gallant conduct at the battle of Chancellorsville, Va., to date from March 13th, 1865.

Capt. William Morse, to be Major by brevet, for good conduct during the war, to date from March 13th, 1865.

RECAPITULATION.*

The Twentieth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry was originally recruited in Hartford, New Haven, and Middlesex counties, rendezvoused at New Haven, and started for Washington September 11, 1862, with nine hundred and eighty-one (981) officers and men.

It was assigned to the Army of the Potomac, and was

*From "Catalogue of Conn. Vol. Organizations."

attached to the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 12th Army Corps. On the 1st of April, 1863, the regiment was reported at Stafford Court House, Va. It broke camp on the 27th of April, and crossing the Rappahannock river at Kelly's Ford, and the Rapidan at Germania Bridge, participated in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 1st, 2d and 3d, under command of Lieut. Colonel Wooster, Colonel Ross being absent in command of the 2d Brigade.

On the 3d of July, 1863, the regiment participated in the battle of Gettysburg, occupying the right of the line, as a part of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 12th Army Corps. On the night of the 2d of July, it lay in line of battle in a cornfield ready at an instant's notice. On the morning of the 3d, a portion of the regiment was thrown forward as skirmishers, and for over five hours were unceasingly engaged with the enemy. The entire regiment was hotly engaged for more than six hours, and were constantly under arms during the nights of the 3d and 4th.

In September, 1863, the regiment was transferred to the Army of the Cumberland, and proceeded by rail via Indianapolis, Louisville, and Nashville, to Bridgeport, Ala., where it arrived Oct. 3d. It was engaged in fatigue and picket duty, and participated in several slight skirmishes with the enemy during the autumn months. January 20, 1864, while a portion of the regiment was guarding Tracy City, Tenn., the place was attacked by rebel cavalry. The enemy were repulsed, and soon retired. Captain Andrew Upson,

commanding the Post, was mortally wounded, and died Feb. 19. Private Rowell, Co. B, was killed.

The regiment was changed to different localities during the winter and early spring, and on the 15th of May, 1864, took part in the battle of Resaca, Ga. On the 19th of the same month it was engaged with the enemy at Cassville, Ga. Aggregate loss in the two engagements, twenty-one (21) killed, wounded and missing. Colonel Ross, in his report dated May 22, 1864, remarks: "The 20th Connecticut and 19th Michigan regiments, assisted by no other troops, in line of battle, with fixed bayonets, assaulted and captured Cassville, and occupied it until the morning of the 20th of May."

The regiment continued its march with Sherman's army, and on the 20th of July participated in the battle of Peach Tree Creek, Ga. Lieut. Colonel Buckingham, commanding the regiment, characterizes the battle as one of unusual severity, and quotes the language of captured Rebel officers, who admitted that it was the most severe battle in which they had ever participated, and that their loss was far greater than ever before during the war. Col. Buckingham also speaks in the highest terms of the action of his command. It lost in this engagement fifty-five (55) in killed, wounded and missing. Among the wounded were six (6) commissioned officers.

Again, on the 21st of July, the Twentieth was engaged with the enemy near Atlanta, and sustained a total loss of ten (10) men.

On the 25th of August, the regiment marched to Turner's Ferry, on the Chattahoochie river; 27th, it engaged in a skirmish with the enemy; Sept. 2d, it participated in the capture of Atlanta, Ga., in which vicinity it remained, furnishing large details for work on the fortifications about the city, until November 15th, when in conjunction with the left wing, Army of Georgia, it moved toward Savannah, Ga., which it reached on the 10th of December.

It was engaged in various siege operations against that place until the 21st, when the enemy having evacuated the city, the regiment entered with the 20th Corps, and took possession, capturing a large amount of artillery and other ordnance stores, and over 30,000 bales of cotton. On the 4th of January, the regiment moved north and went into camp on Hardee's plantation, six miles from Savannah, where it remained until the 16th.

On the 16th, it broke camp, and on the 17th marched to Hardeesville, ten miles, where it encamped and remained until the 29th of the same month. The regiment continued its march at intervals, until the 15th of March, when they encountered the enemy at Silver Run, N. C., and after a short engagement drove them from their line of works. The regiment's loss in this engagement was nineteen (19) officers and men.

On the 19th of the same month it participated in the battle of Bentonville, and fully sustained its reputation for courage and valor, which it had already established on many a hard fought battle field.

During the campaigns, the regiment marched more than five hundred miles, destroyed miles of railroad track, built corduroy roads, captured and supplied itself with rations; endured wet, cold, hunger and fatigue without a murmur, and was finally mustered out of service June 13, 1865, numbering five hundred and six (506) present and absent.

The following are its

ENGAGEMENTS.

Chancellorsville, Va., May 3, 1863.—Loss in killed, 1 commissioned officer, 26 enlisted men; wounded, 3 commissioned officers, 59 enlisted men; prisoners, 5 commissioned officers, 103 enlisted men. Total loss, 197.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 3, 1863.—Loss in killed, 5 enlisted men; wounded, 23 enlisted men. Total loss, 28.

Tracy City, Tenn., January 20, 1864.—Loss in killed, 1 enlisted man; wounded mortally, 1 commissioned officer.

Resaca, Ga., May 15, 1864.—Loss in wounded, 1 commissioned officer, 13 enlisted men; missing, 3 enlisted men. Total loss, 17.

Cassville, Ga, May 19, 1864.—Loss in wounded, 4 enlisted men.

Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864.—Loss in killed, 8 enlisted men; wounded, 6 commissioned officers, 41 enlisted men. Total loss, 55.

Near Atlanta, Ga., from July 21st to August 7, 1864.—Loss in killed, 3 enlisted men; wounded, 5 enlisted men; missing, 2 enlisted men. Total loss, 10.

Silver Run, N. C., March 15, 1865.—Loss in killed, 2 enlisted men; wounded, 3 commissioned officers, 14 enlisted men. Total loss, 19.

Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865.—Loss in killed, 4 enlisted men; wounded, 30 enlisted men; missing, 2 enlisted men. Total loss, 36.

Raleigh, N. C., April 13, 1865.

CASUALTIES.

Killed in action,	50
Died of wounds,	37
Died of disease,	77
Discharged prior to muster-out of reg't,	264
Missing at muster-out of regiment,	2
	430

PERSONAL INCIDENT AND ANECDOTE.

PLAYING POSSUM.

In a letter of the lamented Capt. Upson, to his wife, dated at Annapolis, May 16th, the following graphically told story of his capture at Chancellorsville is given. After speaking of the general movement to the rear, which, not hearing Col. Wooster's order to fall back, he did not understand, he says:

"All this time I thought our forces would rally and repossess the works. If they should do so, there would be a chance for me. Hoping that such would be the result I concluded to try a little strategy. I cast myself upon the ground as if dead. Before I could conceal anything a regiment came up, but fortunately changed direction by the right flank at the edge of the bushes. I kept one eye open as they passed along and many a one seeing me exclaimed: 'there is a dead Yankee.' As soon as possible I hid my watch under the leaves, but before anything else could be got under, a party was upon me; one took my pistol, another my wallet, another my map, etc. In this way the thing went on for three hours. Straggling Rebs would pass, feel of me, perhaps, and ask—'Are you dead,

mister?' (Of course I did'nt wake up to tell them). Some would discuss whether I had been an officer, or not, and so on. All this while I lay and listened and sweat, for the sun was hot; and a set of stupid fools they were for not discovering how I played them. It was amusing to hear their conversation. One fellow punched me lightly with his scabbard; another pulled me by the strap and wanted to know where I was shot, but no one seemed to suspect a Yankee trick. Finally, two decent looking fellows (for as they went away I sent a glance after them) came along. Their conversation indicated that they were gentlemen; concluding that I was an officer, one of them feeling my hand, said I was not dead and ought to be taken care of. I thought no more of this, then, but they were the means of my final capture, for they went to their field hospital and reported a Federal officer severely wounded up in the woods. In an hour or so some litter bearers and two surgeons came up looking for me. The spot where I lay had been described to them; this I understood from their conversation. Of course, there was no use in being *non est* in the hands of a surgeon. One, a green fellow, thought I had been stunned by a blow upon the head, having got his hand upon a hollow that is peculiar to my cranium. The other was a sensible man, and knew enough to open my eye lid, and that instant I knew my dodge was over, and so came to life forthwith. They called a guard of five fellows and told them to conduct me to the prisoners' quarters—this was about 3 p. m. Whether I could have got into our

lines, after dark, is a matter of extreme doubt ; we were driven back much farther than I could have expected. Of course, I should have fared better to have surrendered in the first place ; but on the whole, I don't complain. I had the satisfaction of outwitting them for four hours, though at the expense of things which I much need ; but I expected to be robbed. The only difficulty was in an opportunity to stir without being discovered. They were constantly passing and repassing, and I had to lay, often, one half or three quarters of an hour perfectly motionless. I had made up my mind to escape, if possible, and therefore it is useless to complain. What you and friends will think of the matter I don't know—but this thing is certain, I was the last man that stood, armed, upon the Twentieth's line. I make no boast of it, but that is the fact ; what others did I don't know. But my whole thoughts were engrossed in holding that point. Such were the orders to us in the beginning ; others that were given I never heard. Now, my dear wife, you understand how I became a prisoner. No thought of succumbing, or begging, or cringing, has entered my mind. I do not remember to have felt any fear at any time during the battle, or since. I marched into Richmond, and out again, with my head erect. I have looked big Rebs in the eye and have answered their taunts with dignity. I hate the Southern Confederacy, and will fight it while God gives me strength. I think it a curse, allowed, but to be wiped out. One needs to see Rebeldom to appreciate the blessings showered upon a loyal people."

Among the many grimly humorous incidents of hospital life, the following is related as illustrating the superstition prevalent in the army about the peculiar value of a Testament, or Bible, for stopping a bullet; and for which —by too many, it is to be feared, the sacred volume was pocketed over the heart for no other purpose. The story,—vouched for by a comrade, is as follows: William Rugg, of the 20th C. V., was shot at the battle of Beach Creek. The ball passed through the left fore-arm, between the bones, struck a Testament he had in his pocket, tore a passage through it lengthwise, and then glanced off. While in the hospital a chaplain came to the cot on which he was lying and seeing the Testament said, "Young man, would you not like to exchange that for a new Testament?" Mr. Rugg thought not. On a cot near him was lying an Irishman, who drew from under his pillow a pack of cards in which a bullet was imbedded while he had them in his pocket, and asked the clergyman, "An' sure, would yer riverence give me a new pack for this?"

The relative value of men, as soldiers, who enlisted voluntarily for defence of the Union, and those who went as substitutes, or were drafted, is shown in the fact that out of the original muster of 981 men, during their three years campaigning, only 56 deserters were scored, while of the 282 drafted and purchased recruits, 102 deserted—most of them, in from two weeks, to as many months.

A good deal of fun was occasioned at one time among the boys of the 20th, at the expense of a certain very tall and slim lieutenant, who went into battle bent almost double, because, as he insisted, he towered so much above his company as to be too prominent a mark for the enemy. The only scratch, however, that he got, was a wounding in the heel, and for which he was honorably discharged.

When Hood was menacing Thomas in front of Nashville, he foolishly swore that he "would water his horse in the Cumberland, or in hell." After his inglorious retreat, the following epigram was current :—

"Where Hood is, 'twere not difficult to tell.
He swore he'd go to Nashville, or to hell;
And has'nt gone to Nashville—very well!"

Illustrating the accuracy of aim acquired by our Union gunners, Capt. A. E. Beardsley writes: "We were now cautiously approaching the strong position occupied by the enemy on Kennesaw and Pine mountains. Generals Hooker and Slocum were on a prominence where we had just placed a battery, when they discovered a group of men, some eight hundred yards to our front, evidently trying to scan our movements. General Slocum turned to the officer in command of the battery and said, 'Captain, do you see that squad of men yonder? I believe they are general officers. Do you think you can stir them up?' 'Yes,

General, I think I can get one of them for you, if you wish.' 'All right go ahead.' The officer sighted his piece, and discharged it directly into that group of men, and, sure enough, he did get one; for in a few moments the Confederates were signaling, from Kennesaw mountain, that Lt. Genl. Polk had just been killed by a shot from a Federal battery, which struck him in the breast, passing from right to left. With General Polk, at the time, were Generals Hardee and Johnston, the latter commanding the Confederate Army. The death of General Polk was an irreparable loss to the Confederacy. While in front of Atlanta, we were treated to all sorts of missiles from the mouths of the Rebel guns, from a cook stove down to a frying pan. One day while at dinner at headquarters, one of these things came screeching and tearing through the air, entering the ground a short distance from our mess table, and near where our faithful cook, Tom, had just prepared our meal. Tom immediately commenced digging to find out what kind of a thing it was, and being cautioned by the General to be careful or he would be killed, replied by saying, 'General, did ye's iver know lightning to strike twice in the same place? besides, there is not another thing in the whole world of the likes of that, I know.' But, alas for poor Tom. He had hardly resumed his digging before another thing of the same sort came whizzing through the air, striking him in the neck, killing him instantly, and entering the ground only a few inches from the first one.

"Among the men in subordinate positions connected with the 20th," says Capt. Beardsley, "I know of none that I take more pleasure in making especial mention of, for bravery, than of my faithful colored servant, William Manning. Though he was simply a body servant, whose duties were those only of a non-combatant, yet, whenever the regiment was going into a fight, he always asked permission to go with the boys, and do his part of the fighting. In the charge at Ressaca he was among the first to reach the Confederate lines, and was wounded in the breast while upon the Rebel works. He remained with me from my enlistment to the close of the war, and was a faithful, trusty servant, and full of patriotism. He loved the old 20th, especially H Co., and surely his name should be enrolled upon its list of honored veterans."

"At one time, while marching along by the bank of the Shenandoah, at Harper's Ferry," says Capt. Chaffee, "I saw two dead mules lying down by the edge of the river, and between them stood another, the most dejected looking animal I ever saw, as he gazed first at one of his dead comrades and then at the other. I heard some one say: 'Capt.,' and looking up saw that it was Tom Worthington. He said: 'Do you see that mule?' 'Yes,' I said, 'I see him.' He said: 'Don't you believe he is sorry he enlisted?'"

How Sergeant L. V. B. Hubbard, of Co. B, missed it, by dropping the "bird in hand" and going for the one "in the bush," is thus told by himself:

"On the 28th of August,' 64, the Third Brigade, Third Division, 20th Army Corps, in which was the 20th C. V., were guarding Turner's Ferry, on the Chattahoochee river, nine miles from Atlanta, Ga. Sherman's Army, except our division, was fighting Hood at Lovejoy's Station, twenty miles away on the Macon road. On the 29th, I was detailed with four of Company B and some five hundred from the division, to advance, if possible, into Atlanta. We marched seven miles toward the city without meeting any one. Pushing on through the Rebel works, as we entered the city from the north, we met some darkeys who told us that the city was clear of Rebels, except some drunken cavalrymen. We then went in, every one for himself. After marching and fighting one hundred and forty days, with nothing in the way of food but the regular rations of hard tack and coffee, my thoughts turned on what might be a good chance to fill up with—the good things in the city. Why not? Had not a few of us full possession? But we must strike quick, before the main line came up. And we did. James Buckley, of Seymour, Twain Marsella (now dead) and myself, of Co. B., made, with some from other regiments, a rush for the stores and markets. I succeeded in getting a bag of flour and a good ham. Why could I not have been satisfied? But no. Just then I saw two of the 5th C. V. bursting in a jewelry store, and concluded it

was a good time to get a watch. So I left my flour and ham in between the buildings, and went in to find the watches, only to learn that everything was gone. I went back for my supplies and found them gone too. By this time soldiers were getting very plenty. I tried once more, this time upon a store where everything seemed to have been kept, from matches to kegs of powder. Matches were in great demand, so I secured a few boxes and then found that the store had been burst in before, with everything scattered around. I concluded to get out as soon as possible. I called to Buckley and suggested that powder and matches on the floor together might make trouble. As I reached the door, which was open, an explosion followed, which landed me in the street on all fours. In a moment Buckley came running out, blackened with powder and burnt very badly. The building was badly shattered, but none of us were killed. By this time the troops began to arrive and foraging was stopped. I returned to camp with only four boxes of matches and a plug of tobacco. This seems rather small when it is considered that I, with a very few others, were the first to enter the 'Gate City' of the South, and had full control for some time."

The following extract from an answer to a letter of invitation from Colonel Wooster, to deliver the address at the unveiling, by the veterans of the 20th, of the Culp's Hill monument, is from the pen of Brig. Gen. Coggswell of the Third Brigade:

"My relations with the 20th were only less intimate than with my own regiment (2d Mass.), and I would be proud of the honor of giving my meed of testimony to the great and effective service rendered by your command upon that memorable field. The manner in which the 20th, on the morning of the 3d, performed the task allotted to it, in recovering our works from the enemy—for steady, persistent, foot to foot fighting against an equally determined enemy, was unsurpassed by any command in that engagement. Whoever may take the place I cannot fill, tell him that he cannot say more of the 20th Connecticut than it deserves."

Almost every soldier has some story of narrow escape to tell, more or less well founded. Here are a couple that Colonel Buckingham considered at the time about as close in the way of a "call," as he desired to experience. At Bentonville, the Colonel was standing with a rubber overcoat folded over his left arm, when a Rebel bullet struck the garment, stopping on the last inner fold, afterward falling flattened at his feet.

At Chancellorsville, Col. B. was engaged in conversation with General Williams and others, at a little distance from the works, when a bullet passed through his hat, grazed the top of his head, and—to the great astonishment and alarm of his brother officers—left the gallant Colonel as bald as a 'heathen Chinee.' The hat and wig (the wearing of which latter nobody had previously suspected) were carried to a

considerable distance. "Are you badly hurt?" shouted General Williams, as the Colonel started at a double quick to reclaim his flying head-gear. 'Oh, no!" was the reply, "but my wig is. I guess I'll finish whipping out the Confederacy now, bald-headed;" which he did, and continued also in that condition ever afterwards

When the facts were known—notwithstanding the whizzing of bullets thereabouts—a hearty laugh was indulged in at the Colonel's expense. This, however, was suddenly interrupted by a Rebel shell, which buried itself in the ground underneath General Williams' horse, immediately exploding and throwing the earth and fragments of the missile in all directions, but without injury to any one of the dozen or fifteen officers surrounding.

RIGHTING A WRONG.

The name of Sergeant George W. Sherman appears upon the muster-roll of the 20th Regiment as follows: "Promoted 2d Lieut.; wd.; dismissed Jan. 18, 1864." The circumstances attending this case are, doubtless, so familiar to most, or all, of the members of the regiment, as to make it entirely unnecessary to go into their detail here; especially as the principal party to the dismissal, Col. Ross, cannot now be summoned to defend against whatever of charges might be brought to his discredit in the premises. It is sufficient to say that, believing the dismissal of Lieut. Sherman to have been entirely unjust and uncalled for, strenuous efforts have been made by Captains John H. Doolittle and

Sanford E. Chaffee of Company B, and by Captain Wilbur W. Smith of Company C, to procure such an alteration of the record at headquarters, as shall give Lieut. Sherman an honorable standing upon the roll; and for which result it is believed every officer in the regiment would petition. This effort, still in progress, it is thought will yet be successful. As, however, our history could not wait for the verdict, it has been deemed but justice to a brave and deserving officer, that the following excellent endorsement of Lieut. Sherman should be printed herewith, of which document the unfortunate soldier may well write, as he did in transmitting the same: "Be careful of this, for to me it is like an armor. If I should loose it, I would feel that there had been lost a precious gift, and a strong tower of defence."

HEADQUARTERS 20TH CONN. VOLS.,
COWAN, TENN., *February* 4, 1864.

Lieut. George W. Sherman, Co. C, 20th Conn. Vols., enlisted as a private in Co. B, 20th Conn. Vols., at the formation of this regiment in August, 1862. He was at once appointed first sergeant of that company, and performed the duties of orderly sergeant until the 24th day of February, 1863, with great fidelity and promptness, when he was mustered into the service as a lieutenant. As a commissioned officer he has always been faithful and active, never once neglecting his duty. He is capable, and cautious as an officer, and of *umblemished character*. I know of no second lieutenant in the volunteer service whom I would sooner entrust with a difficult or dangerous military duty.

At Chancellorsville, when suspicions became painfully strong that the enemy were passing around our right, I was ordered to send out a trusty scout, who would accurately observe and faithfully report the movement. I designated Lieutenant Sherman, who at once assumed the dress and arms of a private and performed a most hazardous and difficult task, reporting on his return the movements of the enemy. At the battle of Chancellorsville he fought under my immediate observation, his position in the line placing him near me. No man ever fought more bravely. He was wounded, but continued in the fight until the regiment was nearly surrounded, when he retired with the regiment. He joined the regiment while we were moving toward Gettysburg, and before his wound had healed. During the battle of Gettysburg, and through that arduous campaign, he was always at his post, and always faithful. He answered the first call of his country in 1861, and served as a private in the 2d Conn. Vols. during the three months' campaign.

By his unfortunate dismissal the service loses a good officer, and a worthy, upright, patriotic young man is disgraced. Unsolicited I make this statement, with the hope of aiding one who deserves better treatment than he has met, at the close of his service in this regiment.

WM. B. WOOSTER,

Lt. Col. 20th Conn. Vols.

Commanding regiment through the campaigns of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.

A LIVELY LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

"The only leave of absence I ever had, or applied for," says Capt. James Spruce, Co. I, "was received soon after entering Atlanta. On the 28th of September, I joined Surgeon J. W. Terry on a train bound for Nashville, Tenn., where we expected to get possession of some of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. We arrived at Chattanooga the same evening, but did not leave the train, which was expected to start at any moment. The next morning, however, finding that there was no prospect of an immediate move, we took rooms at the Crutchfield House, waiting over until next morning, when, after getting our breakfast, we were once more under way. But we were destined to another and more serious halt. After passing Alatoona Pass, it being quite dark, the engineer did not observe that a rail was displaced. We could have told him of the fact, however, a few minutes later, when we picked ourselves out of the debris. The guerillas, not satisfied with rolling us down the bank, as soon as we stopped, fired a volley into the cars. Fortunately, the only persons injured were the engineer and fireman, and they but slightly. A few shots scattered the Rebels, and we made ourselves comfortable until the 2d, when another engine was sent to take the remaining cars left on the track back to Altoona. The weather was cold and wet, and the rations we got were scant, and at long intervals apart, with an occasional skirmish with bush-whackers only, to keep us from becoming disgusted altogether. At 2 P. M. of the 3d, we were again on the rail for

the front. On arriving at Moon's station— a place containing a water tank and a pile of wood—we stopped to replenish our water and fuel, and while thus engaged heard musketry at "Big Shanty," a mile or more ahead. Upon holding a council of war, we decided to form a skirmish line of what men we had, and investigate. The train was loaded with small arms and amunition, so we had no lack on this score. The conductor was a civilian and remained with the train, together with an officer, who was not used to this sort of warfare. We skirmished up to within a short distance of the stockade (garrisoned, I think, by a portion of Sykes' command, one platoon) and found the whole of the left flank of General French's division directly in our front. We rallied the line on the left, and gave them a volley, enfilading their line, which threw them into confusion for a few minutes, but they soon deployed two companies from their left, as skirmishers, seeing which we fell back—but so slowly that there was not the slightest disorder. Being anxious myself that the train should not leave us, I sent a sergeant of the train guards back to see that it did not leave without us. He soon returned out of breath with the information that they were going to back down. This, to us, would have been almost sure capture; so, leaving him in command, I hastened toward the train, and, as I got within sight, motioned them with my hand to wait for me, which they did. I got to the locomotive, and, with one foot on the step, informed the engineer that the train must not move until I gave orders, and as he beheld

evidences of the authority I presented to him he wisely concluded to wait. The firing grew nearer and plainer until the melodious whiz of the minnies became quite familiar. When the last man was on the train the throttle was drawn wide open, but the train did not move. The enemy, seeing their prey about to escape, made a rush, but our rifles were not empty and they got a hot reception. Finally, giving the engine steam more slowly, with a cheer we bade them an affectionate farewell, receiving in return a volley from their rifles. We ran back to Arkworth, Ga., returning on the 4th to Alatoona Pass. On the morning of Oct. 5th, a little before daylight, a solid 12-pound shot came crashing through the car occupied by Dr. Terry and myself. Concluding this to be the breakfast bell, we arose and went to the fort on the hill. Reporting to the commandant, Gen. Corse, he informed the doctor that his services would soon be needed, at the same time saying to me that the command was fully officered, but that he would give me a roving commission, with his permission to do anything I thought necessary to be done. About 7 A M., the artillery firing ceased, and we shortly observed some Rebs approaching under a flag of truce, who, on coming up, presented their message, which proved to be a demand for our unconditional surrender. This being refused, a sharp and determined conflict ensued, in which Gen. Corse was three times wounded, the wounds being dressed by Dr. Terry. Our small territory seemed alive with bullets. The enemy being entirely around us and firing at a common centre,

made things lively. There was for us no front or rear, or, more properly, it was all front. Those of us outside of the fort were armed with Henry rifles, the rapid firing from which made a Rebel captain, who was taken prisoner, inquire: 'If them 'ere was the things that we wound up Monday morning, and wot run till Saturday night?' We informed him they were the things. He remarked that he 'had often hearn tell of them, but had never seen one afore.' They seemed to be a perfect marvel to him as we laid flat on the ground and kept pumping out one shot after another until the whole sixteen were exhausted.

During the battle we were in constant communication with Sherman, from Kennesaw mountain, by means of the signal corps. It is said that one of the messages signalled by Gen. Sherman to the gallant Corse was the one from which 'Hold the Fort, for I am coming,' was originated."

After a variety of minor incidents, our two hero representatives of the Twentieth, on the 13th of October, reached Nashville, where, receiving their "greenbacks," they separated to their enjoyment, each in his own way, of the remaining five days of their twenty days' leave of absence outside of the department.

Many amusing anecdotes are told pertaining to the campaign, in which the Twentieth was engaged. Among them are the following:

'"Col. Thomas Reynolds of Wisconsin, originally from

the Green Isle, the Gem of the Sea, was shot through the leg. When the surgeons were debating the propriety of amputating it, in his hearing, he begged them to spare the leg as it was an imported one, and very valuable to him. The joke, so full of genuine Irish humor, saved his leg—the surgeons concluding that, if he could perpetrate a joke at such a time, they would trust to his vitality to save the limb."

"Gen. Rosseau, in his raid to its rear during the siege of Atlanta, was compelled to turn off through Alabama. When near Opelika, one hot dusty day—the clothing of the 'boys in blue' being so covered with dust that it was almost impossible to distinguish them from the 'Rebel gray'—he stopped at the house of a planter, who met him kindly on the porch, and asked for a drink of water. As they sat talking in a friendly way, he noticed in a stable yard across the road, a lot of good-looking mules. Finally, as Rosseau was about to go, he said to the planter, 'My good sir, I fear I shall have to take some of your mules.' The planter remonstrated, saying, he had always contributed liberally to the good cause; that it was only last week he had given to General Roddy (Confederate), ten mules.' Rosseau replied, 'Well in this war you should at least be neutral; that is, you should be as liberal to us, as to Roddy.' 'Why,' said the planter, 'ain't you on our side?' 'No, replied Rosseau; I am General Rosseau, and all these men you see here are Yanks.' Raising his hands towards Heaven, in holy horror,

the planter exclaimed, 'Great God! is it possible that these are Yanks? Who ever supposed they would get way down here in Alabama?' But Rosseau took ten mules—to even up the matter between U. S. and C. S., and moved on, leaving the muleless old man watching the 'Yanks' till the last trooper of them was out of sight."

"The way the Union troops were received by the poor colored people of the South," says a soldier of the Twentieth, "while generally more or less ludicrous, was often so pathetic as to bring tears to the eyes of the sympathetic soldier. Often did we witness, with gladdened hearts, the ecstacy of the negro at the appearance of the Union soldiers, and listen to their exclamations of frantic joy at the sight of the 'old flag,' which they would caressingly embrace, hugging the banner of one of the regiments and 'jumping up to the feet of Jesus,' thanking God, the while, with all the fervor of their enthusiastic souls that they had lived to see the day that had brought them their freedom, and which they had been expecting through so many long years of servitude and suffering.

"There was another class, however, that was met with, by whom the boys in blue were not so cordially received, viz.—the ladies of the South. While the Twentieth was quartered at Ackworth, Tenn., the Secesh 'ladies' were particularly insulting and vindictive. Instead of hugging the 'old flag,' like the negroes, whenever it was swung out

over the street-way, they would make a wide detour to keep from passing under it. If they found it necessary to pass a company of soldiers they would gather up their skirts, and with pouting lips hasten by, an act which, on one occasion, brought the exclamation from a 'Yank' to a particularly tony 'lady' as she crossed the street before him: 'Oh, madam! how dirty your stockings are!' The skirts and the feminine Secesh crest were dropped instantly as a loud laugh echoed along the lines of the hated 'Yank'."

On one occasion, while General Sherman was passing a plantation as "we were marching through Georgia," he met one of his foragers (bummers), who was loaded down with a ham slung on his musket, a jug of sorghum molasses under his arm, the cock that crowed in the morn heretofore on that plantation, fixed to his belt, and a piece of honeycomb in his hand, from which he was eating. Catching the General's eye as he passed, he remarked, *sotto voce*, to his comrade, but loud enough to be heard by the General: "Forage *liberally* on *the country*," thus quoting from Sherman's general orders as an excuse for the load under which he was laboring.

On another occasion, while General Sherman was riding along with the column, a negro came in and was sent to the General, who began to question him, asking if there were any Yankees in the town where he lived? The darkey said

"No, but there had been some through there." "First," he said, "there came along some cavalrymen and they burned the depot. Then came along some infantrymen, and they tore up the track. Just before he left, some more infantry fellers just took and sot fire to de well at his old massa's house and burned dat. He thought the day ob judgment had come, and so he up and left dat place and come to de Union army."

"Near the point where our first line of entrenchments was constructed," says our authority, "General Hooker had pitched his tent and established his headquarters. Several general officers were one day congregated there, for some purpose. It was hot weather, and the sides of the tent had been raised to allow a free circulation of air within. The officers sat around, chatting with the General, when, suddenly, a sixty-four pound shell, with its force almost entirely spent, came rolling along down the side hill, and striking one of the tent poles stopped in their very midst. Such a scattering was never seen before. Some pitched outside in this direction, others in that, and all sought the first cover that could be found. General Hooker rose from his seat—cooly picked up the shell, walked outside of the tent, and tossing it away informed the officers there was no danger and that they could return. He had made the discovery that the fuse was out, the others had not.

Dr. ADONIS.

Speaking of the grand army of reporters and correspondents for the newspapers all over the North, Col. Buckingham says: "More skill, perseverance, courage, tenacity of purpose, strength of will and real ability, was to be found often underneath the waistcoat or chapeau of one of these much maligned gentlemen than would be necessary to make a half dozen Brigadiers. Indeed, they made and unmade Brigadiers, and Major Generals—sent commandants of armies home in disgrace, and appointed men to take their places. In fact, when a man got to be a Brigadier it was necessary for him to have a reporter at his headquarters, to keep the world informed of his glorious and gory deeds. Sometimes they wrote more than they ought to have done, and said what would have been better left unsaid. In the early part of the Atlanta campaign our enterprising soldiers got hold of the Rebel code of signals, so that they could read their messages. A reporter told his paper at home of it. Straightway it was published all over the North, and in a week's time, we captured a Rebel newspaper which contained the same information. The code was changed and we got no more stolen orders of the Rebel commander, and all through the garrulousness of a reporter. General Geary, who commanded a division of the 20th Corps, took one of these gentlemen in tow for some vilification of people at headquarters, and shut him up in the guard house.

After a short absence, he came back to corps headquarters mounted on a horse frame, which had been aban-

doned by Uncle Sam after wearing the flesh off from it. But, not being able to install himself at the mess table of the General, or his horse frame in the stable of the Quartermaster, he was obliged to seek a more hospitable region. Upon the which, the wag of a Quartermaster perpetrated the following, and respectfully dedicated it to the *Louisville Journal*, whose correspondent this man was, over the signature of "Dr. Adonis:"

Och! Dr. Adonis came out from Killarney,
To blather the Gin'rals and peddle his blarney,
The spume of the Isle, the gem of the sea
Breeds no lizzards nor snakes, but spawns such as he;
Wid his weedy flax hair,
His weight half a stone is;
Slab sided and gaunt,
Is Dr. Adonis.

Och! Dr. Adonis came down to the wars,
Wid his hungry like mug, and a skeleton hors';
He thought by assurance, and venomous nib,
To fore-gather thim both, in Uncle Sam's crib.
With his weedy flax hair,
His voice a cracked tone is;
Rare fowl widout feathers
Is Dr. Adonis.

Och! Dr. Adonis, lunged out at brave Geary,
Whose Provost was fresh from the sods of Tip'reary;
Two nights and one day, Geary kept him a nibblin,
On hard tack and wather, to pay for his scriblin.
With his weedy flax hair
And cadaverous Phiz,
He adorned Geary's guard hous',
Did Dr. Adonis.

Och! Dr. Adonis, now why did you pesther
Gin'ral H—— his self, or his Quartermaster ?
You're not wanted, you know, and now blast you go
To the deil, your own friend, and protechthor.

With your weedy flax hair,
My farewell—it a groan is ;
I'm done with the likes of yee's,
Now Mr. Adonis.

Of Henry C. Smith, who went out with the 20th Regiment in September, '61, as captain of company C, and was killed on the 28th of January following, by the falling of a tree, Lt. Colonel Buckingham writes:—

"A spirit of gloom was thrown over all by the sudden death of Captain Henry C. Smith, of Co. C. He was a genial companion, a devoted friend, a thorough soldier, and his loss was severely felt by all. Thoroughly unselfish in his nature, and generous to a fault, every one connected with the regiment loved and respected him. The best and only tribute which his fellow officers could now pay was to gather up his remains and forward them to his sorrow-stricken wife and children, that he might be buried among friends, and not in the land of the stranger."

THE TWENTIETH IN THE SHENANDOAH.

During the march of the Twentieth through a portion of the valley of the Shenandoah, in pursuit of guerillas, halt was made one day for dinner in the vicinity of a fine-looking mansion, situated upon a commanding bluff, and, in

appearance, all that could be desired for the promotion of comfort and elegant ease.

Partly for a dinner, and partly to protect the premises from the foraging visits of the "Boys in Blue," Lt. Colonel Wooster and Captain S. E. Chaffee at once proceeded thither to take up their quarters. Upon presenting themselves at the door of the mansion, the officers were courteously received by the mistress of the household (the wife of a Rebel colonel, who, with her two daughters, were the only occupants) and were made welcome to seats at the well provided family table. The hostess, and one of her daughters—the youngest—were very ladylike and hospitable in deportment toward their visitors. The elder daughter, however, a sharp featured and still sharper tongued maiden, whose every look and action spoke but of intense contempt for the wearers of the blue, was bitterly in earnest in her scathing denunciations of the "Yankee vandals," as she called her visitors, firing hot shot at their heads at every opportunity. The Colonel, probably considering that he was not there to make war upon women, in any form, got behind the ambush of prudence and held his peace. But the more fiery and impetuous captain, finding it impossible to withstand the torrent of female invective that was being constantly poured upon him, brought his guns into bearing and blazed away at the enemy. "You are very wrong," said he, "to abuse us Northerners so. We are only here to do our duty. Your people are in rebellion against the righteous government of their fathers, and we are here, as patriots,

to compel their return to duty, and we are going to do it, too." "What!" exclaimed the Secesh maiden, "you don't pretend to think that your miserable Yankee mudsills are going to conquer Lee, and Johnson, and our whole united South, do you?" "That is what we are here for," was the reply. "It may be the work of years, but it has got to be done. The Union will be preserved. Sooner or later you will have to submit and come under the old flag." "Never! Impossible!" shrieked the irate maiden, so loud as to startle the echoes of the old mansion, and cause the Colonel to look up with surprise from a reverie into which he had fallen over a turkey drumstick. "Hush, my daughter," interposed the mother, "remember that we are Southern ladies, and that these are our guests." "I can't help it, mother; I must and will speak out my feelings! Oh, these miserable blue-coated Yanks! how I hate them," said the daughter, fairly hissing the word "Yank" through her teeth. "Let her talk," said the Captain, "she will never have a better opportunity to let off her rebel steam. Bye and bye, we shall all be living again under the old flag." "Never!" again broke in the maiden. "I will never again live under that hateful old thing" (pointing to a national ensign floating in the distance). "But suppose," said the patriotic captain, that, after all, despite your belief, and your wishes, the old flag that you so much despise, should come out triumphant, what will you do about it? How will you dispose of yourself?" "I will go to Europe, or to Asia," was the reply. "If I have to live under a tyranny, I will have one that is

genuine—that don't pretend to be anything but what it is." "Well, then," said the captain, "you might as well be packing your trunks for a start while you have money to travel with, and transportation is cheap; for as surely as the sun is in the heavens the days are at hand when—if you continue in your present frame of mind—you will say, 'I have no pleasure in them'."

A three or four days' tarry was finally made at this place—the object being to keep in check a horde of Rebel guerrillas, who were hovering upon the other side of the river—during which this wordy battle between the loyal but terribly, at times, vexed Captain and the disloyal maiden was kept up with much bitterness. With the other ladies, however, both officers remained upon excellent terms. When, at length, came the time to depart, the Colonel took occasion to say to the hostess that his object in making her pleasant home his headquarters had been quite as much for her protection against a soldiery that had been instructed to "forage liberally upon the country," as for his own entertainment. Had the men in blue been really as bad as her daughter had depicted them, of their beautiful home not one stone would have been left upon another. To this the hostess replied with hearty thanks for the courtesy of her guests—the younger of the daughters, a most beautiful and accomplished young lady, adding—"I shall write my papa, Colonel Manning, of Stonewall Jackson's staff, about your kindness to us, and if ever you are in trouble, and can communicate with him, I know that he

will do everything in his power to assist you." Hoping that they might never have occasion to thus communicate with Colonel Manning, and thanking the ladies for their hospitality, the officers took their leave, and the march went on.

OFFICIAL COMMENDATION.

After the capture of Cassville, Col. Ross, commanding Brigade, reported as follows: "I desire to mention the following company commanders for promptness and good conduct throughout these operations: Capt. Ezra D. Dickerman of Hamden, Capt. Samuel S. Woodruff of Southington, Capt. Wilbur W. Smith of Seymour, Capt. Oliver R. Post of Hartford, Capt. John H. Doolittle of Derby, Capt. Ezra Sprague of Derby, Capt. Horace G. H. Tarr of Hartford, Lieut. John E. Royce of Derby."

Of the march through North Carolina, Chaplain Lyman, of the Twentieth, writes: "For two or three days in succession, our march has been through pine forests which were on fire, sending up huge masses of thick, black smoke, which the winds would take and waft into our faces, covering us all with a thick coat of lampblack; so that we appeared like a vast army of chimney sweeps marching through the land. During this time, also, we have known, like the apostle Paul, 'both what it was to abound, and to be in need.'"

GUERRILLAS AND THEIR WORK.

In March, a member of the Twentieth wrote from Cowan, from which town the regiment was scattered now along the railroad in squads of forty or fifty miles :—

"Our duties the past winter have been very arduous, and twice within a few weeks have we suffered from guerrilla raids. At Tracy City, in January, Company B, stationed at that place, was surprised by about one hundred and fifty mounted land pirates, who dashed into our lines, and attempted to capture or murder our boys. David B. Rowell,* of Derby, a guard, was shot dead from the first fire. Capt. Andrew Upson, of Southington, commander of the post, was murdered in cold blood. While he was trying to join his company, only a few rods distant, he was shot twice through his body after his surrender, and has since died from the effects of his wounds. He was one of our finest and most gallant officers, beloved by all, a christian gentleman, and a most honorable and high-minded man. Peace to his ashes! Lieut. Theodore Jepson showed the genuine Yankee pluck in bravely defending his little band of soldiers against the one hundred and fifty rebels who tried in vain to drive them from their stockade.

A part of this same force of guerrillas, on the 16th of March, attacked a freight train of eleven cars, about seven miles from Tullahoma. A rail had cautiously been displaced from the track, which threw off the approaching

*Rowell was a quiet, unassuming young man, devoted to the cause for which he so bravely gave his life.

train with a terrible crash. Instantly a gang of rebels jumped from behind trees and ledges, and commenced the work of bloodshed and plunder upon the passengers ; simultaneously firing the train, which was loaded with hay, lumber, etc. Capt. Ambrose E. Beardsley, of Derby, our brigade inspector, who is sometimes unlucky, then again lucky, happened, unfortunately, to be on board. Three soldiers were shot down by his side, and a musket was leveled and fired at him, which missed its mark, just grazing his neck. Beardsley, in company with two lieutenants and three negroes, brakeman on the train, was then taken under guard, and run off three miles into a dense wood. The poor negroes were shot. Beardsley expected the same fate ; but was finally simply robbed of his watch, three hundred and eighty dollars in money, his fine new uniform, just received from home, his hat and boots ; and then asked to sign a parole. He refused, and, after stripping the two lieutenants who were with him of all they had, they were then left by the cut-throats to grope their way back through the woods, barefooted, which they did, guided by the light of the burning cars."

CONCLUSION.

Though the labors incident to the production of even so small a volume as this—giving, as has been aimed to do, a fairly accurate account of the three years' campaigning of these boys of the 20th—have not been small, yet, it is not without a certain feeling of regret that the rapidly diminishing space at command admonishes that must be said the final word. It has not been the object of the author to make this a regimental, or camp-fire, story book, though if all the survivors of this plucky old regiment would only stir up a little the waning embers of memory, and contribute the results to such a book, the same might be made interesting. The object here has been to tell the one great story of personal sacrifice—the faithful and unwavering service rendered the cause of the Union by the men of the 20th, in such a way, that, while immortalizing, or, rather, putting upon record deeds already immortalized, it should also, to the reader of the future, convey a tolerable idea of the end toward which, acting in concert with the larger bodies with which it was connected, all of its efforts were directed. Unless has been greatly misunderstood the character of these men of the 20th, they are by far too modest and sensible to

expect, or desire, that, in the record of the great work in which they took such heroic part, their own individual names, or that of their particular regimental organization, should be made the burden of every page. They doubtless recognize the fact that close along, side by side with them, and marching elbow to elbow, were other men, and other organizations of men, like unto themselves— patriots and heroes, without whose faithful co-operation their own great sacrifices, and strivings, would have been in vain. And yet, while saying this, the fact has not been out of mind that, in this book, it was particularly the 20th C. V. that was to be memorialized. Accordingly, will it be found, as we hope, that the individual work of the regiment is the paramount theme that has run, so to speak, like a thread of gold, through the fabric of the story, hidden, perhaps, at times, yet cropping out all the brighter, here and there, and made plainer through the explanations of the context, a little way beyond. Our men may not all have been faultless. Wrongs, to themselves or to others, they may have done; yet, over and above it all, upon God's great ledger, must forever stand the immortal fact, that, having the grace, they had the willingness, also, not only to peril their lives, for the cause of country, and right, but to lay them down grandly, and proudly, when called upon so to do.

And, behold, what a legacy is this that they have bequeathed us! But lately engulfed in the battle clouds, and locked, brother with brother, in the throes of internecine strife; now at peace with ourselves, and dwelling under cloudless skies;

the hope of the poor and distressed, the terror of tyrants, and the envy of mankind.

Dark as was its past, at times, when did ever a nation have before it so promising a future? With passion, everywhere, giving place to patriotism; with the north and the south shaking hands for national unity, we have but to stand together, shoulder to shoulder, emulating the heroic firmness of the men of '62 and '65, in the defense of the right, and our nation may well hope to march, unrivalled, on and down the prosperous slope of time, until our children, and our children's children, shall be found bathing in a sea of glory, of whose effulgence the founders of our republic could have but little dreamed. And now, men of the 20th, quoting, in part, the farewell order of your brigade commander, Gen. Coggswell, and adopting the sentiments therein expressed for your welfare as his own, your historian lays down the pen and with reluctant lips pronounces the word—farewell.

HEADQUARTERS 3D BRIGADE, 3D DIV., 20TH A. C.,
NEAR WASHINGTON, June 9th, 1865

[General Orders No. 14.]

Officers and enlisted men of the Third Brigade:

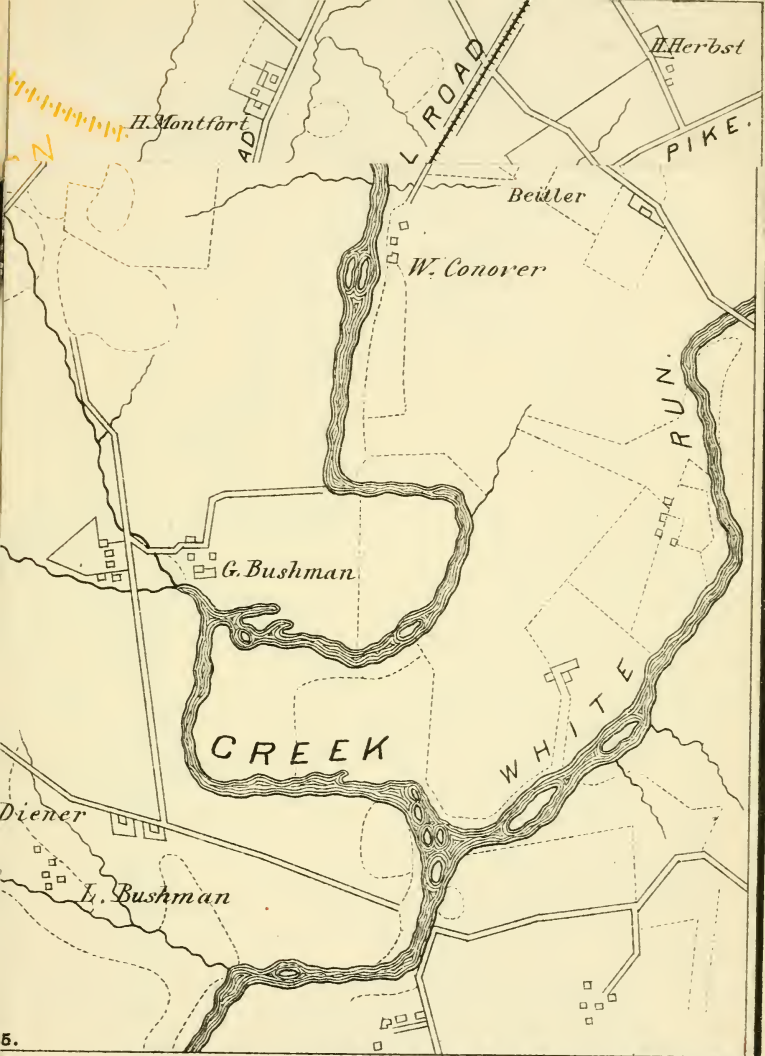
In a few days your organization as a brigade will be broken up. * * * Your noble record, with the history of the deeds of valor you have performed * * * have already preceded you to your homes. * * * From the earliest of battlefields, to the last great blow at Bentonville, your blood has stained, alas! too many a sod.

Quiet, soldierly in camp, patient, willing and obedient on the march, brave in battle, with never an inch of ground lost; participating to an unusual extent and with unsurpassed valor, in the last battle of the war, March 19th, 1865, your record will be remembered wherever the "battles of the Potomac" are known, or the "campaigns of Sherman" read.

That the pleasures and comforts of home may attend you, * * * that an almighty and good God may forever lead you in ways of pleasantness, and paths of peace; that industry and virtue may crown you with their rewards; and that all that good brave men deserve may be yours wherever you go, is the last best wish of your brigade commander.

WM. COGGSWELL,

Brevet Brig. Gen'l Commanding.



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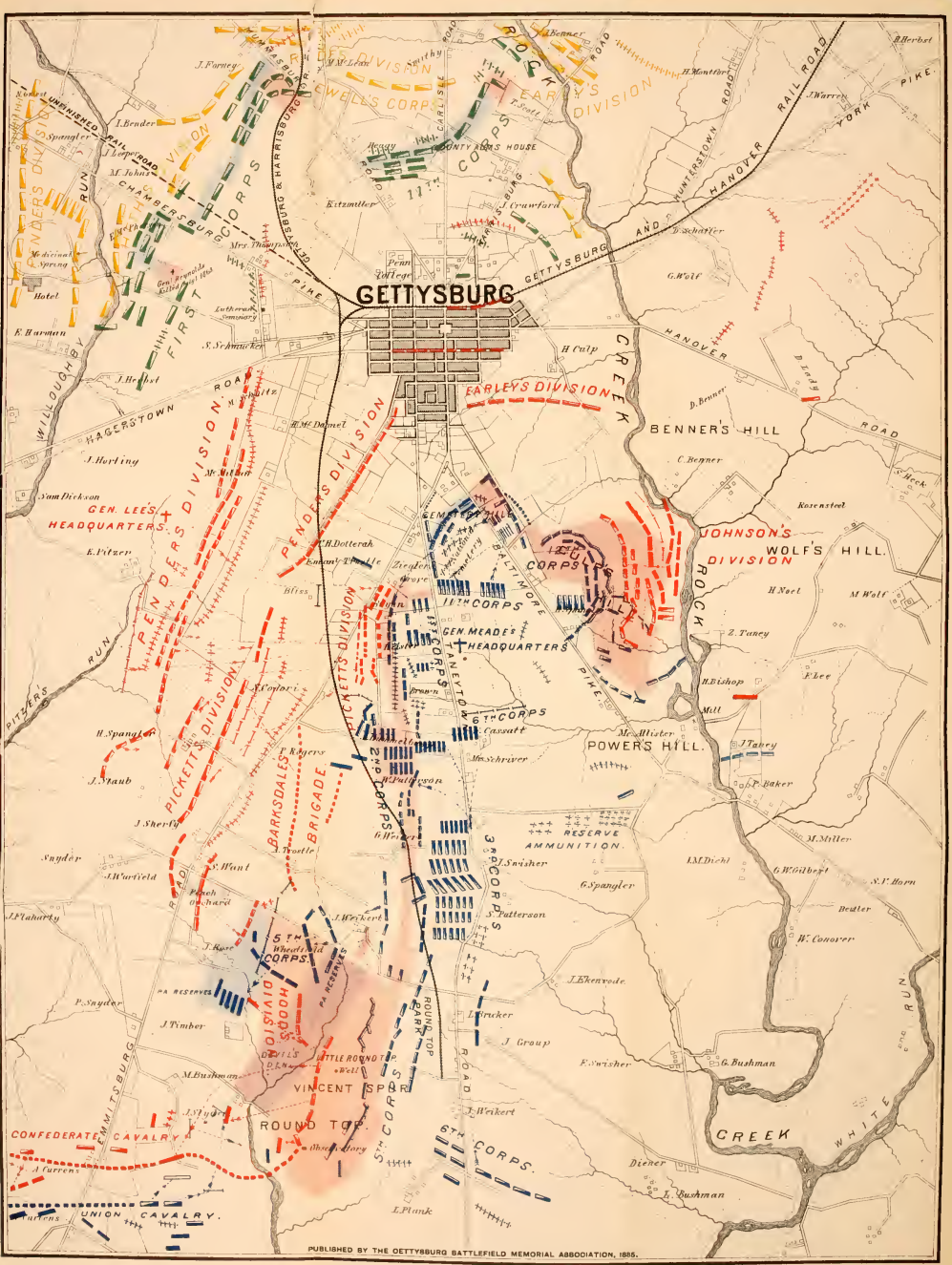
GETTYSBURG
GETTYSBURG AND VICINITY,
Showing the position of the troops July 1st and 3d, 1863, and the land purchased and dedicated to the public by General S. Wylie Crawford and the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association.
PUBLISHED BY THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, 1885.
Union Troops, 1st day.
" " 3d "
Confederate Troops, 1st day.
" " 3d "
Land owned by Battlefield Memorial Association.
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Land owned by General S. Wylie Crawford.

APPENDIX.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

Field and Staff.

Colonel Samuel Ross, wd. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Lieut. Colonel William B. Wooster, pro. Col. 29th C. V. (Colored).
Major Philo B. Buckingham, pro. Lt. Col. Must. out June 13, '65, Wash., D. C.
Adjutant Charles J. Arms, pro. Capt. Wd. Resigned May 15, 1863.
Quarter-Master William T. Scranton, must. out June 13, '65, Wash'ton, D. C.
Surgeon William B. Casey, resigned May 24, 1863.
1st Asst. Surgeon J. Wadsworth Terry, pro. Surg. M.o. June 13,'65, Wash.D.C.
2d Asst. Surgeon Dan Lee Jewett, pro. 1st Asst. Surg. M. out June 13, 1865.
Chaplain David P. Sanford, resigned May 18, 1863.
Sergt. Major Ralph P. Thacher, disch., disab., Feb. 14, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
Qr. Mr. Sergeant Charles H. Clark, pro. 2d Lt. Resigned Sept. 24, 1864.
Commissary Sergt. Charles E. Kellogg, must. out June 13,'65, Washington, D.C.
Hospital Steward John H. Nolan, must. out June 13,'65, Washington, D. C.
Prin. Musicians { Henry S. Peck, mustered out Dec. 23, 1862.
Prin. Musicians { Charles P. Munson, mustered out Dec. 23, 1862.

Officers Appointed since First Muster.

Adjutants { James B. Burbank, pro. Capt. Resigned Dec. 17, 1863.
Adjutants { Cornelius J. Dubois, resigned July 10, 1864.
Chaplains { Alvah L. Frisbie, resigned June 9, 1864.
Chaplains { Charles N. Lyman, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
2d Asst. Surgeon, Harvey S. Carpenter, hon. disch., com. revoked Mar. 14,'64.

Infantry Company A.

Captain Timothy Guilford, discharged March 3, 1864.
1st Lieutenant William J. Bassett, resigned, disability, Oct. 15, 1863.
2d Lieutenant Elkanah Doolittle, pro. 1st Lt. May 31,'63. Hon. disc. Jan. 15,'64.

Sergeants { John R. Platt, pro. 2d Lt. Must. out (as Sergt.) June 13, 1865.
Sergeants { Carlos Huntley, wd. Tr. V. R. C. Disch. June 30, 1865.
Sergeants { Oliver T. Doolittle, pro. 1st Lt. Must. out (as Sergt.) June 13, '65.
Sergeants { William W. Spencer, pro. Capt. Must. out (as 1st Lt.) June 13, '63.
Sergeants { John F. Matthews, wd. May 3, 1863. Disch., dis., May 15, 1864.

Corporals { Chauncey M. Hall, wd. July 3, 1863. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Corporals { Eben Hoadley, tr. Inv. Corps Sept. 1, '63. Must. out July 6, '65.
Corporals { George Keeler, wd. twice. Discharged, dis., Dec. 22, 1864.
Corporals { William C. Doolittle, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Corporals { Titus Moss, killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Corporals { William E. Bradley, discharged, dis., Dec. 10, '62, Harper's Ferry.
Corporals { Thomas Simons, died July 23, 1863, wds. rec. Gettysburg, Pa.
Corporals { Watson C. Hitchcock, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.

Musicians { Elizur G. Smith, must. out May, 30, 1865, Louisville, Ky.
Musicians { James M. Allen, must. out June 3, 1865, Louisville, Ky.

Wagoner Franklin A. Hotchkiss, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Privates—
Anthony, Lafayette P., discharged, dis., Mch. 6, 1863, Harper's Ferry.
Benham, Lambert H., died Aug. 15, 1864, Louisville, Ky.
Benham, Reuben, killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Benhan, Edward W., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Benham, George W., wd. Tr. V. R. C. Disch. Aug. 14, 1865.
Benham, Robert L., discharged, dis., Feb. 21, 1863. Stafford C. H., Va.
Benham, Jehiel, wd. March 19, 1865. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Benham, Louis, tr. Inv. Corps Feb. 15, 1864. Must. out July 14, 1865.
Bradley, Jared, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Bradley, George, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Bradley, Henry A., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Barnes, Luther, discharged, dis., Nov. 23, 1863, New Haven.
Blakeslee, James J., tr. Inv. Corps. Died in Hosp. April 30, 1864.
Bristol, Robert W., wd. May 19, 1864. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Brooks, Joel J., killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Brooks, Simeon, Must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Brooks, Harry A., wd March 19, 1865. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Buckley, John, died June 10, 1864, Stevenson, Ala.
Beadle, William, discharged, disability, Nov. 23, 1863.
Blake, Patrick, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Burke, Anthony, mustered out June 12, 1865, Annapolis, Md.
Burke, John, trans. Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 1, 1865.
Burke, Edward, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Clark, James T., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Curnow, Henry, trans. V. R. C. Mustered out July 5, 1865.
Chandler, Almon E., discharged, disability, Mar. 7, 1863, Alexandria.
Church, Edwin S., discharged, disability, July 11, 1863, Baltimore.
Doolittle, William H., discharged, disability, March 7, 1863, Washington.
Fenton, James, wd. May 3, 1863. Must. out June 23, 1865.
French, Charles E., deserted May 13, 1863.
Flood, James M., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Farrel, Ira G., discharged, dis., March 25, 1863, Harper's Ferry.
Goodwin, Charles H., discharged, disability, Apr. 1, 1863, Washington.
Giblin, John, wd. July 3, '63, Aug. 15, '64, must out June 13, '65.
Hoadley, Frederick E., died March 26, 1865, Goldsboro, N. C.
Hoey, Patrick, tr. Inv. Corps, Sept. 30, 1863. Must. out July 22, 1865.
Hotchkiss, Julius H., died January 18, 1864, Cincinnati, O.
Hotchkiss, Merritt, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hall, Samuel L., wd. May 3, 1863. Discharged May 28, 1864, New Haven.
Higgins, Henry C., mustered out May 29, 1865, McDougal Hospital.
Judd, Isaac, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Jones, Edward B., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Judd, Thomas W., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Lentz, Josiah, wd. July 3, 1863. Tr. Inv. Corps, February 15, 1864.
Lombra, Joseph, discharged, disability, December 3, 1862, New York.
Lanyon, James M., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Moss, Samuel L., discharged, disability, January 27, 1863.
Moss, Franklin, died March 17, 1863, Stafford Court House, Va.
Moss, Augustus, discharged, disability, March 23, 1863, Harper's Ferry.
Morse, Edward L., died January 10, 1863, Fairfax Station, Va.
McLaughlin, Martin, wd. March 16, 1865. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
McLaughlin, John, died August 28, 1864, wds. rec'd Atlanta, Ga.
Perkins, Homer G., wd. Tr. V. R. C. Discharged, disability, April 13, 1865.
Purcell, John, wd. March 16, 1865. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Peck, John A., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Preston, John L., killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Preston, Lucius T., wd. Tr. V. R. C. Discharged, disability, July 6, 1865.
Preston, William M., tr. Inv. Corps, September 1, 1863. Must. out June 28,'65.
Preston, John H., discharged, disability, December 2, 1863.
Platt, John H., wd. March 19, 1865. Discharged, disability, June 22, 1865.
Parmelee, Frederick, discharged, disability, March 27, 1863.
Royce, Edward B., tr. Inv. Corps, September 1, 1863. Must. out Aug. 7, 1865.

Russell, Albert F., died April 28, 1864, Cowan, Tenn.
Russell, Charles L., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Russell, Charles E., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Rice, Jesse H., wd. March 19, 1865. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Royce, Albert L., died January 25, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Rice, Horace P., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Scully, Jeremiah H., discharged disability, April 2, 1863.
Smith, Franklin S., tr. V. R. C. March 15, 1864. Must. out June 17, 1865.
Smith, Alonzo E., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Thrall, Edwin A., discharged, disability, June 22, 1865, New Haven.
Tyler, Geo. F., deserted, September 21, 1862.
Williams, Frederick H., died May 27, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Williams, John, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Wallace, Franklin, discharged, disability, February 7, 1863.
Wiley, Edward, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Wood, Earl S., wd. May 19, 1864. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Webber, Sylvester J., deserted September 11, 1862.

Infantry Company B.

Captain Sanford E. Chaffee, discharged, disability, November 13, 1863.
1st Lieutenant John H. Doolittle, promoted Captain. Hon. dis. April 4, 1865.
2d Lieutenant James Foley, promoted Captain. Must. out June 13, 1865.

Sergeants—
George W. Sherman, pro. 2d Lt. Wd. Dismissed Jan. 18, 1864.
Seymour M. Smith, killed in action Mch. 16, '65, Silver Run, N. C.
William H. Corwin, wd. March 19, '65. Must. out June 13, '85.
Joseph Killingbeck, wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Thomas S. Osborn, discharged, disability, Sept. 3, 1863, Annapolis.

Corporals—
James E. Buckley, wd. March 19, 1865,. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Lewis V. B. Hubbard, mustered out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Pizarro S Pullon, mustered out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Edward Root, wd. pro. 2d Lt. Must. out (as Sergt.) June 13, 1865.
William H. Tyther, discharged, disability, Aug. 12, '63, Washingt'n
Wales Terrell, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
John E. Royce, pro. Captain. Must. out June 16, '65, Washington.
Jabez Weaver, tr. V. R. Corps. Mustered out July 3, 1865.

Musician, Charles E. Lyon, died Nov. 3, 1862, Loudon Valley, Va.
Wagoner, Charles N. Chatfield, mustered out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Privates—
Arnold, Edwin, died January 27, '63, Derby, Ct.
Arnold, William, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Adamson, James, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Alling, Edwin J., wd. July 20, 1864. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Bradley, Luther S., wd. Aug 12, 1864. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Bradley, Elwyn N., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Baker, Scott, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Byington, Charles E., killed in action March 19, '65, Bentonville, N. C.
Brown, Peleg T., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Brown, Charles H., wd. July 29, 1864. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Brown, Edward, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Brown, William J., killed July 20, 1864, Peach Tree Creek, Ga.
Bourchier, Patrick, disch., disab., April 16, 1863, Stafford C. H., Va.
Baldwin, William, wd. July 25, 1864. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Booth, Joseph N., disch., diab., February 20, 1865, Indianapolis, Ind.
Botsford, John, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Bronson, Harvey R , wd. July 3, 1863. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Baldwin, William A., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Benham, Joseph H., tr. Inv. Corps Sept. 1, 1863. Must out June 28, 1865.
Bailey, Sylvester B., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Beach, John J., " " 13, 1865. "
Curtiss, Franklin A., " " 13, 1865. "
Clark, William H., " " 13, 1865. "

Cotter, James P., tr. V. R. Corps, Sept. 17, 1864. Must. out July 5, 1865.
Colt, Charles, must. out June 1, 1865, Hartford, Ct.
Davidson, Nathan, killed July 20, 1864, Peach Tree Creek, Ga.
Dorman, David C., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Eggleston, Edward H., wd. May 3, 1863. Tr. Inv. Corps, March 15, 1864.
Gillon, Daniel, trans. V. R. C.. Disch., disab., June 11, 1865.
Gilbert, George L., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hoadley, Joseph, disch., disab., August 28, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Hubbell, Frederick W., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hubbell, John P., disch., disab., December 20, 1862, Harper's Ferry.
Hawley, Theodore, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Ineson, Joseph, wd. July 20, 1864. Disch., disab., February 20, 1865.
Johnson, Jerome, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Johnson, Sheldon P., died of wounds March 27, 1865, Averysboro', N. C.
Keeney, Walter S., trans. Invalid Corps July 1, 1863.
Keeney Charles L., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Kneen, James, " " 13, 1865, "
Lewis, Judson, died February 21, 1863, Stafford C. H., Va.
Larkin, John, disch., disab., September 26, 1863, Washington.
Lindsley, Walter P., killed at Turner's Ford, Ga., August 27, 1864.
Lay, Jesse, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Moore, Samuel " " 13, 1865, "
McEwen, Wooster B., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Miller, George H., " " 13, 1865, "
Mayer, Henry, died April 10, 1865, Goldsboro, N. C,
Mellor, Samuel, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Martindale, Robert, killed July 23, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Meara, Noyes W., wd. May 3, 1863. Mustered out June 13, 1865.
Moulthrop, Evl'n E , died of wounds August 30, 1864.
Messella, Twain, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
North, John L., " " 13, 1865, "
Osborn, Ray F., disch., disab., February 17, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Rowell, David B., died January 21, 1864, wds. rec'd at Tracy City, Tenn.
Riggs, George W., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C,
Ramsdell, Parker K., " " 13, 1865, "
Rugg, William, wd. July 20, 1864. Disch. disab., May 17, 1865.
Redshaw. Thomas, killed July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Rogers, Hiram M., wd. March 19, 1865. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
Smith, James, disch. disab., February 14, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Stocking, Summerfield S., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Stocking, Omer C., " " 13, 1865, "
Studley, Enoch P., " " 13, 1865, "
Studley, John P., " " 13, 1865, "
Sloan, William, " " 13, 1865, "
Smith, Friend H., wd. March 16, 1865. Disch., disab., June 30, 1865.
Smith, Arthur E., disch., disab., December 10, 1862, Harper's Ferry.
Smith, George, disch., disab., April 2, 1863, Providence, R. I.
Shelton, Henry H., wd. July 20, 1864. Mustered out June 19, 1865.
Stuart, Edwin W., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Tomlinson, George N., killed July 25, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Worthington, Thos. E., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Wood, Charles H., " " 13, 1865, "
Whiting, Julius E., " July 5, 1865, Hartford, Ct.
Warriner, Marcus M., " June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Walsh, Owen, " " 13, 1865, "
Wheelan, Frahklin, disch. disab., October 9, '63. "
Wheeler, Merritt B., mustered out June 13, '65, "
Warner, George W., wound. Disch. disab., October 17, '63.

Infantry Company C.

Captain Henry C. Smith, killed by falling of a tree, January 28, '63.
1st Lieutenant Oliver R. Post, pro. Capt. Died of wds. July 21, '64.

2d Lieutenant Horace Williams, resigned February 11, '63.

Sergeants { Abial S. Holt, pro. 2d Lieutenant. Resigned April 2, '64.
Henry R. Billings, pro. Captain. Must. out June 13, '65.
Charles A. Larkins, must, out June 13, '65, near Washington.
Sidney G. Dickinson, wd must. out June 13, '65, Washington,
James P. Trumbull, tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 5, '65, Hartford.
Emrai Rochner, pro. 2d Lt. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington.
Theodore Giese, tr. Inv. C'ps. Must. out July 6, '65, New Haven.

Corporals { Albert Pratt, killed August 6, '64, Atlanta, Ga.
Henry E. Loveland, mustered out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Albert U. Platts, " " 13, '65, "
James Southergill, tr. Inv, C"ps, must. out J'ly 1, '65, "
Thomas Morrison, deserted Feb. 28, '63.
Samuel A. Forrest, must. out June 19, '65, Washingt on, D. C.

Musicians. { Wm H. Johnson, pr. 2d Lt. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington
Thomas Stark, mustered out June 13, '65, near Washington.

Wagoner, Marshall V. Tibbals, must out June 13, '65, "

Privates—

Abby, James L, must. out June 13, 65, near Washington, D. C.
Atkins, Charles, deserted June 13, '63.
Ayres, Willis, mustered out June 13, '65, near Washington, D. C.
Barker, John W., died February 10, '63, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Bailey, Joseph W., must. out June 13, '63, near Washington, D. C.
Beebe, Lucien J., " " 13, 65, " "
Bennett, George A.. disch., disab., April 24, '63, Stafford C: H., Va.
Bemer, Jacob, deserted April 28, '63.
Bever, August, must. out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Button, Benjamin, disch., dis., December 10, 1862.
Bromley, John, discharged, disability, March 23, 1863, Alexandria.
Burns, John, died March 17, 1865, of wounds.
Callendar, Winthrop, tr. Inv. Corps. mustered out July 19, 1865.
Callahan, Owen, wd. mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Cassidy, James, died July 13, 1863, of wds. rec'd at Gettysburg.
Chapman, Horatio D., mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Chapman, Frederick A., wd. May 3, 1863. Supposed prisoner of war.
Churchill, Wilber S., wd. Mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Corrigan, Thomas, accidentally killed Oct. 4, 1864, Marietta, Ga.
Costello, Brien. mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Culver, Ralph M., discharged, disability, April 25, 1863, Philadelphia, Pa.
Culver, Warren, mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Clark, Charles L., " " 13, 1865, " "
Clark, Leonard S. " " 13, 1865, " "
Clark, J. Tillotson. discharged, disability, January 15, 1863, Fairfax, Va.
Dart, Robert, must. out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Dickinson, John E., must. out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Eagan, Michael, discharged, disability, Dec. 10, 1862.
Fargo, Samuel S., must. out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Lowler, Geo. W., " " 13, 1865, " "
Fox, Edward T., wd. M. out June 13, 1865, " "
Fox, Richard W., Must. out June 13, 1865, " "
Fuller, Wm. H., " " 13, 1865, " "
Gardner, Edward P., tr. Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 13, 1865.
Gardner, Henry W., mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Gardner, Jedediah, discharged, disability, October 2, 1862.
Goodrich, James H., mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Guyon, John, mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Hale, Walter, died May 3, 1863, of wd's rec'd at Chancellorsville.
Hascall, James B., deserted Sept. 29, 1862.
Holcomb, Wm. H., tr. to Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 14, 1865.
Hoadley, Alonzo, mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Hoadley, Wm. W., " " 13, 1865, " "
Hogan, Thomas T., trans. to Vet. Res. Corps, April 30, 1864,
Hudson, Wm. J., must. out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.

Jagger, Samuel G., wd. Disch. Jan. 30, 1865, Indianapolis, Ind.
James, Henry B., discharged, disability, April 13, 1863, Stafford C. H., Va.
Kidder, Joseph M., " " Aug. 6, 1863, Alexandria, Va.
Kiesh, George R., wd. Must. out June 12, 1865, Annapolis, Md.
Latham, Joel E., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Latham, Wm. E., " " 13, 1865, Annapolis, Md.
Langdon, George, discharged, disability, Nov. 28, 1863, Alexandria, Va.
Leonard, Thomas, must. out June 12, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Lynde, Joseph S., discharged, disability, March 23, 1863, Harper's Ferry.
Mann, William, must. out May 19, 1865, Camp Dennison, Ohio.
McCane, Thomas, wd. Tr. Inv. Corps. Must.. out July 13, 1865.
Otis, Uriah H., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Parker, Horace P., discharged, disability. Aug. 12, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Penfield, Frederick W., tr. Inv. Corps. Disch. July 27, 1865.
Purdy, Myron, wd. Must. out June 23, 1865, Hartford, Conn.
Purple, Edmund C., mustered out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Purple, Levi W., wd. Must. out June 23, 1865, Hartford, Ct.
Porter, Chauncey, jr., must. out May 19, 1865, Camp Dennison, O.
Prescott, Barnard M., " June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Quinn, Patrick, " " 13, 1865, " "
Rockwell, Asahel S., " " 13, 1865, " "
Rochmer, William H., " " 13, 1865, " "
Ryon, Nicholas S., " " 12, 1865, Annapolis, Md.
Rodman, Wm., discharged, disability, April 15 1863, Stafford C. H., Va.
Smith, Abner C., died of wounds March 28, 1865, Goldsboro, N. C.
Starkey, Charles, jr., wd. Must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Sweeney, Terrence, must. out June 13, 1865, near Washington, D. C.
Simon, Anton, wd., must. out June 13, 1865, " "
Tripp, Henry G., must. out June 13, 1865. " "
Watkins, Hiram B., died Nov. 9, 1862.
Weldon, Watson, discharged, disability, October 2, 1862.
Wells, Uriah T., died of wounds July 20, 1864,
Wenger, John, tr. Inv. Corps, must. out June 29, 1865. Washington
Wellman, Samuel, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Wilder, James H., must. out Feb. 9, 1863, Philadelphia, Pa.

Infantry Company D.

Captain Frederick A. Parker, resigned January 2, 1863.
1st Lieut. Henry S. Chadwell, " May 31, 1863.
2d Lieut. Archibald Campbell, " disability, April 16, 1863.

Sergeants
- Henry S. Geer, died Jan 17, 1863, Fairfax, Va.
- James M. Stancliff, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington.
- John Hall, pro. 2d Lt. Must. out as sergt. June 13, 1865.
- Wellington Barry, pro. 1st Lieut. Died March 17, 1865, of wds.
- Wedsworth Fowler, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
- Wadsworth Fowler, " " 13, 1865. "

Corporals
- Halsey J. Tibbals, tr. V. R. C. Must. out June 29, 1865.
- Samuel N. Gaston, wd. Died June 21, 1863 Middletown, Ct.
- George E. Strickland, must. out June 13, 1865. Washington, D. C.
- P. Henry Goodrich, wd. Must. out June 10, 1865, Hartford, Ct.
- Watson E. Bonfrey, tr. Inv. Corp, Must. out July 5, 1865.
- Rufus H. Bailey, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
- Joseph Read. " " 13, 1865, "

Musicians
- Stephen W. Clark, discharged, disability, Apr. 15, '63, Phila., Pa.
- Samuel T. Spencer, died Dec. 7, 1862.

Wagoner, Charles Hartman, discharged, disability, Dec. 10, 1862.

Privates—

Ackley, Elijah, must. out June 26, 1865, Louisville, Ky.
Abbey, Charles P., must. out May 23, 1865, Louisville, Ky.
Allison, James A., must. out June 10, 1865, Hartford, Ct.
Baily, Herbert A., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Brooks, Lewis, deserted Feb. 11, 1863.

Bailey, Morris S., mustered out May 29, 1865, New York.
Black, Edwin J., " June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Bell, Grove L., died December 2, 1863, Stevenson, Ala.
Brooks, Charles W., died Feb. 18, 1863, Stafford C. H., Va.
Bailey, Wolcott., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Boies, Charles E., " 17, 1865, New York.
Bailey, Frederick T., deserted Dec. 15, 1862.
Brainard, John O., " " 15, 1862.
Bailey, Samuel R , mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Cornwall, Henry A . " " 13, 1865, "
Cane, John, " " 13, 1865, "
Corbett, Michael, " " 13, 1865, "
Clark, John W., " May 27, 1865, New York.
Craw, George F., tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 17, 1865.
Canniff, James H., deserted Dec. 21, 1862.
Cotter, Patrick, must. out June 12, 1865, Annapolis, Md.
Chapman, Owen, died Feb. 17, 1863, Stafford, C. H , Va.
Clark, Russell P., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Dean, Thomas, " " 13, 1865, "
Dailey, Francis, wd. Must. out " 13, 1865, "
Dooley, James, tr. Inv. Cp's. Mustered out July 19, 1865.
Downing, John, wd. Disch. disab., May 18, 1864.
BeBank, William, wd. Died Jan. 30, 1864, Portland, Ct.
Demay, Heman, died May 31, 1863, wds recd at Chancellorsville, Va.
Ellsworth, John M., wd., disch., disab., July 18, 1865, New Haven.
Edwards, Samuel H., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Francis, Wm. H., " " 13, 1865, "
Foley, John, " " 13, 1865, "
Fawthrop, Joseph, disch., disab., Feb. 16, 1863, Alexandria, Va.
Foster, William, died Nov. 26, 1862.
Fletcher, George, wd. Must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Francis, Thomas, killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Freeman, Albert L., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Gladwin, Rovirah J., wd. Discharged, disability, May 11, 1865,
Gosman, John, killed March 16, 1865, Silver Run, N. C.
Gibson, Charles H., wd. Discharged, disability, Jan. 28, 1864. Boston.
Graham, Daniel W., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hurlbut, Francis B., deserted April 10, 1863.
Hubbard, Andrew J., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hubbard, Charles T., tr. Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 5, 1865.
Hubbard, Jeremiah, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hellenthal, Phillip, died October 27, 1862.
Knoblock, Charles, tr. Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 1, 1865.
Keirns, Patrick, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Kelsey, Frederick, " " 13, 1865, "
Lyman, Charles A., deserted Dec. 21, 1862.
May, Richard E., wd. Mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Markham, Edward D., " " 13, 1865, "
Mitchell, Alonzo H., " " 13, 1865, "
McKinley, Robert, wd. Tr. Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 5, 1865.
McDonald, John, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Pelton, Edward F., wd. Mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Potter, Samuel, killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Penfield, Charles T., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Palmer, George H., " " 13, 1865, "
Platt, Zenas, died Jan. 3, 1864, Stevenson, Ala.
Quarmby, Thomas, discharged, disability, Aug. 19, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Robinson, Horace T., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Richards, Jarvis M., discharged, disability, Feb. 3, 1863, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Shipmaker, George B., died May 23, 1863, wds recd at Chancellorsville, Va.
Sage, Benjamin F , mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Scanlin, Patrick, wd. Died March 3, 1865.
Smith, William F. A., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.

Shepard, George A., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Somerset, Thomas, " " 13, 1865, "
Stocking, Joseph A., " " 13, 1865, "
Spencer, Charles D., discharged, disability, March 8, 1863, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Smith, Joel, died March 8, 1864, Louisville, Ky.
Salisbury, Samuel, died April 9, Portland, Ct.
Spencer, Selden H., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Sage, Orrin B., " " 13, 1865, Hartford, Ct.
Salisbury, Henry G., " " 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Sage, George H., " " 13, 1865, "
Taylor, Samuel F., " " 13, 1865, "
Wilcox, Charles G., died at Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 1, 1864.
Wilder, Albert A., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Winkel, Frederick, " " 13, 1865, "

Infantry Company E.

Captain Samuel S. Woodruff, discharged disability, Aug. 28, 1864.
1st Lieutenant Andrew Upson, pro. Capt. Died Feb. 20, 1864, Tracy City.
2d Lieutenant Henry Lewis, pro. 1st Lt. Jan. 26, 1864. Died Dec. 26, 1864.

Sergeants:
- Charles H. Smith, killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
- Andrew F. Barnes, pro. 2d Lt. Feb. 6, 1864. Must. out June 13, '65
- Edwin N. Stannard, died Jan. 24, 1865, Goldsborough, N. C.
- Hial Grannis, died Jan. 24, 1865, Plantsville, Ct.
- Francis H. Smith, pro. 2d Lt. Must. out as sergt. June 13, 1865.

Corporals:
- Martin W. Frisbie, mustered out June 29, 1865, Washington, D. C.
- Charles A. Hotchkiss, " " 13, 1865, "
- Henry B. Gleason, wd. May 3, 1863. Must. out June 13, 1865,
- Elanthon Atwood, wd. May 19, 1865. Disch. disab., June 29, 1865.
- William H. Slate, wd. July 20, 1864. Must. out June 13, 1865.
- Elliott W. Nettleton, killed March 19, 1865, Bentonville, N. C.
- James C. Twitchell, wd. tr. Inv. Corps. M. out July 6, 1865.
- James A. Atwater, wd. May 3, 1863. Must. out June 13, 1865,

Musicians:
- Luther Bishop, disch., dis., March 6, 1863, Harper's Ferry.
- Robert C. Usher, pro. 1st Lt. Must. out as sergt. June 3, 1865.

Wagoner Hiram P. Houston, discharged, disability, April 9, '65, Goldsboro'

Privates—

Adkins, Warren H, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Alling, James E., wd. March 19, 1865. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Ames, William L., wd. May 3, 1863. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Andrews, Charles W., died December 21, 1862.
Bayley, Charles R. wd. May 3, 1863. Discharged, disability, Aug. 11, 1865.
Bailey, James B., killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Bailey, Samuel M., wd. March 19, 1865. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Baker, Henry, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Bishop Henry, wd. Tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 19, 1865.
Rishop, Charles M., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Blakesley, Charles L., " " 13, 1865, "
Brady, James, deserted March 28, 1863.
Bunnell, Henry M., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Byington, Robert, discharged, disability, Dec. 10, 1862.
Cadwell, Frank L., " Jan. 30, 1863, Alexandria.
Cadwell, Walter E., wd. Aug. 13, 1864. Discharged, disability, June 13, '65.
Clarke, Henry, disch., disab., Jan. 25, 1864, Cowan, Tenn.
Clarke, Henry C., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Cowles, Randolph W., " " 13, 1865, "
Frisbie, Elbert S, disch., disab., Jan. 7, 1864, Stevenson, Ala.
Gifford, Alenza T., " Feb. 19, 1863, Harper's Ferry.
Goonan, Joseph, wd. May 3, 1863. Must. out June 13, '65.
Grannis, Hial S., Mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Green, George H., disch., disab., March 27, 1863, Alexandria, Va.
Griffin, John B., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Griffin, George N., wd, May 3, 1863. Discharged, disability, Oct. 13, 1863.

Hummock James W., discharged, disability, Oct. 9, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Hart, David W., died May 22, 1864, wds. recd. at Resaca, Ga.
Higgins, Stephen J., tr. Inv. Corps. Mustered out July 6, 1865.
Hitchcock, Augustus, wd. May 3, 1863. Died Feb. 29, 1864, New Haven.
Hitchcock, Charles A., discharged, disability, Nov. 2, 1863, Washington.
Hitchcock, Joseph R., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hitchcock, Lewis, wd. July 21, 1864. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Hitchcock, Henry A., discharged, disability, Jan. 30, 1863.
Hough, Alonzo, mustered out July 11, 1865, New Haven.
Johnson, James V. wd. May 3, 1863. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Johnson, Charles H., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Jones, Charles B., discharged, disability, March 3, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Jones, George S., " " April 26, 1865, New Haven.
Jones, Edward F., " " Aug. 21, 1863, Alexandria.
Judd, Harrison S., " " Nov. 3, 1863, New Haven.
Lee, Richard H., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Lewis, Dwight H., " " 13, 1865, "
Lewis, Francel C. O., discharged, disability, Feb. 21 1863, Stafford C. H.
Limbert, John, " " Feb. 18 '63, Alexandria, Va.
Loveland, Wm., " " Jan. 1, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Lowry, Henry M., tr. V. R. C. May 31, 1864. Mustered out July 24, 1865.
Matthews Henry P., disch. disab., April 8, 1865, Goldsborough
Morse, Francis B., died Nov. 23, '63, Stevenson Ala.
Newell, Philemon W., tr. Vet. Res. Corps. Must. out July 17, 1865.
Norton, Luzerne T., killed May 3, 1863, Chancellorsville, Va.
Peck, Allen L., died Aug. 21, 1863, Alexandria Va.
Perkins, Merwin H., wd. March 19, 1865 Disch. disab., June 29, 1865.
Pratt, Sidney, mustered out May 12, 1865, Louisville, Ky.
Richardson James, died Nov. 10 1863, Washington, D. C.
Roberts, Charles A., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Slate James D., " " 13, 1865, "
Smith, Edmund P., disch., disab., June 8. 1863. Stafford C. H., Va.
Smith, Frederick A., tr. Inv. Corp. Must. out July 17, 1865.
Smith, George E., died Dec. 21, 1862.
Smith, Herbert E., died March 19, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Martin H., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Spencer, William L., " May 19, 1865, Camp Dennison, O.
Stevens, Samuel H., disch., disab., Aug 24, 1863. Washington, D. C.
Sutliff, Charles A., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Thorp, Eli died of wds. March 28, 1865, Goldsborough, N. C.
Tolles, Francis W., mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Tucker, Horatio N., " " 13, 1865, "
Tucker, George E. " " 13, 1865. "
Upson Charles B., tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 6, 1865.
Upson, Edgar, disch., disab., March 23 1863, Washington, D. C.
Upson, Wm. R., wd. Tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out June 23, 1865.
Wiard, Geo. S., tr. Inv. Corps Dec 1, 1863.
Wiard, William, " Sept. 1 1863.
Wightman, Wm. E., tr. V. R. C. Must. out July 5, 1865.

Infantry Company F.

Captain Henry C. Pardee, pro. Major March 22, 1864. Disch. Feb. 28, 1865.
1st Lieutenant Thomas B. Kirby pro. Major 44th U. S. C. T.
2d Lieut. David R. Brown, pro. Capt. Cash'rd for misbehav. in face of en,

Sergeants
- Theodore Hawley, pro. 2d Lt. Resigned July 17, 1863.
- Thomas Harmon, mustered out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Isaac C. Tomlinson. tr. Inv. Corps. Deserted Aug. 24, '64
- Louis Frederich, trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 1, 1863.
- Henry T. Manley, mustered out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
- James Delport, deserted Sept. 11, 1862.

Corporals
- Charles H. Roberts, died July 23, '63, of wounds rec. at Gettysburg.
- Charles L. Dick, died Dec. 21, 1862.

Corporals { Frederick Whitlock, died Jan. 24, 1863, Washington, D. C.
George F. Harris, disch., disab., Jan. 30, '63, Harper's Ferry.
John Harrison, deserted Sept. 11, 1862.
George D. Nichols, trans to Inv. Corps Feb. 15, 1864.
E Aug. C. Lohman, trans. Vet, Res. Corps March 3, 1864.

Musicians. { John T. Lockwood, wd. Tr. to Inv Corps. M. out Sep. 8, 1865.
Wm. L. Ives disch. disab., April 26, 1863, Stafford C. H.

Wagoner Albert J, Cooley, disch., disab., Dec. 10, 1862.

Privates—

Alldis, Frederick G., wd, July 20, 1864. Must. out June 8, 1865.
Ambury, Thomas, deserted April 28, 1863.
Baker, Isaac T., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Beach, Robert C., " " 13, 1865, "
Benedict, Henry W., " " 13, 1865, "
Bishop, Walter R., died of wounds Sept. 8, 1864.
Botsford, Lemuel, deserted Jan. 28, 1863.
Bradley, Frederick G., tr. to Inv. Corps. Mustered out June 15, 1865.
Brannan, John, wd. March 16, '65. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Buskirk, George V., killed July 20, 1864, Peach Tree Creek, Ga.
Byrne, John, deserted May 28, 1863.
Cady, Jesse, disch., disab., Aug. 28, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Candee, Chas. A., disch., disab. Dec. 23, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Case, James C., mustered out June 13, 1865, "
Card, George, " " 13, 1865, "
Cassidy, Edward H., disch., disab., Sept. 25, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Clark, Bryan, " March 27, 1863, Alexandria, Va.
Contolff, Nicholas, mustered out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Cook, David S. " " 13, 1865, "
DeJancy, Thomas, deserted Sept. 16, 1863,
Dagnan, Patrick, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Daniels, Wm. R., deserted June 29, 1863.
Dayton, Charles W., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Downs, Albert W. died March 18, 1865, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Dunn, John, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Dyke, Ambrose P., deserted Jan. 6, 1863.
Fenelon, John " July 30, 1863.
Flint, Benjamin, " Jan. 28, 1863.
Green, Joseph, discharged, disability, Jan 29, 1864, Philadelphia.
Hannah, Wm., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hart, Patrick, deserted Sept. 29, 1862.
Hay, John, " " 11, 1862.
Hayes, Franklin B., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Hotchkiss, Wm. A., wd. May 3, 1863. Disch., disab., Dec. 10, 1863.
Hull, Adrian A., wd. May 15, 1864. Must. out June 13, 1865.
Hull, Eli, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Jones, Samuel J. B., deserted Sept. 11, 1862.
Jones, David W., died May 3, 1863, of wds rec'd at Chancellorsville.
King, Joseph, must. out May 25, 1865, McDougal Hospital.
Kelley, John, wd. July 20, 1864. Died Feb. 1, 1865, Savannah.
Kelley, John, 2d, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
Knapp, John S., died Dec. 11, 1862.
Lattin, John O., trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 1 1863.
Lewis, George H., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Lees, John H., tr. to Inv. Corps. Must. out Aug. 15, 1865.
Lyle, James, must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
McAuley, Wm. J., tr. V. R. Corps May 1, 1864. Must. out Aug. 14, 1865.
McGarry, Wm., must. out June 13, 1865, Washington, D. C.
McNamee, Patrick, wd. May 15, '64. Must. out June 13, '65.
McElvin, James, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Mahon Patrick, wd. May 3, '63. Must out June 13, '65.
Maloney, Michael J., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Martin, Michael, discharged, disability, Oct, 3, '62.
Morrow, Wm., trans. to Invalid Corps Sept. 1, '63.

Murphy, Patrick, died May 29, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
North, Orrin L., wd. May 3, '63 Must. out June 13, '65.
Penry, John D., killed July 3, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.
Platt, Orlando L., Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Pendergrass, John, trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Nov. 28, '64.
Plumb, Miles W., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Quirk, Thomas, " " " 13, '65, " "
Riley, Thomas, " " " 13, '65, " "
Roswell, Philo, died May 29, '63, of wounds received at Chancellorsville.
Schrag, Carl E., must. out May 30. Madison, Ind.
Shennan, George H., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Shepard, Charles, wd. March 19, '65. Must. out June 19, '65.
Smith, Joseph P., deserted Feb. 12, '63.
Smith, William, " Sept. 11, '62.
Swift, James H., tr. to Inv. Corps. Must out July 5, '65.
Taft, Edwin F , must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Thayer, Edward A., deserted Sept. 9, '62.
Traster, John, " Oct. 27, '63.
Turgeon, Louis, " Sept. 11, '62.
Welch, James, died Feb. 22, '65.
Wheeler, George E., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Wadhams, Samuel, deserted Sept. 11, '62.

Officer Appointed since First Muster.

2d Lieutenant Ebenezer B. Fenton, wd. July 20, '64. Discharged Oct. 17, '64

Infantry Company G.

Captain William W. Morse, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
1st Lieutenant Fitch T. Birdsall, resigned Feb. 10, '63.
2d Lieutenant Hiram H. Barnes, " Dec. 5, '62.

Sergeants
- Erastus R. Lee, died April 10, '63, Washington, D. C.
- Charles E. Fowler, must. out May 26, '65, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- Frederick W. Lee, dis disability, Dec. 10, '62.
- Joseph E. Lane, deserted Oct. 22, 1862.
- Alex. H. Buckingham, pro. 1st Lt. Must. out June 13, '65, Wash'n.

Corporals
- Henry E. Hill, tr. Inv. Corps, " June 28, '65, "
- George W. Hinsdale, must. out May 3, '65, Madison, Ind.
- Edward H. Clark, wounded and supposed dead, Apl. 30, '65.
- John M. Stuart, deserted Sept. 11, 1862.
- Frederick Stratton, pro. 2d Lt. Must. out as Sergt., June 13, '65.
- Daniel M. Platt, disch., disab., Nov. 27, '63, Alexandria, Va.
- James Mehan, must. out May 30, '65, McDougal Hospital.
- John Keefe, wd. must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Musicians
- Theodore C. Barnard, disch., disab., Feb. 17, '63, Alexandria, Va.
- Albert Skinner, Jr., " " May 22, '63, Harper's F'y Va.

Wagoner Benjamin F. Huntley, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Privates—

Allen, Abner, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Alling, Henry L., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Alling, Harvey M., " " 13, '65, " "
Ames, Fisher A., wd., disch., disab., April 19, '65.
Baldwin, John H., trans. Inv. Corps, Sept. 1, '63.
Benedict, Chauncey, disch., disab., Dec. 10, '62.
Brown, Edward, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Carter, Charles E., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Clark, William B., deserted Oct. 22, '62.
Clooney, William, died Dec. 27, '62, Washington, D. C.
Costigan, James, wd., Tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 5, '65.

Cox, Patrick, died of wds. Sept. 4, '64, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Crowley, Daniel, disch., disab., Feb. 3, '63, Washington, D. C.
Devine, Peter, must. out June 13, '65, " "
Davis, James, deserted Jan. 18, '63.
Dayton, John J., disch , disab., Jan. 28, '63, Alexandria, Va.
Deuchanno, John, deserted Jan. 16, '63.
Davidson, Jesse M., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Dillon, Patrick, wd., " June 13, '65, " "
Edwards, Charles, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Flynn, James, tr. to V. R. C. Disch. July 3, '65, Cleveland, Ohio.
Gilmore, Daniel, deserted Sept. 29, '62.
Goodnough, Warren, disch., disab., April 14, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
Goodrich, Horace W., " " May 10, '63, Washington, D. C.
Griffin, Cornelius, " " Jan. 15, '63, Fairfax, Va.
Haskell, William A., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Hitchcock George C., " " 13, '65, " "
Holt, John, " " 10, '65, Hartford, Ct.
Hunt, Patrick, " " 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Hunt, Charles J., " " 13, '65, " "
Hurley, William, disch., disab., April 14, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
Isaacson William, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Ivory, James, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Johnson, William P., disch., disab., May 15, '64, New Haven, Ct.
Joiner, Robert W , must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Keefe, Morris, " " 13, '65, " "
Keefe, James, " " 13, '65, " "
Kelsey, Gilbert I., died Nov. 3, '62, Pleasant Valley, Ind.
Keenan, Henry P., tr. V. R. C. Disch. Sept. 7, '65, Baltimore, Md.
Kelley, John F., disch. disab., Dec. 10, '63, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Lamue, Charles, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Lawson, Henry, deserted Nov. 19, '64.
Lea, James B., disch., disab., March 6, '63, Washington, D. C.
Lines, David, " " April 14, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
Lane, Joseph, " " Feb. 3, '64, Cowan, Tenn.
McNeil, William, disch., disab., July 23, '63, Alexandria, Va.
Mallehan, Peter, " " " 16, '63, Washington, D. C.
McCarty, Patrick, must. out June 13, '65, " "
Mawson, Thomas, disch., disab., April 14, '63, Stafford, C. H., Va.
Mooney, Michael, " " " 14, '63, " " "
McCann, Martin, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Powers, Michael, Trans. Inv. Corps, July 1, '63.
Pointer, James, deserted Nov. 17, '64.
Pollard, William F., disch., disab., Feb. 3, '63, Washington, D. C.
Perkins, Alanson, wd., trans. Inv. Corps, Sept. 1, '63.
Prout, Titus M , died Sept. 18, '62, of accidental wds., New Haven.
Quinn, Barney, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Quinn, Murdock, disch., disab., Jan. 22, '63, Washington, D. C.
Reynolds, John. " " Feb. 3, '63, Alexandria, Va.
Rooney, James S., " " Feb. 4, '63, Washington, D. C.
Sherwood, Robert P., must. out June 13, '65, " "
Smith, James K., tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out June 28, '65.
Stevens, Walter M., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Stevens William A., " " 13, '65, " "
Sebastian, Edward, deserted Sep. 11, '62.
Taylor, William L., must. out June 19, '65, Hartford, Ct.
Tooney, James, deserted Oct. 2, '62.
Thatcher, John H., disch., disab., March 10, '64, Cowan, Tenn.
Wells, Thomas V., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Wilmot, Mordaunt L., wd., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Woliver, Henry, " " " 13, '65, " "
Wise, Martin W., " " " 13, '65, " "

Infantry Company H.

Captain Charles S. Abbott, mustered out Nov. 10, '62.
1st Lieutenant Wilbur W. Smith, pro. Capt. Jan. 28, '63. Must. out June 13,'65,
2d Lieutenant Ambrose E. Beardsley, " Mch. 5,' 64. " " 13,'65.

Sergeants
- George W. Homan, pro. 2d Lt. June 6, '65. " " 13,'65.
- Alexander E. Mintie, wd. Pro. 1st. Lt. Disch. May 3, '65.
- George S. Wyant, died Dec. 15, '62.
- David N. Griffiths, pro. 2d Lt. Killed May 3,'63, Chancellorsville.
- Samuel A. Beach, discharged dis., Sept. 9, '62, Washington, D. C.

Corporals
- Nathan B. Abbott, wd., pro. 1st Lt. Must. out June 13, '65.
- Charles B. Holland, tr. Inv. Corps. " Aug. 4, '65.
- Merritt B. Woodruff, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Ichabod E. Alling, " " 13, '65, " "
- Henry D. Stanley, pro. 2d Lt. Must. out June 13, '65.
- Edwin L. Downes, wd. March 16, '65.. Must. out June 13, '65.
- James McWhinnie, wd. May 3, '63. Disch., dis., May 4, '64
- Nathan W. Greenman, must. out July 6, '65, McDougal Hospital.

Musicians
- John W. French, " June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
- William S. Ward, " " 13, '65, " "

Wagoner Thomas B. Davis, trans, Inv. Corps Feb. 15, '64.

Privates—

Abbott, Edward T., wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Abbott, John B , must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Alling, Henry G.. " " 13, '65. " "
Baldwin, Henry D., discharged, dis., Feb. 10, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Baldwin, Edward W., deserted October 2, '62.
Booth, Henry T., died Jan. 4, '63, Washington, D. C.
Botsford, Harvey L., disch., dis., Feb. 21, '63, Stafford Court House.
Benham, Bennett, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Bronson, John G., " " 13, '65, " "
Bunnell, James A., " " 13, '65, " "
Butler, John, " " 13, '65, " "
Bliss, Howard, " " 13, '65, " "
Ball, Hiram, died Aug. 31, '64, Turner s Fort, Ga.
Bassett, George, trans. V. R. Corps Nov. 15, '63.
Bronson, Royal L , died May 4 '63, wds. received Chancellorsville, Va.
Buckingham, Joel, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Bronson, Samuel O., must out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Bronson, Joseph J., wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Baldwin, Noble D., discharged, disability, Nov. 23, '63, New Haven.
Cutts, William H., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Cargill, William A., discharged, dis., March 25, '63, Harper's Ferry,
Clark, Arthur J., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Cronan, Patrick, wd, May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Davis, Zerah B , must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Downs, Burton J., killed Dec. 2, '63, by accident, Maysville, Ala.
Davis, Charles E., wd. May 3, '63. Disch., dis., June 17, '65.
Davis, William C., deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Davis, Charles B., died Aug. 21, '63, Annapolis, Md.
Degnan, Thomas B., tr. to V. R. Corps Jan. 10, '65. Must. out July 17, '65.
Duncan, John N., wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
French, Charles, wd. July 20, '64. " " 13, '65.
Fitzpatrick, Hugh, discharged, dis., Feb. 8, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Fillins, George W., died April 24, '63.
Foley, John, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Fagan, Lawrence, wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Finegan, John, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Garvin, Edward, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Guilford, William H. H., trans. Invalid Corps Sept. 1. '63.
Guilford, George S., died May 4, '63, wds. received Chancellorsville, Va.
Garner, Thomas, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.

Hendryx, James W., killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Hall, Franklin A., must. out May 25, '65, Annapolis Junction.
Hunt, Robert, " June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Hutchinson, Amon, " " 13, '65, " "
Kane, Henry, died Dec. 31, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Killmartin, Thomas, wd. May 3, '63. Tr. Inv. Corps Jan. 15, '64.
Karrman, David, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Lounsbury, Albert W., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Laspi, Charles, deserted.
Lounsbury, George W., must out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Lord, Andrew J., killed July 20, '64, Peach Tree Creek, Ga.
Meyer, George, wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
McLaughlin, James, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Moran, Philip, discharged, disability, April 15, '63.
McManus, Terrence, discharged, disability, Dec. 10, '62.
Newton, Julius H., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
O'Brien, George, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Perkins, James B., wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Perkins, Thomas C. Must. out May 26, '65, Baltimore, Md.
Parkman, Charles B. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Powers, John, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Rose, Henry, wd. March 19, '65. Must. out June 23, '65.
Ryan, William E., deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Roberts, George W., wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Reed, Peter, " " 3, '63. " " 13, '63.
Riley, Patrick. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Ryan, John, wd. May 3, '63. Disch., disab., June 13, '65.
Smith, Dwight, C. deserted Oct. 2, '62.
Stuart Horace. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Sackett, Lucius, trans. Invalid Corps Jan. 15, '64.
Swift, Charles W. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Steers William H., died April 22, '64, Cowans Tenn.
Seymour, William F., wd. May 3 '63. Died July 29, '64, Kingston.
Smith, Robert N. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Still, Jacob L., wd. July 3, '63. Tr. Inv. Corps March 15, '64.
Todd, Henry A., died Aug. 24, '63, New Haven, Ct.
White, James, killed July 20, '64, Peach Tree Creek, Ga.
Wilmott, Silas, discharged, disability, Oct. 6, '63, Washington.
Whymbs, John D. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Infantry Company I.

Captain Ezra D. Dickerman, wd. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
1st Lieutenant James Spruce, pro. Capt. Must. out June 13, '65, Wash'n, D.C.
2d Lieutenant Edward A. Doolittle, p. 1st. Lt., died Dec. 20 '63, Stevenson, Ala.

Sergeants
- Cecil A. Burleigh, pro. 2d Lt. M. out June 13, '65, Wash'n, D. C.
- Robert E. Paddock, wd., pr. 2d Lt. M. o. June 13, '65, "
- Willis A. Bradley, wd. Must. out May 20, '65, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- David Thorncroft, died Feb, 10, '65, of wound, Camp Dennison, O.
- Samuel V. Beckwith, discharged, disab., Jan. 16, '63.

Corporals
- Asahel C. Austin, wd. Pro. 2d Lt. Disch., disab., June 25, '65.
- Addison W. Hazzard, deserted Nov. 1, '63.
- Robert E Prior, wd. Pro. 1st Lt. M. o. as Sergt. June 13, '65.
- William Beach, disch., disab., Dec. 15, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
- Joel C. Dickerman, killed July 3 '63. Gettysburg, Pa.
- Alfred Martin. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
- Robert F. Bocemsdes, disch., dis., Feb. 18, '63, Washington, D. C.
- George W. Brown. Must. out June 26, '65, Louisville, Ky.

Musicians
- A. Fayette Fisk, disch., disab., Jan. 29, '63, Alexandria, Va.
- Charles V. Stillman, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Wagoner Mark E. Dickerman, tr. Inv. Corps. Must. o. Aug. 1, '65, Nashville, Tn.

Privates—
Allen, Bradley, wd., transf. to Inv. Corps Feb. 15, '64.
Bradley, Burton S., " " Must. out July 6, '65, New Haven.
Bradley, John H., wd., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Barrows, Francis C., wd., " " 13, '65, " "
Barrett, Edward H., mustered out June 28, '65. " "
Burnham, Hiram, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Bailey, William H., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Bailey, Charles T., tr. V. R. C. M out July 13, '65, Elmira, N. Y.
Brooks, Thomas H., wd., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Clark, George M., " " " June 13, '65, " "
Cook, Henry F., trans Inv. Corps. Must. out July 13, '65.
Calkins, John E., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Doolittle, Hobert B., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Dawen, William, killed July 20, '64, Peachtree Creek, Ga.
Dorman, Howard B., wd Disch., disab., June 29, '65, New Haven.
Danford, Edward T., disch., disab., Feb. 6, '63, Alexandria, Va.
Evans, James H., " " " Jan. 15, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
Fahey, John H., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Fitzpatrick, James, wd. Disch., disab., July 23, '63, Alexandria, Va.
Faucett, James, killed July 20, '64, Peachtree Creek, Ga.
Ford, William M., died May 6, '63, Aquia Creek, Va., of wounds.
Farrell, Henry, died Dec. 20, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Fardon, Isaac G., disch., disab., Dec. 10, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Gabriel, Joseph P., disch., disab., June 29, '65, New Haven, Ct.
Garrity, James, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Hussey, Michael, disch., disab., Dec. 10, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Holt, Charles E., " April 13, '63, Washington, D. C.
Howarth, William H., tr. V. R. C. M. out July 5, '65, Hartford.
Hotchkiss, Robert L., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Hargraves, Thomas W., tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 6, '65, New Haven.
Hopkins, Augustus, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Harrington Michael, disch., disab., Feb. 7, '63, Washington, D. C.
Hogle, Henry M., must. out June 13, '65, " "
Ives, Brainard T., wd., disch. dis b., July 6, '65, New Haven.
Johnson, William, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Johnson, Franklin, " " July 19, '65, Alexandria, Va.
Johnson, Patrick, " " June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Kuhner, George F., " " June 13, '65, " "
Kelley, Barney W., died Dec. 13, '62, Loudon Valley, Va.
King, Miles, deserted Oct. 1, '63.
Ladd, James T., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Leary, Watson, " June 13, '65, " "
Merwin, Julius S. deserted Nov. 1, '63.
McLaren, John, died Dec. 30, '62.
Mulvey, Bernard, killed July 3, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.
Megin, James, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Moulthrop, Elihu, wd., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Maimi, Meunomennie L., trans. 54th Mass. Vols. May 13, '63.
Meramble, George B., must. out June 3, '65, Washington, D. C.
Mulligan, Thomas, " June 13, '65, " "
McCannaugh, Peter, wd., disch., disab., June 27, '65, New Haven.
Martin, Edward L., must. out June 13, '86, Washington, D. C.
Nash, Zenas, deserted Sept. 16, '62.
O'Sullivan, Eugene, disch., disab., April 21, '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
O'Brien, Simon, deserted Oct. 5, '63.
Price, John W., wd., disch., disab., June 22, '64, New York.
Quigley, James, disch., disab, March 16, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Root, Orrin A., tr. Inv. Corps. Must. out July 6, '65, New Haven.
Rames, Augustus, tr. Inv. Corps July 1, '63.
Reilly, John, must. out July 19, '65, Alexandria, Va.
Robbins, Edward W., disch., disab., March 27, '63, Alexandria, Va.
Razee, Andrew J., disch., disab., September 28, '63.

Smallman, Joshua, " November 23, '63, New Haven, Ct.
Smallman, Edward, wd., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Smith, George, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Tuttle, George R., " June 13, '65, " "
Tuttle, Curtis, died August 5, '64, of wounds.
Talmadge, William E., died Dec. 21, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Tomlinson, Nathan W., wd. Tr. V. R. C. Must out July 13, '65.
Warner, Isaac V., disch., disab., Nov. 8, '62, Alexandria, Va.
Warner, Frederick A., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Weeks, Heman A., wd. Disch., disab., June 25, '65, New Haven.
Welch, William H., wd. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Young Edward, killed March 19, '65, Bentonville, N. C.

Infantry Company K.

Captain S. Strickland Stevens, discharged, disability, Sept. 16, '63.
1st Lieutenant Charles W. Newton, resigned May 28, '63.
2d Lieutenant Ezra Sprague, pro. Capt. Must. out June 13, '65, Washington.

Sergeants
- Arthur Boardman, pro. 1st Lt. Must. out June 13, '65.
- C. Myron Talcott, pro. Adjt. Wd. Mch. 16, '65. Disch. May, '65.
- George Dickinson, wound. Tr V. R. C. Must. out Aug. 18, '65.
- Albert Stillman, killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
- Theodore Jepson, pro. 1st Lt. Wd. disch., disab., Nov. 14, '64.
- Edward J. Murray wd., pro. 1st Lt., discharged May 15, '65.
- Andrew E. Hart, disch., disab., March 27, '63, Alexandria.
- A. Leroy Porter, must. out May 20, '65, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Corporals
- William Corkins, " June 23, '65, Hartford, Ct.
- Thomas O'Dell, disch., disab., April 23 '63, Stafford C. H., Va.
- William A. Coleman killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
- James White, died of wounds, Aug. 7, '64, Kingston, Ga.

Musicians
- Julius B. Howard, died March 18, '63 Washington, D. C.
- Luther M. Penfield, tr. Inv. Corps Feb. 15, '64, must. o. Aug. 10, '65

Wagoner James B. Smith, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.

Privates—

Allison, Robert J., died of wounds Sept. 9, '64, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Brown, John, wd. July 3, '63, must. out June 13, '65.
Buggy, Dennis, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Connell, James, " June 13, '65, " "
Coby, Patrick, " June 13 '65, " "
Clark, John, died Feb. 7, '65, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Curtiss, Lewis wd. July 20, '64 Must. out June 12, '65.
Coulter, James, died Oct. 31, '64 Millen, Ga.
Coen, Michael, died Dec. 7, '62, Loudon Valley, Va.
Dunn, Michael, wd. May 3, '63. Must. out June 13, '65.
Deming, Henry R., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Dunn, Lewis, " June 13, '65, " "
Dunn, James, " June 13, '65, " "
Donohue, Thomas, tr. Vet. Res. Corps, must. out July 5, '65.
Devine Timothy, killed Sept. 30, '62, by falling from cars.
Downey, James, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Devine, James, disch., disab., April 23, '63, Stafford C. H.
Duffy, Peter, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Evans, William N., tr. V. R. C Must. out June 26, '65.
Flynn, Alexander, discharged April 29, '64, Philadelphia, Pa.
Farley, John H., " May 20, '63, Washington, D. C.
Flower, Artemas, " Sept. 11, '62.
Freeman, Noah N., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Grecco, Lettorio, discharged, disab., June 8, '65, New Haven.
Gleason, Michael, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Gilbert, Michael died Oct. 26, '64, Millen, Ga.
Garvin, Lawrence, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Griffin, John, " June 13, '65, " "

Hughes, James, killed March 19, '65, Bentonville, N. C.
House, Eugene E., must. out July 15. '65 Washington, D. C.
Humiston, Charles E., trans. to Invalid Corps July 1. '63.
Howe. George L., must. out June 19, '65, Hartford, Ct.
Jack, William, " June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Johnson, William, disch., disab , Jan 15. '63.
Jones, Jeremiah, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
Jeffrey, Joseph P., tr. Inv. Corps July 1, '63 Must. out Aug. 28, '65.
Klympf, George, died Dec. 1, '64, Evansville, Ind.
Keena. William, must out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Kane, James, deserted Jan. 20, '63
Kilduff, Dennis, died July 3, '64, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Lawler, John, died May 30. '63, Stafford, Va.
Lynch, Thomas, deserted September 11, '62
Lavelli. Guiseppe, must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D C.
Lewis, William J., disch , disab., March 31, '63, Stafford, Va.
Leary, Thomas, must. out June 1, '65, Hartford, Ct.
May, Charles W., " June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Maloney, Patrick, disch., disab , Feb. 19, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Mulligan, Francis, deserted Sept. 11, '62.
McGourn, James, must. out June 13, '65 Washington, D. C.
McDowell, Robert C., " June 13, '65, " "
McLean, James, disch., disab., Oct 13, '63, Washington, D. C.
Ogdon, Anthony G., must. out June 13, '65, " "
O'Brien, Michael, deserted Sept. 29, '63.
Prout, John G , must out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Perkins Hiram G , disch , disab., March 31, '63, Stafford, Va.
Penfield, Horace, tr. to Inv. Corps, must. out June 26, '65.
Payne, Robert. must. out June 13 '65, Washington, D. C
Paddock Sherman, must. out June 13, '65, Washington. D. C.
Raineri, Salvatore, " June 13, '65. " "
Royston James, wd. July 3, '63, must. out June 13, '65.
Rogen, Peter, must out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Root, John S., killed May 3, '63, Chancellorsville, Va.
Ralph, James, wd. May 3, '63, disch., disab., March 17, '64.
Roberts, Charles F., killed July 3, '63, Gettysburg, Pa.
Riley, Michael, deserted Jan. 20, '62.
Skelley, John G , died Dec. 22, '62, Harper's Ferry, Va.
Stevens, Alfred C , must out June 13, '65 Washington, D. C.
Skinner, Albert, tr. to Inv. Corps, must out June 25 '65.
Smith, Edwin J., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Stickney, William S., disch., disab., March 23, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Talcott, James H., deserted March 16, '63.
Talcott, Charles W., trans. to Vet. Res. Corps Sept. 30, '64.
Tracy, Michael, discharged, disability, Feb. 3, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Wright, Henry F., " " Jan. 9, '63.
Wilson, John G , " " Feb. 3, '63, Harper's Ferry.
Whaples, Henry N., must. out June 13, '65, Washington, D. C.
Weems, Martin, discharged, disability, April 16, '63, Stafford C. H.

Recruits for the Twentieth

That actually went into service with the regiment. A large number of those assigned as recruits for the different companies either deserted before reaching the regiment rendezvous, or were transferred to the 5th C. V.:

Mason, Isaac, must. out May 22, '65, Murfreesborough, Tenn.
Russell, Seymour, discharged, dis., Oct. 15, '64, Atlanta, Ga.
Stocking. Gilbert M., died Jan. 25, '65, Jefferson Barracks, Mo.
Danosa. Augustine, died Jan. 2, '64, Murfreesborough, Tenn.
Hill, John, died March 18. '64, Tallahoma, Tenn.
Barrett, James. died Oct. 29, '63, Cowan, Tenn.

Conlin, Edward, must. out May 30, '65, Madison, Ind.
Corcoran, John, must. out June 12, '65, Annapolis, Md
Kelly, James, discharged, disab , Dec. 10, '63, Washington.
Magee, John, killed Aug. 15, '64, before Alexandria, Va.
Maloy, Thomas, discharged, disability, May 4, '65.
Taft, Timothy F. J., killed July 20, '64, Peachtree Creek, Ga.
Dunn, James, accidentally killed, Nov. 9, '63 Stevenson, Ala.
Davis, Henry W., died Oct. 1, '64, Jeffersonville, Ind.
Cowdery, Junius H., drowned June 4 '65, Washington, D. C.
Eynstron, Charles, died at Florence, while prisoner of war.
Williams, Charles, died May 28, '64, of wounds.
White, Thomas, died May 9, '64, Murfreesborough, Tenn
Wilson, William, disch., disab., Dec. 9, '63, Washington, D. C.
Danner, Louis, died March 16, '64, Tallahousa, Tenn.
Reischil, Oscar, discharged, disab., April 11, '65, Camp D., O.